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SACRED POETRY;

OR,

HYMNS,

ON THE

PRINCIPAL HISTORIES

OF THE

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT,

&c. &c.



OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT

SACRED POETRY;
OR,
HYMNS.
ON THE
PRINCIPAL HISTORIES
OF THE
OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT:
AND ON ALL
THE PARABLES,
CONTAINED IN THE LATTER.

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*BY R. C. BRACKENBURY, ESQ.*  
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“ One generation shall praise thy works to another, and
“ shall declare thy mighty acts.”

“ They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great
“ goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.”
Psalm cxlv. 4, 7.

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City-Road. 1800.

SACRED POETRY:

OF

HIM



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LONDON:

Printed by G. WENTWORTH, at the New-Channel,  
City-Road, 1820.

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## PREFACE.

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THE number of Hymn Books, of almost every description, has so increased within these fifty years in these kingdoms, that any thing novel of that kind is scarcely to be expected. Far be it from me, to detract from their merit, or to think that the present Volume, (which is chiefly a Collection from other works of a similar nature,) has any claim to superior approbation.

However, as in many respects it differs from those already published, I humbly trust it will be found acceptable to those devout Readers, who delight to take a frequent walk in the spiritual Eden, the garden of the LORD; to recreate their minds, and refresh their memories by the meditation of scripture History and Parables, and by seeing them applied to the purposes of spiritual and practical Improvement. And here it may not be improper to observe, that in several of the following Hymns the History forms the principal part; in others, the moral or spiritual Improvement; and in not a few, the History is passed over in silence, while the leading Traits are preserved, only as illustrating certain duties or privileges of the gospel dispensation.

The

The HYMNS on the History, as well as those on the Types, of the Old Testament, are referred, where the application was obvious, to the ever-blessed Redeemer, the LORD JESUS CHRIST; who in his Person, office, and work, is truly Nucleus Scripturæ, the very Kernel of the Scripture. Others there are, though not many, which immediately relate to the glory of the christian Church in the latter days; and in the course of the work will be found a considerable number of new ones on various subjects never before published.

The plan is extensive, and comprizing a great variety of sacred and evangelical truths in Hymns of different metre, is adapted to the use of Christians of every denomination: But if the pious Reader should happen to meet with sentiments which differ from his own, he is requested to regard them with an eye of candour, and rather to pass them by, than by throwing the book aside, to deprive himself of the pleasure and edification he might reap from a diligent attention to the rest. The mutual candour and forbearance lately exercised by Christians of different persuasions, indicating a nearer union of hearts, and called by some, (though I fear prematurely,) the grave of Bigotry, warrants the plea of such indulgence.

As the work has been a considerable time in hand, no pains have been spared to render it both correct and useful: But, unadorned with those glittering and fictitious ornaments, with which profane Poetry is usually embellished, it seeks not patronage from that class of Readers whose sole object is amusement; nor, should it happen to fall into their hands, would it perhaps escape their censure. Nevertheless, there are beauties innumerable in the sacred Writings; and since they are capable, when properly admitted into this species of composition, to animate the passions, and to exalt devotion, they have not been rejected on those occasions, where they seemed to offer their friendly, but subordinate assistance.

Lastly, in presenting this piece of Sacred Poetry to the British Churches, it is my earnest prayer, that it may serve no less to warm their hearts, than to enlighten their understandings. Religious knowledge abounds among us: And Professors, while engaged in singing the praises of GOD, need far more to be exhorted, "*to sing with the Spirit,*"\* and "*make melody in their hearts to the LORD,*"† than to be furnished with new matter for that much accustomed and very delightful exercise. May we, as humble pupils of the divine

\* 1 Cor. xiv. 15. † Eph. v. 19.



Teacher, and as training up for the more exalted services of the heavenly Sanctuary, thus "*sing with grace in our hearts;*"† ever remembering the infinite condescension of our merciful Creator, in declaring that "*Who-so offereth praise honoureth him,*" § and,

While in the sacred work we join,

His glory be our sole design,

His glory, not our own :

Still let us keep the end in view,

And still the grateful task pursue,

To please our GOD alone.

‡ Col. iii. 16. § Psalm l. 23.



HISTORICAL



# HISTORICAL HYMNS,

FROM THE

## OLD TESTAMENT.

BOOK THE FIRST,

## GENESIS.

### THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

#### CHAP. I.

“**N**OW let a spacious world arise,”  
Said the *Creator* LORD:

At once th’ obedient earth and skies  
Rose at his sov’ reign word.

Dark was the deep ; the waters lay  
Confus’d, and drown’d the land ;  
He call’d the night ; the new-born day  
Sprang forth at his command.

He bids the clouds ascend on high ;  
The Clouds ascend, and bear  
A wat’ry treasure to the sky,  
And float on softer air.

LORD

B

The

The liquid element below  
Was gather'd by his hand ;  
The rolling seas together flow,  
And leave the solid land.

With herbs for use and ornament  
The naked globe he crown'd ;  
Ere rain to bless the earth was sent,  
Or sun had warm'd the ground.

Then he adorn'd the worlds above ;  
Behold the sun appears !  
The moon and stars in order move,  
To mark out months and years.

Out of the deep th' Almighty King  
Did vital beings frame ;  
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,  
And fish of ev'ry name.

He gave the lion and the worm  
At once their wond'rous birth ;  
And grazing beasts of various form  
Rose from the teeming earth.

*Adam* was form'd of equal clay,  
Though Sov'reign of the rest ;  
Design'd for nobler ends than they,  
With GOD's own image blest :

Thus glorious in the Maker's eye  
The young creation stood ;  
He saw the system from on high,  
His word pronounc'd it good.

LORD,

# GENESIS.

3

LORD, while the frame of nature stands,  
Thy praise shall fill my tongue :  
But the new world of grace demands  
A more exalted song.

## II. *The Formation of the Woman.*

ii. 18,—24.

**O**N man in his own image made  
How much did GOD bestow !  
The whole creation homage paid,  
And own'd him Lord below.

He dwelt in *Eden's* garden, stor'd  
With sweets for ev'ry sense ;  
And there with his descending LORD—  
He walk'd in confidence.

But not a help for *Adam* meet  
Was found beneath the sun ;  
Nor did his Maker judge it fit  
To leave him thus alone.

While a deep sleep all o'er him sheds  
A sweet forgetfulness,  
GOD takes a rib, and thence proceeds  
His softer self t' express :

Then to the man the woman shews  
Extracted from his side :  
With rapture her fair form he views,  
And owns her for his bride.

Hence man his much-lov'd parents leaves,  
Forgets fond nature's claim ;  
And to his bosom partner cleaves,  
Nor knows a stranger flame.

B 2

III.

## GENESIS.

III. *Another, or EVE formed out of ADAM's side,  
Type of the Church. Compared with  
Eph. v. 25—32.*

**S**EE there the quickning Source of all,  
Who live the life of grace beneath !  
GOD caus'd on him the sleep to fall,  
And lo ! his eyes are clos'd in death.

He sleeps, and from his open'd side  
The mingled blood and water flow ;  
They give new being to his bride,  
And wash his Church as white as snow.  
True principles of life divine !  
Issues from these the second *Eve*,  
Mother of all the faithful line,  
Of all that by his passion live.

O what a miracle of love  
Hath He, our heav'nly ADAM, shew'd !  
JESUS forsook his throne above,  
That we might all be born of GOD.

'Twas not a useless rib he lost ;  
His heart's last drop of blood he gave ;  
His life, his precious life it cost  
Our dearly ransom'd souls to save.

And will he not his purchase take,  
Who died to make us all his own ?  
One spirit with himself to make,  
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone ?

He will, our hearts reply, he will ;  
He hath ev'n here a token giv'n ;  
And bids us meet him on the hill,  
And keep the marriage feast in heav'n.

## GENESIS.

### IV. *The Creation and Fall of our first Parents.*

ii. 7—17, and iii. 6, to the end.

**O** All-creating GOD,  
At whose supreme decree  
Our body rose a breathing clod,  
Our souls sprang forth from thee:  
For this, thou hast design'd;  
And form'd us man for this,  
To know and love thyself, and find  
In thee our endless bliss.

Thou the first happy pair  
In Paradise didst place,  
To reap the joys and pleasures there,  
And sing the Giver's praise;  
Of all the trees but one  
Forbidden was, to prove,  
Their due regard to GOD alone,  
Their firm obedient love.

But ah! they rashly took  
Of the forbidden tree;  
Thine easy sole commandment broke,  
And sinn'd, and fell from thee,  
Of their wide-spreading fault  
The sad effects we find;  
Dire guilt and anguish thence assault  
Both us and all mankind.

Infected by their stain  
In sin we all are born,  
And liable to grief and pain,  
Till dust to dust return:

## GENESIS.

To ev'ry sin inclin'd,  
Selfish we are and proud ;  
Our will perverse, our carnal mind  
Is enmity to GOD.

Dead to the things above  
While in our lost estate,  
Children of wrath, the world we love,  
And good by nature hate :  
In pining griefs and cares  
We spend our wretched breath,  
And die the miserable heirs  
Of everlasting death.

## V. ANOTHER.

**I**N *Eden's* odorif'rous bow'rs,  
With innocence and love,  
Our parents spent their happy hours  
In joys like those above.

But soon seduc'd by sin, they hide  
In thickest shades their head,  
No longer GOD's lov'd face abide ;  
Their peace and joy are fled.

Yet, wondrous Grace ! by JESUS sought,  
(Be his dear name ador'd !)  
Their souls from nature's gloom were brought  
To life and hope restor'd.

Ye sons of *Adam*, bought with blood,  
Know your rich mercy's gain ;  
And seek to walk by faith with GOD,  
From evil to refrain.



Sin, as its shadow, sorrow brings;  
 Avoid the fatal snare;  
 Temptation fly on eagle's wings,  
 For death and hell are there.

But should the serpent's hated lore  
 Seduce from paths of grace,  
 Thy bosom, SAVIOUR, shunn'd no more,  
 Shall hide my blushing face.

VI. *The Serpent sentenced, and CHRIST promised.*  
 iii. 14, 15.

**W**HEN by the tempter's wiles betray'd,  
 Adam, our head and parent, fell;  
 An unknown pleasure quickly spread  
 Through all the mazy deeps of hell.

Infernal pow'rs rejoic'd to see,  
 The new-made world destroy'd, undone;  
 But GOD proclaims his great decree,  
 Mercy through his incarnate Son.

"Serpent accurs'd! the woman's seed  
 "And thine, dire enmity shall feel;  
 "Victorious it shall bruise thy head,  
 "Thy bounded rage shall bruise his heel."

Thus GOD declares, and CHRIST descends,  
 Assumes a mortal form, and dies;  
 Then in his death, death's empire ends,  
 And the proud conqu'ror conquer'd lies.

Dying the King of Glory deals  
 Ruin on all his banded foes:  
 His pow'r the prince of darkness feels,  
 And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.

VII. GOD *curfing the Ground, and fentencing Man to painful Labour.*

iii. 17—19.

**M**OST righteous GOD, my doom I bear,  
My load of guilt, and pain, and fear,  
Inflav'd to bafe defires :

Hard-toiling for embitter'd bread,  
I mourn my barren foul o'erfpread  
With curfed thorns and briers.

Death's fentence in myfelf receive,  
And duft to duft already cleave,

Exil'd from *Paradife* :

Whither, ah ! whither fhall I flee ?

JESUS, if unredeem'd by thee,  
My foul for ever dies.

But JESUS hath our fentence borne,  
He did in our afflictions mourn,

A man of sorrows made :

A fervant and a curfe for me,

He bears the utmoft penalty,

He fuffers in my ftead.

I fee him fweat great drops of blood,

I fee him faint beneath my load ;

The thorns his temples tear :

He bows his bleeding head, and dies ;

He lives, He mounts above the fies,

He claims my *Eden* there.

VIII. *Man driven out of Paradife.*

iii. 23, 24.

**S**POIL'D of the blifs to *Adam* giv'n  
Out of my Maker's prefence driv'n,  
My fallen ftate I mourn ;

But

## GENESIS.

69

But fondly sigh my *Eden* lost;  
The flaming sword, and Angel Host  
Prohibit \* my return.

A fallen sinful child of man,  
My innocence I seek in vain,  
That *Eden* to retrieve;  
I cannot find the blissful place,  
Or banish'd from **JEHOVAH's** face,  
Behold my **GOD** and live.

Then let me die to see my **LORD**!  
I rush upon that flaming sword,  
Which doth the sinner slay;  
But he, who by thy justice dies,  
By this shut out of *Paradise*,  
Shall find another way.

I find it now, most gracious **GOD**,  
I enter boldly through the blood  
Of my redeeming **LORD**;  
By faith I see the bar remov'd,  
I feel lost man again belov'd,  
And *Paradise* restor'd.

### IX. CAIN AND ABEL.

iv. 3—13.

**W**HEN *Adam* fell, he quickly lost  
**GOD's** image which he once possess'd;  
See, all our Nature since could boast,  
In *Cain*, his first-born son, express'd!

The off'ring, order'd by the **LORD**,  
In type of the **REDEEMER's** blood,  
Self-righteous reas'ning *Cain* abhor'd,  
And thought his own first-fruits as good.

\* Prevent or forbid.

Yet rage and envy fill'd his mind,  
When with a sullen downcast look,  
He saw his brother favor find,  
Who GOD's appointed method took.

By *Cain's* own hand good *Abel* died,  
Because the LORD approv'd his faith;  
And when his blood for vengeance cry'd,  
He vainly thought to hide his death.

Such was the wicked murd'rer *Cain*,  
And such by nature still are we;  
Till chang'd by grace and born again,  
Malicious, blind, and proud as he.

Like him, the way of life we slight,  
And in our own devices trust,  
Call evil good, and darkness light;  
And hate and persecute the just.

The saints in ev'ry age and place  
Have found this history fulfill'd;  
The numbers all our thoughts surpass  
Of *Abels* whom the *Cains* have kill'd.

Thus JESUS fell—but oh! his blood  
Far better things than *Abel's* cries;  
Obtains his murd'rers peace with GOD,  
And marks our passage to the skies.

X. ENOCH's *Piety and Translation.*

v. 24.

PART I.

**T**HRICE blessed *Enoch*, while below  
 What holy raptures did he know!  
 What peace his steps attend!  
 His soul renew'd, his sins forgiv'n,  
 Conversing with the GOD of heav'n  
 Familiar as a friend.

Through faith in JESUS reconcil'd,  
 His conscience and his Maker smil'd,  
 And soften'd ev'ry care:  
 O what a state of grace was his!  
 Anticipating heav'nly blifs,  
 Before he enter'd there.

What though a long three hundred years  
 He sojourn'd in this vale of tears,  
 He walk'd with GOD in love;  
 At length he heard the welcome call,  
 And mounted, body, soul, and all,  
 To brighter scenes above.

No weeping friends his bed surround,  
 Nor death has leave t' inflict a wound,  
 And loose the fetter'd mind;  
 Exempt from pain and dying strife,  
 He sprang into immortal life,  
 And frailty left behind.

Hark! how the saint in rapture sings!  
 While seraphs sound their noblest strings  
 Through the unbounded space;

Redeemed souls with angels join  
To spread abroad the truth divine,  
"Salvation is of grace."

## PART II.

**E**TERNAL GOD, if this be true,  
May I not share these blessings too,  
And taste this high delight?

JESUS expir'd upon the tree,

To render wretches vile as me

Accepted in thy fight,

O stamp thine image on my heart;

Thy pow'r, thy grace, thy love impart,

To animate this clod:

My sins forgive, my lusts control,

And with new life inspire my soul

To walk and talk with GOD.

Converse with thee will render sweet

Whatever troubles here I meet,

And raise my hopes on high:

Thy smiles substantial pleasures give,

With these 'tis happiness to live,

'Tis happiness to die.

An *Enoch's* flight is not allow'd;

The grave, the coffin, and the shrou'd

'Twixt me and glory stand:

Yes, I must pass death's iron gate;

And though the way be rough and strait,

It leads to *Canaan's* land.



Be thou in view, and go before,  
My cov'nant-GOD, I ask no more;  
But calmly yield my breath:  
JESUS, thy worthless creature own,  
Then shall I scarce be heard to groan,  
But sing and smile in death.

XI. ANOTHER.

**E**THERNAL GOD, our wond'ring souls  
Admire thy matchless grace;  
That thou wilt talk, that thou wilt dwell  
With *Adam's* worthless race.  
O lead me to that happy path,  
Where I my God may meet;  
Though hosts of foes beset it round,  
Though briers annoy my feet.  
Chear'd with thy converse, I can trace  
The desert with delight;  
Through all the gloom one smile of thine  
Can dissipate the night.  
Nor shall I through eternal days  
A restless pilgrim roam;  
Thy hand, that now directs my course,  
Shall soon convey me home.  
I ask not *Enoch's* rapt'rous flight  
To realms of heav'nly day;  
Nor seek *Elijah's* fiery steeds  
To bear this flesh away.  
Joyful my spirit shall consent  
To drop its mortal load,  
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,  
That break its way to GOD,

**XII. NOAH** *preserved in the Ark, and the Believer*  
*in CHRIST.*

vii. 1 r.

**T**HE deluge at th' Almighty's call  
 In what impetuous streams it fell !  
 Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,  
 And swept a guilty world to hell !  
 In vain the tallest sons of pride  
 Fled from the close-pursuing wave ;  
 Nor could their mightiest tow'rs defend,  
 Nor swiftness scape, nor courage save.  
 How dire the wreck !—how loud the roar !  
 How shrill the universal cry  
 Of millions in the last despair,  
 Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky !  
 Yet *Noah*, humble happy saint,  
 Surrounded by the chosen few,  
 Sat in his ark secure from fear,  
 And sung the grace that steer'd him through  
 So may I sing in JESUS safe,  
 While storms of vengeance round me fall,  
 Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,  
 Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.  
 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,  
 Nor ever quit that sure retreat,  
 Then the wide flood, which buries earth,  
 Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

Nor

Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen ;  
 There not a wave of trouble rolls :  
 But the bright rainbow round the throne  
 Seals life and peace to deathless souls.

XIII. ANOTHER.

**L**ET us now in contemplation  
 Mark the havock sin has made :  
 O what dreadful desolation  
 Doth the works of GOD invade !  
 Whilst in ruin  
 All the world at once is laid.  
 O'er the highest hills prevailing  
 See th' impetuous rains descend !  
 All the hopes of mortals failing  
 In despair and ruin end.  
 On what refuge  
 Shall presumption now depend ?  
 Yet, amidst this scene distressing,  
 Those that in the ark abide,  
 Full security possessing,  
 Fearless view the swelling tide :  
 O how favour'd  
 Whom that ark did safely hide !  
 Such is CHRIST to true believers ;  
 He from the more dreadful flood  
 Of approaching wrath delivers  
 By his own atoning blood ;  
 In the SAVIOUR  
 Rests our only safe abode.

XIV. *The Dove sent out of the Ark.*

viii. 8, 9.

**J**ESUS, in whom the weary find  
 Their late but permanent repose;  
 Physician of the fin-sick mind;

Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;  
 And let my soul on thee be cast,  
 Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

Loos'd from my GOD, and far remov'd,  
 Long have I wander'd to and fro,

O'er earth in endless circles rov'd,

Nor found whereon to rest below;

Back to my GOD at last I fly,

For O! the waters still are high.

Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,

The things of earth for thee I leave;

Put forth thine hand, thine hand of grace,

Into the ark of love receive;

Take this poor flutt'ring soul to rest,

And lodge it, SAVIOUR, in thy breast.

Fill with inviolable peace,

'Stablish, and keep my settled heart;

In thee may all my wand'rings cease,

From thee no more may I depart;

Thine utmost goodness call'd to prove,

Lov'd with an everlasting love.

XV. *The Rainbow, a Sign of the Covenant.*

**B**EHOLD the gay Bow in the sky,  
 How vivid the colours are seen!

Its glories extended on high

The wonder of ages have been;

Th

The drops as they fall in the air  
The sun beams reflected display ;  
As they brighten, the pleasure we share,  
Till fading they vanish away.

But oh ! with what heighten'd delight  
*Above* the bright object I trace ;  
By faith I contemplate the sight,  
The token of covenant grace.  
If over me hang the thick cloud,  
And darkness with terrors o'erspread,  
If thunders, with lightnings, aloud  
Roll horribly over my head ;

No deluge of anger I fear,  
No more shall the floods of the deep  
Their billows affrighted uprear,  
The earth with destruction to sweep.  
Though nature itself be dissolv'd,  
The elements melted with heat,  
Though earth all in flames be involv'd,  
Unmoved their terrors I meet.

That emerald bow round the throne  
Secures me from painful alarms ;  
And while its blest import I own,  
Enraptur'd I gaze on its charms ;  
With grace undiminish'd it glows  
To-day, as it ever hath done,  
And e'en to eternity shows,  
That JESUS and Mercy are one.

XVI. *The Confusion of Tongues.*

xi. 4—9.

**T**HE sons of men, their name to raise,  
 An impious project try'd ;  
 The LORD looks down, their work surveys,  
 And blasts their haughty pride.

Their speech is chang'd to words unknown,  
 They leave their work a sham'd ;  
 The strange design they carried on  
 Was then *Confusion* nam'd.

Ambitious mortals strive in vain  
 Against their Maker's will ;  
 He doth his sov'reign right maintain,  
 His purpose to fulfil.

What ills, alas ! prolific rise  
 From sin's accursed root !  
 Still on the world the burden lies ;  
 We reap the bitter fruit.

But GOD at length his Church will raise  
 From men of different tongues ;  
 Who shall unite to speak his praise  
 In everlasting songs.

Their voice and language will be one  
 Before the throne of GOD,  
 And no confusion shall be known  
 In that divine abode.



VII. ABRAHAM'S Faith, in leaving his Country  
at the Divine Command.

xii. 1—5.

**N**OW let our songs proclaim aloud  
Th' unchanging name of *Abr'ham's* GOD;  
In him let *Abr'ham's* children boast,  
Their Father's ever-living LORD,  
His shield, his friend, his great reward,  
Who never can deceive their trust.

Call'd by thy voice, with joyful speed  
He went where thou wast pleas'd to lead,  
Unknowing in the path he trod;  
His land, his kindred strove in vain  
The pious pilgrim to detain,  
Propt on the promise of his GOD.

So at thy word the saint foregoes  
Each tender tie which nature knows,  
And hears no other voice but thine;  
Marches, where thou shalt point the way,  
Where thou shalt pitch his tent, will stay,  
And learns his *Isaac* to resign.

At length still faithful to thy own,  
Thou call'st him to a world unknown,  
Through paths untrod by mortal feet;  
Smiling he owns thy voice in death,  
Gives to the air his fleeting breath,  
And finds the road to *Abr'ham's* feat.

XVIII. *Another, compared with Hebrews*xi. 8, 9, 10. *IAHABIA JIV*

**O**BEDIENT to his GOD's command,  
 And influenc'd by Faith alone,  
 The patriarch left his native land,  
 Went out, and sought a place unknown.

A place he should possess at last;  
 When full four hundred years were o'er:  
 Upon the word himself he cast,  
 He follow'd GOD, and ask'd no more,

As in a strange, though promis'd land,  
 (A land his distant heirs receiv'd,)  
 He and his sons in tents remain'd;  
 He knew in whom he had believ'd.

A better heritage he sought,  
 A city built by GOD on high;  
 Thither he rais'd his tow'ring thought,  
 He fix'd on heav'n his steadfast eye.

Whose firm foundations never move,  
*Jerusalem* was all his care;  
 The new *Jerusalem* above,  
 His treasure and his heart was there.

And shall not we the call obey,  
 And haste where God commands to go?  
 Despise these tenements of clay,  
 These dreams of happiness below?

Yes, LORD, we hearken to thy call,  
 As sojourners o'er earth we rove;  
 For thee we have forsaken all,  
 And seek the heav'n of perfect love.

XIX. MELCHIZEDEK.

xiv. 18, 19. Sacramental.

**K**ING of *Salem*, meet us now,  
Who with prostrate rev'rence bow;  
Grant us here thy heav'nly peace,  
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

Come, refresh our fainting heart,  
Mystic bread and wine impart;  
Here as victors we repair  
From the bloody field of war.

Great High Priest, ordain'd of **GOD**,  
Sanctify us by thy blood;  
Bless us all our days below;  
Let us thy Salvation know.

Hail! the true *Melchizedek*!  
Who in righteousness dost speak;  
While heav'n's hosts before thee fall,  
Not our tythes, we give thee all.

XX. ABRAHAM *interceding for SODOM*.

xviii. 23—33. For a public Fast.

**W**HEN *Abr'ham*, full of sacred awe,  
Before **JEHOVAH** stood,  
And with an humble fervent pray'r  
For guilty *Sodom* sued;

With what success, what wond'rous grace  
Was his petition crown'd!  
The **LORD** would spare, if in the place  
Ten righteous men were found.

And

And could a single holy soul  
 So rich a boon obtain?  
 Great GOD, and shall a nation cry,  
 And plead with thee in vain?

*Britain*, all guilty as she is,  
 Her num'rous saints can boast;  
 And now their fervent pray'rs ascend,  
 And can those pray'rs be lost?

Are not the righteous dear to thee  
 Now as in ancient times?  
 Or does this sinful land exceed  
*Gomorrab* in its crimes?

Still are we thine, we bear thy name,  
 Here yet is thine abode;  
 Long has thy presence bless'd our land,  
 Forsake us not, O GOD.

### XXI. LOT in SODOM.

xix. 10. and the xiii. 10.

**H**OW hurtful was the choice of *Lot*  
 Who took up his abode,  
 In a delightful fertile spot,  
 With them that fear'd not GOD!

A pris'ner with his household made,  
 He lost his earthly store;  
 And but for *Abr'ham's* timely aid  
 He had return'd no more.

Yet still he seem'd resolv'd to stay,  
 And there to fix his rest,

Although

Although their sins from day to day,  
His righteous \* soul distress'd.

A while he stay'd with anxious mind,  
Expos'd to scorn and strife;  
At last he left his goods behind,  
And fled to save his life.

In vain his sons-in-law he warn'd;  
They thought he told his dreams,  
Till with his daughters unconcern'd  
They perish'd in the flames.

His wife her home, her all beneath  
Reluctantly forsook,  
And paid with her immediate death  
One retrospective look.

A pillar there of salt became,  
An awful sign she stood,  
"That all, who to offend presume,  
"May dread an angry GOD."

Yea *Lot* himself could ling'ring stand,  
Though vengeance frown'd in view;  
'Twas mercy seiz'd him by the hand,  
Or he had perish'd too.

The doom of *Sodom* will be ours,  
If to the earth we cleave;  
LORD, quicken all our drowsy pow'rs  
To fly to thee, and live.

\* 2 Pet. ii. 8.

## XXII. HAGAR's Well.

xxi. 15—19.

**W**HEN *Hagar* found the bottle sperr  
 And wept o'er *Ismael*,  
 A message from the LORD was sent  
 To guide her to a Well.

What but the SAVIOUR meant that Well,  
*Life's Fountain* ever nigh?  
 From whose abundance we may fill  
 Our vessels, lest we die.

His saints and servants shall be fed,  
 The promise is secure;  
 "Bread shall be giv'n," the LORD hath said  
 "Their water shall be sure."

Repasts far richer they shall prove  
 Than all earth's dainties are;  
 'Tis sweet to taste a SAVIOUR's love  
 E'en in the meanest fare.

To JESUS then your troubles bring,  
 Nor murmur at your lot;  
 Long as he reigns o'er nature King,  
 You cannot be forgot.

## XXIII. ABRAHAM commanded to offer up his Son ISAAC.

xxii. 2.

**T**REMENDOUS oracle divine!  
 Who can the harsh command obey?  
 That son, that only son of thine,  
 That son belov'd, thy *Isaac* slay.

Who



Whoe'er the GOD of *Abr'ham* know,  
 Their faith by like obedience prove;  
 And heark'ning to his voice they show,  
 The pow'r supreme of JESUS' love.

Father, thou call'st me by my name,  
 Thy sov'reign pleasure to fulfil;  
 And lo! thro' grace I ready am,  
 To answer all thy awful will.

By faith I climb the mountain top,  
 Thy blessings cheerfully resign;  
 And yield my dearest comforts up,  
 A bleeding sacrifice divine.

XXIV. ABRAHAM offering up his Son.

xxii. 3—14.

**B**LEST *Abr'ham*, when severely try'd,  
 His faith by his obedience show'd;  
 He with the harsh command comply'd,  
 And gave his *Isaac* back to GOD.

His son the father offer'd up,  
 Son of his age, his only son;  
 Object of all his joy and hope,  
 And less lov'd than GOD alone.

O for a faith like his, that we  
 The bright example may pursue!  
 May gladly give up all to thee,  
 To whom our more than all is due.

C

Now,

Now, LORD, we ask no fond reprieve,  
 Our willing soul thy call obeys ;  
 Pleasure and wealth and fame we leave,  
 Whate'er the roving eye surveys.

Is there a thing than life more dear ?  
 A thing from which we cannot part ?  
 We can, we now rejoice to tear  
 The idol from our bleeding heart.

JESUS, accept our sacrifice ;  
 All things for thee we count but loss !  
 Lo ! at thy word our *Isaac* dies,  
 Dies on the altar of thy cross.

Now to thyself the victim take,  
 Nature's last agony is o'er ;  
 Freely thy own we render back,  
 We grieve to part with all no more.

For what to thee, O LORD, we give,  
 A hundred fold we here obtain ;  
 And soon with thee shall all receive,  
 And loss shall be eternal gain.

XXV. *Another applied to* CHRIST.

**L**ET angels wonder at the sight !  
 Fond *Abr'ham's* laughter and delight  
 Is sacrific'd at GOD's Command :  
 The church's Hope, behold him lie,  
 The promis'd Heir, prepar'd to die,  
 To die by a paternal hand !

One only act did this exceed,  
When CHRIST, our sacrifice indeed,  
Was by his Father's goodness giv'n;  
Slain on the cross for sin t' atone,  
His son belov'd, his only son,  
The LORD, the joy of earth and heav'n.

• The blessing of the promis'd seed,  
Receiv'd, like *Isaac*, from the dead,  
Through him on lost mankind descends:  
And all, who with their darlings part,  
Shall find the blessing in their heart,  
A glorious joy, that never ends.

XXVI. E S A U.

xxv. 34.

POOR *Esau* repented to late  
His birth-right that once he despis'd,  
And sold for a morsel of meat  
What could not too highly be priz'd.  
How great was his trouble, when told,  
The blessing, he fought to obtain,  
Was gone with the birth-right he sold,  
And none could recal it again!

He stands as a warning to all  
Wherever the gospel shall come;  
O hasten and yield to the call,  
While yet for repentance there's room.  
Your season will quickly be past;  
Then hear and obey it to-day,  
Lest mercy entreating at last,  
The SAVIOUR should frown you away.

What is it the world can propose?  
 A morsel of meat at the best;  
 For this are you willing to lose  
 A share in the joys of the blest  
 Its pleasures will speedily end,  
 Its favor and praise are a breath  
 And what can its profits befriend  
 Your soul in the moment of death

If JESUS for these you despise,  
 And sin to the SAVIOUR prefer;  
 In vain your entreaties and cries,  
 When summon'd to stand at his bar.  
 How will you his presence abide?  
 What anguish will torture your heart,  
 The saints all enthron'd at his side,  
 And you be compell'd to depart!

Too often, my SAVIOUR, have I  
 Prefer'd a mere trifle to thee;  
 How is it thou dost not deny  
 The blessing and birth-right to me?  
 No better than *Esau* I am,  
 Though pardon and heaven are mine;  
 To me then confusion and shame,  
 The praise and the glory be thine.

XXVII. JACOB *obtained the Blessing, in his elder Brother's Raiment.*

xxvii. 15—27.

FATHER, to that *First-born* of thine  
 Thou hast the blessing giv'n;  
 The pow'r and dignity divine,  
 Th' inheritance of heav'n.

Can

Can man then, deem'd the younger son,  
The elder's right obtain?  
Yes, with his Brother's raiment on  
The blessing he shall gain.

Father, I joyfully believe  
Thou art well-pleas'd with me;  
Thou dost at my approach perceive  
An heav'nly fragrancy.

Thou dost thy gracious will declare,  
'Thou dost delight to bless;  
For why? my Brother's garb I wear,  
My SAVIOUR'S Righteousness.

XXVIII. JACOB's Ladder.

xxviii. 12—17.

**W**HEN from *Esau's* vengeful hand  
The patriarch *Jacob* fled;  
Journeying to a foreign land,  
How cold and hard his bed!  
Stretch'd defenceless on the ground,  
With no pillow but a stone,  
Darkness compass'd him around  
An outcast and alone.

Yet the LORD his way prepar'd,  
His leader and his shield;  
From the *Canaanite* to guard,  
And beasts that roam'd the field.  
His Beloved gave him rest,  
Plac'd his arms beneath his head;  
Him with heav'nly vision blest,  
And smooth'd his rugged bed.

Lo! he views with sweet surprise  
 Heav'n op'ning on his sight;  
 Sees the mystic ladder rise,  
 And earth to heav'n unite:  
 At the top JEHOVAH stands  
 All his goodness to proclaim,  
 Down descend th' angelic bands,  
 Returning swift as flame.]

Type of GOD's mysterious plan  
 To save a fallen race;  
 Intercourse 'twixt GOD and man  
 Restor'd by sov'reign grace:  
 Thus the branch of *Jesse's* stem  
 Heav'n and earth together joins,  
 Once cut down instead of them  
 Who sprang from *Adam's* loins.

While the seed of *Jacob* view  
 The sight our father saw,  
 Tremb'ling and rejoicing too  
 We cry with solemn awe:  
 "O how dreadful is the place,  
 "GOD's own house the gate of heav'n!  
 "Since through CHRIST the GOD of grace  
 "Speaks all our sins forgiv'n."

## XXIX. ANOTHER.

## PART I.

WHAT doth the ladder mean  
 Sent down from the most HIGH  
 Fasten'd to earth it's foot is seen,  
 Its summit to the sky:

Lo!



# GENESIS.

31

Lo! up and down the scale  
The angels swiftly move;  
And GOD, the great Invisible,  
Himself appears above.

JESUS the ladder is,  
Th' incarnate DEITY;  
Partaker of celestial bliss,  
And human misery;  
Sent from his high abode,  
To sleeping mortals giv'n,  
He stands, and man unites to GOD,  
And earth connects with heav'n.

Let *Jacob's* favor'd race  
The won'drous scale approve;  
Through which alone we have access  
To that bright throne above.  
The foot on earth is fixt,  
He in our nature dwells,  
Sinners and GOD he stands betwixt,  
And GOD to man reveals.

The top our faith adores,  
The top transcends our sight;  
Above all earthly things it soars,  
And all created height.  
His glorious majesty  
Our heav'nly LORD maintains;  
As GOD, he dwells above the sky,  
As GOD, for ever reigns.

C 4

PART

## PART II.

**P**URSUE the mystery ;  
 The duteous angel train  
 Ascending and defending see  
 Upon the son of man ;  
 The ministerial host  
 Their heav'nly LORD attend,  
 And us, who in his mercy trust,  
 He bids his guards defend.

Through CHRIST, the living way,  
 Sent from above they come,  
 Our spirits safely to convey  
 To our eternal home.  
 They watch each glorious heir,  
 And when from flesh releast,  
 Up to our Father's throne they bear,  
 And lodge us in his breast.

REDEEMER of mankind,  
 Who on thy name rely ;  
 A constant intercourse we find  
 Open'd twixt earth and sky :  
 Mercy and grace and peace  
 Descend through thee alone,  
 And thou dost all our services  
 Present before the Throne.

On us thy Father's love  
 Is for thy sake bestow'd ;  
 Thou art our Advocate above,  
 Thou art our way to GOD.

Our

Our way to GOD we trace,  
And through thy name forgiv'n ;  
From step to step, from grace to grace,  
On thee we climb to heav'n.

XXX. JACOB's Vow.

xxviii. 20—22.

**O** GOD of *Jacob*, by whose hand  
Thine *Israel* still is fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led :

To thee our humble vows we raise,  
To thee address our pray'r,  
And in thy kind and faithful breast  
Deposite all our care.

If thou through each perplexing path  
Wilt be our constant guide ;  
If thou wilt daily bread supply,  
And raiment fit provide ;

If thou wilt spread thy shield around,  
Till all our wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's lov'd abode  
Our souls arrive in peace ;

To thee, as to our cov'nant GOD,  
Ourselves we will resign ;  
And count, that not our tenth alone,  
But all we have is thine.

## XXXI. RACHEL.

xxx. 1. compared with xxxv. 18.

O Give me children or I die,  
 Sad *Rachel* long complains ;  
 When lo ! her peevish fretful cry  
 The wish'd-for boon obtains.

New mercies in another boon  
 Still promise new delight ;  
 She travails with a second son,  
 Then quits the world in night.

Thus, coveting what GOD denies,  
 We only sorrow gain :  
 The shadow grasp'd, the substance flies,  
 The pleasure ends in pain.

Then let me, LORD, nor wish, nor will,  
 Nor murmur, nor repine ;  
 Content thy pleasure to fulfil,  
 And all to thee resign.

XXXII. JACOB *wrestling with the Angel.*

xxxii. 24—31.

## PART I.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,  
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;  
 My company before is gone,  
 And I am left alone with thee :  
 With thee all night I mean to stay,  
 And wrestle till the break of day.

I need

I need not tell thee, who I am,  
 My misery or sin declare,  
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name;  
 Look on thy hands, and read it there.  
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,  
 I never will unloose my hold:  
 Art thou the man, that died for me?  
 The secret of thy love unfold;  
 Wrestling I will not let thee go,  
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
 Thy new unutterable name?  
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;  
 To know it now resolv'd I am:  
 Wrestling I will not let thee go,  
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,  
 Or touch the hollow of my thigh;  
 Though ev'ry sinew be unstrung,  
 Out of my arms thou shalt not fly;  
 Wrestling I will not let thee go,  
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain  
 And murmur to contend so long;  
 I rise superior to my pain,  
 When I am weak, then am I strong;  
 And when my all of strength shall fail,  
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies,  
 I sink beneath thy weighty hand ;  
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise,  
 I fall and yet by faith I stand ;  
 I stand, and will not let thee go,  
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Yield to me now—for I am weak  
 But confident in self-despair :  
 Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,  
 Be conquer'd by my instant pray'r ;  
 Speak, or thou never hence shall move,  
 And tell me if thy Name is Love.

## PART II.

'TIS love, 'tis love, thou diedst for me,  
 I hear thy whisper in my heart :  
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
 Pure universal love thou art ;  
 To me, to all thy bowels move,  
 Thy nature, and thy name is love.

My pray'r hath pow'r with GOD, the grace  
 Unspeakable I now receive ;  
 Through faith I see thee face to face,  
 I see thee face to face, and live :  
 In vain I have not wept and strove,  
 Thy nature, and thy name is love.

I know thee, SAVIOUR, who thou art,  
 JESUS, the feeble sinner's Friend ;  
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
 But stay and love me to the end ;



Thy mercies never shall remove,  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me  
Is ris'n with healing in his wings ;  
Wither'd my nature's strength ; from thee  
My soul its life and succour brings ;  
My help is all laid up above,  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

Contented now upon my thigh  
I halt, till life's short journey end :  
All helplessness, all weakness I  
On thee alone for strength depend ;  
Nor have I pow'r from thee to move,  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,  
Hell, earth and sin with ease o'ercome ;  
I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
And as a bounding hart fly home ;  
Through all eternity to prove  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

XXXIII. ESAU and JACOB.

xxxii. and xxxiii.

**M**UST *Jacob* flee from *Esau's* spite  
For twenty mournful years,  
And find his bands prepar'd for fight  
As homeward he repairs ?

Yet

Yet strange ! the brothers kindly meet ;  
 See *Esau's* hate forgot !  
 See him with kisses *Israel* greet,  
 Whose ruin once he sought !

O how deform'd a thing is rage !  
 How sweet doth meekness shew !  
*Esau* to this may well engage,  
 In whom both forms we view.

Yet most the force of pray'r confess  
 In this reverse of fate :  
 Not *Jacob's* present or address  
 Could such a change create.

But he had pow'r with GOD, though frail,  
 And stay'd *JEHOVAH's* Arm ;  
 Well might he then o'er man prevail,  
 And *Esau's* fury charm.

## XXXIV. DINAH.

## xxxiv.

**F**AIR *Dinah* once went out to view  
 The daughters of the land ;  
 But soon alas ! disgrac'd withdrew  
 By sin's opprobrious brand.

Sad venture ! idly thus to rove !  
 Her virgin-glory lost !  
 But dearer still his lawless love  
 The wanton *Shechem* cost.

His life with that of all his friends  
Must expiate the deed;  
For *Jacob's* \* sons, to make amends,  
Their overthrow decreed.

Learn hence, frail youth, from each vain toy  
And dalliance to refrain;  
Nor purchase with a moment's joy  
Whole years of grief and pain,

Think not that cautious fear alone  
Is sacred to the storm;  
Watch, and ere life's fair days are gone,  
Your vows to heav'n perform.

XXXV. *The Life and Character of JOSEPH.*

xxxvii.

**H**OW many changes *Joseph* pass'd  
Ere he full thirty years had known!  
Now a poor slave in prison cast,  
And now exalted next the throne!

Yet grace appears through ev'ry scene,  
And gilds the dreary paths he trod:  
How wise! how just! how kind to men!  
How fearful of offending GOD!

Long time in sorrow's waves immerst,  
Behold him cheerful and resign'd!  
And when with wealth and honour blest,  
Humility adorns his mind.

\* Simeon and Levi.

From

From his example may we learn  
 Heav'n's guardian providence to own;  
 And make it our supreme concern  
 To please our gracious GOD alone.

XXXVI. JOSEPH a *Type of* CHRIST.

**T**HE LORD! how wond'rous are his ways  
 With humble awe repeat his lays:  
 His judgments are a deep profound,  
 Where all our scanty thoughts are drown'd.

Behold to *Jacob's* fav'rite son  
 He makes his pow'r and goodness known!  
 In him doth his mysterious will  
 With wisdom exquisite fulfil.

His brethren hate him, and contrive  
 His death by whom they all must live:  
 The pit, the dungeon are the means  
 Of rising into brighter scenes.

Through envious blasts and stormy seas  
 He fails to reach the port of peace:  
 A train of griefs before unknown  
 Advance him to th' *Egyptian* throne.

At length he drops his servile chains,  
 In glory next to *Pharaoh* reigns;  
 And *Jacob's* sons before him bow:  
 His dreams are all accomplish'd now.

Thus JESUS doth his brethren save,  
 For whom his precious life he gave;  
 Hated and sold, condemn'd and slain,  
 He rises o'er his church to reign.

O let us bow before his throne,  
And all our vile transgressions own;  
JESUS, our brother JESUS lives,  
To cherish whom his grace forgives.

XXXVII. PHARAOH's *Dreams.*

xli. 1—7.

**M**Y soul had once its plenteous years,  
And throve with peace and comfort fill'd;  
Like the fat kine, and ripen'd ears,  
Which *Pharaoh* in his dream beheld.

With pleasing frames, and grace receiv'd,  
With means and ordinances fed;  
How happy for awhile I liv'd,  
And little fear'd the want of bread!

At famine came, and left no sign  
Of all the plenty I had seen;  
Like the dry ears and half-starv'd kine,  
I then look'd wither'd, faint, and lean.

To *Joseph* the *Egyptians* went,  
To JESUS I made known my case;  
When my little stock was spent,  
Open'd his magazine of grace.

The time of dearth the LORD foresaw,  
And made provision long before,  
That famish'd souls like mine might draw  
Supplies from his unbounded store.

Known

Now on his bounty I depend,  
 And live from fear of dearth secure;  
 Maintain'd by such a mighty Friend,  
 I cannot want till he is poor.

O sinners, hear his gracious call;  
 " My mercy's door stands open wide,  
 " Whose stores sufficient are for all,  
 " And none, who come, shall be deny'd."

XXXVIII. JOSEPH *made known to his Brethren*

xlvi. 3, 4.

**W**HEN *Joseph* his brethren beheld  
 Afflicted, and troubled with fear;  
 His heart with compassion was fill'd,  
 From weeping he could not forbear.  
 A while his behaviour was stern,  
 To bring their past sin to their mind;  
 But when they were touch'd with concern,  
 He hasted to shew himself kind.

How little they thought it was he,  
 Whom they had ill-treated and sold!  
 How great their confusion must be  
 As soon as his name he had told!  
 I am *Joseph* your brother, he said,  
 And still to my heart you are dear;  
 You sold me, and thought I was dead,  
 But GOD for your sakes sent me here,

Though greatly distressed before  
 When charg'd with purloining the cup;  
 They now were confounded much more,  
 Not one of them dar'd to look up.



an *Joseph* whom we wou'd have slain  
 Forgive us the barbarous deed?  
 And will he our households maintain,  
 And help in this season of need?

Thus dragg'd by my conscience I came,  
 And laden with guilt to the LORD;  
 Surrounded with terror and shame,  
 Unable to utter a word;  
 At first he look'd stern and severe,  
 What grief then oppress'd my heart!  
 Expecting each moment to hear  
 The sentence, "thou cursed, depart."

But oh! what surprise when he spoke,  
 While tenderness beam'd in his face!  
 My heart with contrition was broke,  
 O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace:  
 Poor sinner, I know thee full well,  
 "By thee I was sold and was slain,  
 But I died to redeem thee from hell,  
 "And raise thee in glory to reign.

I am JESUS whom thou hast blasphem'd,  
 "And crucified often afresh;  
 But let me henceforth be esteem'd  
 "Thy brother, thy bone and thy flesh."  
 My pardon I freely bestow,  
 Thy wants I will fully supply,  
 I'll guide thee and guard thee below!  
 And soon will remove thee on high.

Go, publish to sinners around,  
 That they may be willing to come,  
 The mercy, which now thou hast found,  
 And tell them, that yet there is room.

O sinners,

O sinners, the message obey,  
 No more vain excuses pretend ;  
 But haste without further delay  
 To JESUS our Brother and Friend.

XXXIX. JACOB *leaning on the Top of his Staff*

xlvi. compared with Heb. xi. 21.

SACRAMENTAL.

JESUS, on thee we feed  
 Along the desert way ;  
 Thou art the living bread,  
 Which doth our spirits stay ;  
 And all, who in this banquet join,  
 Lean on the staff of life divine.

While to thy upper courts  
 We take our joyful flight,  
 Thy blessed cross supports  
 Each feeble *Israelite* :  
 Like hoary, dying *Jacob*, we  
 Lean on our staff, and worship thee.

O may we still abide  
 In thee our pard'ning GOD ;  
 Thy Spirit be our guide,  
 Thy body be our food ;  
 Till thou, who hast the token giv'n,  
 Shalt bear us on thyself to heav'n.

XL. *The Death of JACOB.*

xlix. 33.

**S**HRINKING from the cold hand of death

I too shall gather up my feet ;  
 Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,  
 And die my father's GOD to meet.

Number'd among thy people I

Expect with joy thy face to see ;  
 Because thou didst for sinners die,  
 JESUS, in death, remember me.

That without a ling'ring groan

I may the welcome word receive !

My body with my charge lay down,

And cease at once to work and live !



EXODUS.

## EXODUS.

## XLI.

## CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE LIFE OF MO

ii. compared with Heb. xi. 23—27.

**M**OSES by faith from death was sav'd,  
While heedless of the tyrant's will  
His parents in their GOD believ'd,  
And dar'd the lovely babe conceal.

By faith, when now to manhood grown,  
A just contempt of earth he show'd ;  
Refus'd a prince's name to own,  
And sought but to be great in GOD.

In vain its pomps ambition spreads,  
Glory in vain displays her charms ;  
A brighter crown its lustre sheds,  
A purer flame his bosom warms.

Wisely he chose the better part,  
Suff'rings with GOD's elect to share ;  
To pleasures gay he steel'd his heart,  
No room for them when GOD is there.

Fleeting he deem'd them all and vain,  
His heart on heav'nly joys bestow'd ;  
Partaker of his people's pain,  
Th' afflicted people of his GOD.

*Egypt* unfolds her golden blaze,  
 Yet all for CHRIST he counts but loss;  
 A richer treasure he surveys,  
 His LORD's anticipated cross.

He triumph'd in his glorious shame,  
 On pleasure, wealth, and fame look'd down;  
 'Twas heav'n at which his wishes aim,  
 Aspiring to a starry crown.

By faith he left th' oppressive land,  
 And scorn'd the petty rage of kings;  
 Supported by JEHOVAH's hand,  
 And shadow'd by JEHOVAH's wings.

His ready way he still pursu'd,  
 Nor hopes nor fears retard his pace,  
 TH' INVISIBLE before him stood,  
 And faith univel'd the SAVIOUR's face.

XLII. *The Vision of the burning Bush.*

iii. 2—6.

FOR A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

**D**ID *Moses* view with strange surprize,  
 When to behold he turn'd aside,  
 A bush in flames before his eyes?  
 Burning, yet unconsum'd abide?

So did the Godhead fully dwell  
 In our humanity entire,  
 When JESUS bore, (more strange to tell!)  
 The wrath of that consuming fire.

See

See here again the sign renew'd,  
 A bush that can the fire endure !  
 A burning bush bedew'd with blood,  
 A church preserv'd from hell secure.

With *Moses*, LORD, I hide my face,  
 My shoes put off with lowly fear ;  
 And own 'tis holy ground the place  
 Where these dread mysteries appear.

But oh ! reveal them to my heart  
 If thou indeed by me hast sent ;  
 The fulness of thy grace impart,  
 And honour thy mean instrument,

Then shall I cheerfully proceed  
 My high commission to proclaim ;  
 Thine *Israel* out of *Egypt* lead,  
 And render glorious thy great name.

**XLIII.** *GOD beholding the Affliction of his People  
 in Egypt, and coming down to deliver them.*

iii. 7, 8.

**J**ESUS, thou hear'st thine *Israel* groan,  
 Our sorrows all to thee are known,  
 Who struggle from our sins to part,  
 From Satan's bondage to go free ;  
 And while thou dost our suff'rings see,  
 Thy pitying eye affects thine heart.

The cruel task-masters oppress,  
 Till thou our captive souls release

With



With out-stretch'd arm, and mighty hand :  
 Now LORD in our behalf come down,  
 Thine arm extend, thy strength put on,  
 And bring us to the promis'd land.

Faithful and true, we trust in thee ;  
 Thou art come down to set us free  
 From *Pharaoh's* yoke, and sin's command :  
 Now bring us forth thy chosen race,  
 Now in the land of promise place,  
 The good, and large, and pleasant land:

Good, for 'tis there our LORD we find,]  
 And large enough for all mankind,  
 With honey and with milk o'erflow'd ;  
 The land which heav'n delights to bless,  
 The land of rest and righteousness,  
 The earthly paradise of God.

XLIV. *The Plagues of EGYPT.*

vii.—xi.

WHEN *Pharaoh* dar'd to vex the saints,  
 And thus provoke their GOD,  
*Moses* was sent at their complaints,  
 Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

He brought forth frogs, and lice, and flies  
 By his out-stretched hand ;  
 The cattle of the murrain dies  
 Through all the destin'd land.

D

He

He call'd for boils ;—next darkness came,  
 Like an o'erwhelming flood ;  
 He turn'd the lakes, and ev'ry stream,  
 To lakes and streams of blood.

O'er fields and towns and palaces  
 The ten-fold vengeance flew ;  
 Locusts devour'd their herbs and trees,  
 And hail their labours flew :

Then by an angel's mid-night stroke  
 The flow'r of Egypt died ;  
 The strength of ev'ry house was broke,  
 Their glory and their pride.

Now let the world its idle rage  
 Refrain, its threats forbear ;  
 Israel shall live through ev'ry age,  
 For Israel's GOD is near.

#### XLV. *The Passover.*

xii.

**W**HEN the destroying angel flew,  
 To Pharaoh's stubborn land ;  
 The first-born in each house he slew,  
 By his vindictive hand.

He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,  
 Nor pour'd the wrath divine ;  
 He saw the blood on ev'ry door,  
 And bless'd the peaceful sign.

Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed  
 To break th' Egyptian yoke ;  
 Thus *Israel* is from bondage freed,  
 And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

So CHRIST, our passover, was slain,  
 And has at once procur'd  
 Freedom from satan's heavy chain,  
 And GOD's avenging sword.

## XLVI. ANOTHER.

## SACRAMENTAL.

CHRIST, our passover, for us  
 Is offer'd up, and slain ;  
 Let him be remember'd thus  
 By ev'ry soul of man.

We are bound above the rest  
 His oblation to proclaim ;  
 Keep we then the solemn feast,  
 And banquet on the Lamb.

Purge we all our sin away,  
 That old accursed leav'n ;  
 Sin in us no longer stay,  
 In us through CHRIST forgiv'n.

Let us now with hearts sincere  
 Eat the new unleaven'd bread ;  
 To our LORD with faith draw near,  
 And on his promise feed.

JESUS, Master of the feast,  
 The feast itself thou art ;  
 Now, receive thy meanest guest,  
 And comfort ev'ry heart ;

Give us living bread to eat,  
 Manna that from heav'n comes down;  
 Fill us with immortal meat,  
 And make thy nature known.

In this barren wilderness  
 Thou hast a table spread;  
 Furnish'd out with richest grace  
 Whate'er our souls can need.  
 Still sustain us by thy love,  
 Still thy servants' strength repair,  
 Till we reach the courts above,  
 And feast for ever there.

XLVII. *The Pillar of Cloud by day, and of Fire by night.*

xiii. 21. compared with Numb. ix. 16.

**E**NTER'D on the vast wilderness,  
 JESUS, thy helpless people see;  
 With comfort and protection bless  
 Thy gospel-church redeem'd by thee;  
 A cloud by day, a fire by night,  
 Defend us with thy heav'nly light.  
 Take not the sacred signs away,  
 The tokens of thy guardian pow'r;  
 Preserv'd by night, refresh'd by day,  
 Baptiz'd in many a gracious show'r,  
 Cover us with thy cloudy shrine,  
 And in thy fiery column shine.

To all believers visible,  
 Who in thy pard'ning love confide,  
 With us thou promigest to dwell,  
 And to that pleasant region guide,  
 Where *Israel* finds, of thee posscest,  
 The land of everlasting rest.

LVIII. *The People commanded to stand still, and  
 see the Salvation of GOD.*

xiv. 13.

OUT of the iron furnace brought  
 Whither shall we for refuge fly?  
 Ere by our fierce pursuers caught?  
 JESUS, thou hear'st our suppliant cry.

Thou bidst us humbly wait on thee,  
 And lo! in patient faith we stand  
 The wonders of thy grace to see,  
 The saving pow'r of thy right hand.

Forward? but whither shall we go?

The desert is on either side;  
 Behind us the *Egyptian* foe,  
 Before, the interposing tide.

Yet while we thy command obey,  
 Our road impassable pursue;  
 The ocean yields an open way,  
 And lets thy ransom'd people through.

XLIX. *Their miraculous Passage through the Sea, and Destruction of their Enemies.*

xiv. 19—29.

**W**HAT thus affrights the *Memphian*\* Sea  
 And turns its stream aside?  
 What makes its waters thus retreat,  
 And wave o'er wave to ride?  
 Behold! her wat'ry bosom rends,  
 The channels rise to view,  
 And all the monsters of the deep  
 A strange appearance shew.  
 No wonder ocean's bed should start  
 At such alarming sight:  
 Borne on a cloud **JEHOVAH** sits,  
 Array'd in robes of light.  
 On *Israel's* tribes he darts around  
 Unsufferable day;  
 From his pavilion on their foes  
 Black mid-night horrors play.  
 Along the deeply-furrow'd wave  
 He deigns the lamp to bear;  
 He guides his people through the deep,  
 And hushes ev'ry fear.  
 The liquid mountains on each hand  
 Hedge in the wond'rous road:  
 Beneath such walls 'twas safe to move  
 Behind their leader **GOD**.

\* Another name for the Red Sea.



Aw'd by an eye from yonder throne  
The waves obedient stand ;  
Or, let the signal once appear,  
They turn at his command.

How quick they in his quarrel rise !  
On pagan hosts they run ;  
In vain the haughty monarch strives  
A wat'ry grave to shun.

No angel needs to brandish high  
The glitt'ring spear of death ;  
With madd'ning rage the sea rolls back,  
And stops their fleeting breath.

How great that GOD who reins the floods !  
No shelter but his wing :  
Nor insect crawls, but at his will  
Can swift destruction bring.

L. *Another, including the Song of MOSES  
on Occasion of their Deliverance.*

**A**RM of the LORD, awake for me,  
Art thou not it, that smote the sea,  
And all its mighty waters dry'd ?  
Art thou not it that quell'd the host  
Of haughty *Pharaoh* and his host,  
And baffled all their furious pride ?

Thou didst th' outrageous dragon wound,  
Thou hast the horse and rider drown'd,  
Glorious and excellent in pow'r :  
While *Israel* march'd in firm array,

Triumphant through the wond'rous way,  
Nor stumbled till they reach'd the shore.

Awake, as in the ancient days,  
See in our foes th' *Egyptian* race,  
With hell's grim tyrant at their head :  
Enrag'd at our escape he roars,  
And follows us with all his pow'rs,  
Out of his iron furnace freed.

" I will pursue, I will o'ertake,  
" I will my fugitives bring back,  
" And satisfy my lust of blood ;  
" Draw out my sword of keenest lies,  
" Pour a whole flood of perjuries,  
" And make the rebels know their GO

Angel divine, who still art near,  
Remove, and guard thy people's rear ;  
This day for thine own *Israel* fight :  
O let the pillar interpose,  
A cloud and darkness to our foes,  
To us a flame of cheering light.

Hear us to thee for succour cry,  
Nor let the hostile pow'r come nigh  
In all our night of doubts and fears ;  
They cannot pierce their way through thee  
And thou shalt our protection be,  
Till the glad morning light appears.

Look through the tutelary cloud,  
In which thou dost our souls inshroud,  
And blast the aliens with thine eye ;  
Trouble the proud *Egyptian* host,

Confound

Confound their vain presumptuous boast,  
Who *Israel's* GOD in us defy.

Arrest our fierce pursuers speed,  
Take off their chariot wheels, with dread  
And heavy wrath their spirits pain;

Exhort the cry from ev'ry heart,

"JEHOVAH takes his people's part,

"We fight against the LORD in vain."

LI. *The Rod of* MOSES.

xiv. 21.

WHEN *Moses* wav'd his mystic rod,  
What wonders follow'd while he spoke!  
As a wall the waters stood,  
Or gush'd in rivers from the rock.

his command the thunders roll'd,  
Light'ning and hail his voice obey'd;  
And *Pharaoh* trembled to behold  
His land in desolation laid.

What could *Moses'* rod have done  
Had he not been divinely sent?  
The pow'r was from the LORD alone,  
And *Moses* but the instrument.

LORD, regard thy people's pray'rs,  
Assist a worm to speak aright;  
And since thy gospel-rod he bears,  
Display thy wonders in our sight.

Proclaim the thunders of thy law,  
 Like light'ning let thine arrows fly,  
 That careless sinners struck with awe,  
 For succour may to JESUS cry.

Make streams of godly sorrow flow  
 From rocky hearts, unus'd to feel;  
 And let the poor in spirit know  
 Thy hand omnipotent to heal.

But chiefly we would now look up  
 To ask a blessing for our youth,  
 The rising generation's hope,  
 Early to know and love the truth.

Arise, O LORD, afford a sign,  
 Now shall our pray'rs success obtain;  
 Since both the means and pow'r are thine,  
 How can the rod be rais'd in vain?

LII. *The bitter Waters healed.*

xv. 23, 25.

**B**ITTER indeed the waters are  
 Which in this desert flow;  
 Though to the eye they promise fair;  
 They taste of sin and woe.

Of pleasing draughts I once could dream;  
 But now awake I find  
 That sin has poison'd ev'ry stream,  
 And left a curse behind.

# EXODUS.

99

But there's a wonder-working wood,  
(Its virtues ne'er decay,)  
Can make these bitter waters good,  
And take the curse away.

The cross on which the SAVIOUR died,  
And conquer'd for his saints;  
This is the tree by faith apply'd,  
Which sweetens all complaints.

Thousands have found the blest effect;  
Nor longer mourn their lot;  
While on his sorrows they reflect,  
Their own are all forgot.

When they by faith behold the cross,  
Though various griefs they meet;  
They draw a gain from ev'ry loss,  
And find the bitter sweet.

## LIII. *Manna.*

xvi. 18.

**M**ANNA to Israel well supply'd  
The want of other bread,  
While GOD is able to provide,  
His people shall be fed.

Of this kind care how sweet a proof!  
It suited every taste,  
Who gather'd most, had just enough;  
Enough, who gather'd least.

'Tis thus our gracious LORD divides  
 Our comforts and our cares ;  
 His own unerring hand provides  
 And gives us each our shares

He knows how much the weak can bear,  
 And helps them when they cry ;  
 The strongest have no strength to spare  
 When rude temptations try.

Daily they saw the manna come,  
 And cover all the ground ;  
 But what they wish'd to keep at home,  
 Corrupted soon was found.

Vain their desire to store it up,  
 This was to tempt the LORD ;  
*Israel* must live by faith and hope,  
 And not upon a hoard.

LIV. *Manna hoarded.*

xvi. 20, 21.

THE manna, favor'd *Israel's* meat,  
 Was gather'd day by day ;  
 When all the host was serv'd, the heat  
 Dissolv'd the rest away.

In vain to hoard it up they try'd ;  
 Kept for the morrow's use,  
 Worms it produc'd and putrify'd  
 By that profane abuse.

'Twas



'Twas daily bread, and would not keep,  
 But must be still renew'd;  
 Faith should not want a hoard or heap,  
 But trust the LORD for food.

The truths, by which the soul is fed,  
 Must thus be dealt afresh;  
 For notions resting in the head  
 Will only feed the flesh.

However true, they have no life,  
 Or unction to impart,  
 They breed the worms of pride and strife,  
 But cannot cheer the heart.

Dear LORD, while waiting we are found,  
 Our daily manna give,  
 Oh! let it fall on all around,  
 That we may eat and live.

LV. *The Smitten Rock.*

xvii. 5, 6.

**W**HEN *Israel's* tribes were parch'd with thirst,  
 Forth from the rock the waters burst,  
 And all their future journey through  
 Gave drink and sweet instruction too.

In *Moses'* rod a type they saw  
 Of his severe and fiery law;  
 The smitten rock prefigur'd him,  
 From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.

But

But ah! the types were all too faint,  
His sorrows or his worth to paint:  
Slight was the stroke of *Moses*' rod,  
But he endur'd the wrath of GOD.

Their outward rock could feel no pain,  
But our's was wounded, torn, and slain;  
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,  
But JESUS pour'd forth streams of blood.

The earth is like their wilderness,  
A land of drought, and sore distress,  
Without one spring, from pole to pole  
To satisfy the thirsty soul.

But let the SAVIOUR's praise resound:  
In him refreshing streams abound;  
Which heav'nly strength, and comfort give,  
That all, who will, may drink and live.

# LVI. MOSES and AMALEK.

xvii. 9.

For a public Fast in time of War.

WHILE *Jeshua* led the armed bands  
Of *Israel* forth to war;  
*Moses* apart with lifted hands,  
Engag'd in humble pray'r.

Their armed bands had quickly fail'd,  
And perish'd in the fight,  
If *Moses*' pray'r had not prevail'd  
To put the foes to flight.

When

When *Moses*' hands thro' weakness dropp'd,  
 The warriors fainted too;  
*Israel's* success, at once was stopp'd,  
 And *Am'lek* bolder grew.

A people always prone to boast  
 Was taught by this suspense,  
 That not a num'rous armed host,  
 But GOD was their defence.

We now of fleets and armies vaunt,  
 And ships and men prepare;  
 But men like *Moses* most we want  
 To save the state by pray'r.

Yet, LORD, we hope thou hast prepar'd  
 A hidden few to day;  
 (The nation's secret strength and guard)  
 To weep, and mourn, and pray.

O hear their pray'rs, and grant us aid;  
 Bid war and discord cease;  
 Heal the sad breach which sin has made,  
 And bless us all with peace.

LVII. *Another, applied to CHRIST.*

TWO shadows of one substance see;  
 The LORD, who set his people free,  
 Persists to save the ransom'd race;  
 JESUS doth all the work alone,  
 Our Captain and High Priest in one,  
 In *Jeshua* fights, in *Moses* prays.

High

High on the hill behold him stand,  
 The rod of wonder in his hand !  
 His pray'r inclines the hov'ring scale ;  
 And through our Advocate above,  
 And through his Spirit of faith and love  
 His fighting church shall still prevail.

### LVIII. ISRAEL *and* AMALEK.

For a Fast in time of War.

**O**UR banner is th' eternal GOD :  
 Nor will we yield to fear,  
 Amidst ten thousand fierce assaults  
 His mighty aid is near.

To him the hands of faith we stretch,  
 And plead experienc'd grace ;  
 To him the voice of pray'r we roase,  
 Nor will he hide his face.

No more, proud *Amalek*, thy boast,  
 " GOD's arm is feeble grown ; "  
 His sword shall lop off ev'ry hand,  
 That dares insult his throne.

Awake, tremendous Judge, awake,  
 Our nation's cause to plead ;  
 Nor let thine *Israel's* foes and thine  
 By wickedness succeed.

Our fainting hands, how soon they droop !  
 But thou the weak canst raise,  
 And in the mount of pray'r canst leave  
 An altar to thy praise.

IX. *The Deliverance of the Law on Mount SINAI.*

xix. 16—18.

**L**O! earth all o'er convulsive shakes,  
Her trembling bosom throbs!  
And Sinai reels with deep affright,  
The heaving mountain sobs!

The tallest cliffs now nod their heads,  
The humbler summits bow;  
While spreading rocks astonish'd quake  
Through all the vales below.

How just, when heav'n throws wide its doors  
To let our GOD descend!  
Who midst unfathom'd glories thron'd  
Yet earth-ward deigns to bend.

The rattling thunders raise their voice,  
And roar his praise aloud;  
The forked lightnings dreadful glance,  
From midst the bursting cloud.

While godlike splendors beam too strong  
For human eyes to view,  
He with thick darkness veil'd his throne,  
And all its curtains drew.

The trump his errand now proclaims,  
Heav'n's host attends around;  
He speaks—hell's deepest centre hears,  
Her frightened vaults rebound.

Myriads

Myriads beneath the fiery mount  
 In pensive clusters stand ;  
 Each trembling soul in silence waits  
 JEHOVAH's high command.

Increasing terrors of a GOD  
 Their panic bosoms fill,  
 While louder and still louder notes  
 Pour forth th' enormous peal.

If nature's pulse once beat so strong  
 When heav'n proclaim'd its law ;  
 The glories of the last great day  
 What mortal pen can draw ?

O may I now with awe receive  
 These mandates of the sky,  
 That, when earth's mould'ring fabric sinks,  
 My soul may mount on high.

LX. *Mount SINAI and Mount SION.*

**T**HE GOD, who once to *Israel* spoke  
 From *Sinai's* top in fire and smoke,  
 In gentler strains of gospel grace  
 Invites us now to seek his face.

Temper'd with beams of milder light  
 The Godhead speaks from *Zion's* height :  
 It is the voice of JESUS' blood  
 That calls poor wand'ers home to GOD.



The holy *Moses* quak'd and fear'd,  
 When *Sinai's* thund'ring law he heard,  
 But reigning grace with accents mild  
 Speaks to the sinner as a child.

Hark ! how from *Calvary* it sounds,  
 From the REDEEMER's bleeding wounds !  
 Pardon and grace, I freely give,  
 Ye mourners, look to me, and live."

What other arguments can move  
 The heart, that slights a SAVIOUR's love ?  
 Yet till almighty pow'r constrain,  
 This matchless love is heard in vain.

O SAVIOUR, let that pow'r descend,  
 And cause each stubborn heart to bend ;  
 Deeply impress upon our youth  
 The light and force of gospel truth.

O may they find the living path  
 Of penitence and humble faith ;  
 Which through these shadows opes the way  
 To regions of immortal day.

How will they else thy presence bear,  
 When as a Judge thou shalt appear ?  
 When slighted love to wrath shall turn,  
 And the whole earth like *Sinai* burn.

LXI. *The Golden Calf.*

xxxii. 4—31.

**W**HEN *Israel* heard the fiery law  
 From *Sinai's* top proclaim'd,  
 Their hearts seem'd full of holy awe,  
 Their stubborn spirits tam'd ;

Yet as forgetting all they knew,  
 Ere forty days were past ;  
 With blazing *Sinai* still in view  
 A molten calf they cast.

Yea *Aaron*, GOD's anointed priest,  
 Who on the mount had been,  
 Ventur'd to grave the idol beast,  
 And lead them on to sin.

LORD, what is man ? and what are we  
 To recompense thee thus ?  
 In their offence our own we see,  
 Their story points at us.

From *Sinai* we have heard thee speak,  
 And from Mount *Zion* too ;  
 And yet to idols oft we seek,  
 While thou art in our view.

Some golden calf, or golden dream,  
 Some fancied creature good  
 Presumes to share the heart with him  
 Who bought the whole with blood.

LORD,

LORD, save us from our golden calves :

Our sin with grief we own ;

We would no more be thine by halves,

But live to thee alone.

I. MOSES *interceding for the* ISRAELITES.

xxxii. 10.

O Wond'rous pow'r of faithful pray'r !  
 What tongue can tell th' almighty grace ?  
 GOD's hands or bound, or open are,  
 As *Moses* or *Elijah* prays ;  
 Let *Moses* in the spirit groan,  
 And GOD cries out, " Let me alone."

" Let me alone, that all my wrath  
 " May rise the wicked to consume ;  
 " While justice hears thy praying faith,  
 " It cannot seal the sinner's doom,  
 " My *Son* is in my servant's pray'r,  
 " And JESUS forces me to spare."

O blessed word of gospel grace,  
 Which now we for our *Israel* plead,  
 A faithless and backsliding race,  
 Whom thou hast out of *Egypt* freed ;  
 O do not then in wrath chastise,  
 Nor let thy whole displeasure rise.

" Father," (we ask in JESUS' name,  
 " In JESUS' pow'r and spirit pray)  
 " Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim,  
 " O turn thy threat'ning wrath away ;  
 " Our

" Our guilt and punishment remove,  
 " And magnify thy pard'ning love.  
 " Father, regard thy pleading Son,  
 " Accept his all-availing pray'r,  
 " And send a peaceful answer down,  
 " In honor of our *Spokesman* there :  
 " Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiv'n,  
 " And speaks thy rebels up to heav'n."

LXIII. MOSES, *hid in the Cleft of the Rock.*

xxxiii. 18—23.

O GOD, my hope, my heav'nly rest,  
 My all of happiness below,  
 Grant my importunate request,  
 To me thy utmost goodness show ;  
 Thy beatific face display,  
 The brightness of eternal day.

Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes  
 Make all thy gracious goodness pass ;  
 Thy goodness is the sight I prize,  
 O may I see thy smiling face ;  
 Thy nature in my soul proclaim,  
 Reveal thy love, thy glorious name.

There in the place beside thy throne,  
 Where all that find acceptance stand,  
 Receive me up into thy Son,  
 Cover me with thy mighty hand,  
 Set me upon the rock, and hide  
 My soul in JESUS' wounded side.

O put me in the cleft, impow'r  
 My soul the glorious fight to bear;  
 Descend in this accepted hour,  
 Pass by me, and thy name declare;  
 Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,  
 And shew thyself the GOD of Love.

LXIV. MOSES' *View of the Divine Glory.*

xxxiii. 98.

WITH humble pleasure, LORD, we trace  
 The antient records of thy grace,  
 And our own consolation draw  
 From what thy servant *Moses* saw.

May we behold thy glory shine  
 With gentle beams of love divine,  
 And hear thy secret voice proclaim  
 The various wonders of thy name.

Feeble nature faint t' endure  
 Thy voice so sweet, a ray so pure;  
 Dissolution would delight,  
 While death would wear a form so bright.

Death shall unveil that world above,  
 Where the dear children of thy love,  
 Temper'd all to heav'nly day,  
 Far and reflect th' immediate ray.

LXV.

LXV. *The Proclamation of GOD's Name to*  
**MOSES.**

xxxiv. 6. 8.

**A**TTEND, my soul, the voice divine,  
 And mark what beaming glories shine  
 Around thy condescending **GOD** :  
 To us, to us he still proclaims  
 His awful, his endearing names ;  
 Attend, and sound them all abroad.

“ **JEHOVAH**, I, the sov'reign **LORD**,  
 “ The mighty **GOD** by heav'n ador'd,  
 “ Down to the earth my foot-steps bend ;  
 “ My heart the tend'rest pity knows,  
 “ Goodness full-streaming wide o'erflows,  
 “ And grace and truth shall never end.

My patience long can crimes endure,  
 My pard'ning love is ever sure,  
 When penitential sorrow mourns :  
 To millions through unnumber'd years  
 New hope and new delight it bears ;  
 Yet wrath against the sinner burns.

Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,  
 Fall prostrate at thy Sov'reign's feet,  
 And drink the tuneful accents in ;  
 Speak on, my **LORD**, repeat the voice,  
 Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,  
 Till heav'n complete the rapt'rous scene.



LXVI. *The Veil of MOSES.*

xxxiv. 33.

**E**RE *Moses* put the cov'ring on,  
 They cou'd not on his visage gaze;  
 But brighter through the veil it shone,  
 The glory of his *hidden* face.

The blessings GOD on man bestows,  
 The things he doth, 'tis good to tell;  
 'Tis good at times which JESUS shows  
 Our glitt'ring graces to conceal.

Thus ev'ry modest man of GOD  
 Forbears to make the fairest show;  
 T' expose his graces to the crowd,  
 And charm the dazzled world below.

But rather takes with jealous fear  
 The veil of true humility;  
 And glorious studies to appear  
 To none but that all-seeing Eye.

LORD, if thine image shine on me,  
 While to myself it shines unknown;  
 Let others the refulgence see,  
 And glory give to thee alone.

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LXVII. THE TRUE AARON.

viii. 7, 9.

SEE *Aaron*, GOD's anointed priest,  
Within the vail appear ;  
In robes of mystic meaning drest,  
Presenting *Israel's* pray'r.

The plate of gold, which crowns his brow  
His holiness describes ;  
His breast displays in shining rows  
The names of all the tribes.

With the atoning blood he stands  
Before the mercy-seat ;  
And clouds of incense from his hands  
Arise with odour sweet.

*Urim* and *Thummim* \* near his heart  
In rich engravings worn,  
The sacred light of truth impart,  
To teach and to adorn.

Through him the eye of faith descries  
A greater Priest by far ;  
Thus JESUS pleads above the skies,  
Our Intercessor there.

\* Lights and perfections.

He bears the names of all his saints  
 Deep on his heart engrav'd;  
 Attentive to the state and wants  
 Of all his love hath sav'd.

In him a holiness complete,  
*Light and perfection* shine;  
 And wisdom, grace and glory meet  
 T' announce him all divine.

The blood, which as a Priest he bears  
 For sinners, is his own;  
 The incense of his pray'rs and tears  
 Perfumes the holy throne.

In him my weary soul has rest,  
 Though self-condemn'd and vile;  
 I read my name upon his breast,  
 And see the Father smile.

LXVIII. NADAB and ABIHU burnt.

x. 1-3.

**L**O! Nadab and Abihu fall!  
 Who dar'd against their priestly call  
 Strange fire present before the LORD,  
 An off'ring, which his soul abhor'd.

Forth from his glorious presence shot,  
 Fierce fire devours them on the spot;  
 And speaks to all like dreadful doom,  
 Who to profane his rites presume.

Thus warm'd by nature's wild desire,  
 I brought strange uncommanded fire;  
 Inflam'd with persecuting zeal,  
 I serv'd thee with the fire of hell.

Yet undevour'd, O GOD, I sing  
 Thy grace, and now my off'ring bring;  
 Sweet incense kindled from above,  
 At the pure flame of JESUS' love.

LXIX. AARON'S Priesthood, a Type of  
 CHRIST.

viii. and xvi. compared with Heb. vii. and ix.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold  
 A thousand glories more;  
 Than the rich gems of polish'd gold  
 The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt-off'rings brought,  
 To purge themselves from sin;  
 Thy life was pure without a spot,  
 And all thy nature clean.

Fresh blood, as constant as the day,  
 Was on their altar spilt;  
 But thy one off'ring takes away  
 For ever all our guilt.

Their priesthood ran through several hands,  
 For mortal was their race;  
 Thy never-changing office stands,  
 Eternal as thy days.

## LEVITICUS.

77

Once in the year with hallow'd blood  
Of victims, not his own;  
Within the vail the High-Priest stood  
Before the golden throne.

But CHRIST by his own pow'rful blood  
Ascends above the skies;  
And in the presence of our GOD,  
Shows his own sacrifice.

JESUS, who high maintains his reign  
On Zion's heav'nly hill;  
Looks like a *Lamb* that has been slain,  
And wears his priesthood still.

He ever lives to intercede  
Before his Father's face;  
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

### XX. *Types of CHRIST in the Levitical Law.*

**I**SRRAEL in ancient days,  
Not only had a view  
Of Sinai in a blaze,  
But learn'd the gospel too:  
The types and figures were a glass,  
In which they saw the SAVIOUR's face.

The paschal sacrifice,  
And blood-besprinkled door,  
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
And once apply'd with pow'r,

Would teach the need of other blood,  
To reconcile the soul to GOD.

The lamb, the dove set forth  
His perfect innocence,  
Whose blood of matchless worth  
Should be the soul's defence:  
For he, who can for sin atone,  
Must have no failings of his own.

The scape-goat on his head  
The people's trespass bore,  
And to the desert led  
Was to be seen no more;  
In him our surety seem'd to say,  
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

Dipt in his fellow's blood,  
The living bird went free;  
The type well understood  
Express'd the sinner's plea;  
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,  
And by a SAVIOUR's death discharg'd.

JESUS, I love to trace,  
Throughout the sacred page,  
The footsteps of thy grace,  
The same in ev'ry age;  
But pleas'd I view, and glad obey  
The clearer light of Gospel-day.



LXXI. *The Year of JUBILEE.*

**L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,  
And spread the joyful tidings round ;  
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,  
And hail the LORD's accepted year.

Ye debtors, whom he gives-to know,  
That you ten thousand talents owe ;  
When humbled at his feet ye fall,  
Your gracious LORD forgives them all.

Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain  
Of sin, and hell's tyrannic reign ;  
To liberty assert your claim,  
And urge the great REDEEMER's name.

The rich inheritance you lost,  
Restor'd, improv'd you now may boast ;  
Fair *Sal* your arrival waits  
'To go/ streets and pearly gates.

Her *lost* inhabitants no more  
Bondage and poverty deplore ;  
No debt but love immensely great,  
Whose joy still rises with the debt.

O happy souls that know the sound !  
GOD's light shall all your steps surround ;  
And shew that Jubilee begun,  
Which through eternal years shall run.

## NUMBERS.

**LXXII.** *Resting in their Tents, while the Cloud  
abode on the Tabernacle.*

ix. 18.

**W**HO in thy word confide,  
From nature's haste set free,  
Our patient souls by faith abide,  
And fix their eyes on thee.  
Till thou wouldst have us go,  
We wait thy spirit's sign;  
And cannot lose our time, we know,  
By tarrying, LORD, for thine.  
To work for GOD is good,  
If GOD our work ordain;  
But stay'd by the incumbent cloud  
We in our place remain.  
To cease from work is best  
If after JESUS' will;  
For when at thy command we rest,  
We please our SAVIOUR still.  
SAVIOUR, we wait the day,  
The awful day unknown,  
To quit our house, this tent of clay,  
To lay our bodies down.

Expecting

Expecting from above  
 The certain sign, we stand;  
 As ready always to remove,  
 And die at thy command.

LXXIII. *Manna leashed.*

xi. 6. — xxi. 5.

GLADNESS was spread through *Israel's* host,  
 When first they *Manna* view'd;  
 They labour'd, who shou'd gather most,  
 And thought it pleasant food.

But when they now had long enjoy'd  
 The heav'n-descended bread;  
 Their hearts were by the plenty cloy'd,  
 And murmurs soon succeed.

Thus gospel-truths at first are priz'd  
 Above earth's richest gain;  
 But afterwards too much despis'd,  
 When easy to obtain.

It should the LORD displeas'd with-hold  
 The food his mercy sends;  
 To have our houses fill'd with gold,  
 Would make but small amends.

How tedious would the week appear!  
 How dull the day of rest!  
 Could we no longer meet to hear,  
 And with his word be blest.

Preserve us from this judgment, LORD,  
 For thy own sake we plead;  
 A famine of the gospel word  
 Would be a scourge indeed.

LXXIV. ELDAD and MEDAD *prophecying*  
*the Camp.*

xi. 27—29.

**E**LDAD, they said, and *Medad* there  
 Irregularly bold;  
 By *Moses* uncommission'd dare  
 A sep'rate meeting hold.

And still whom none but heav'n will own,  
 Men, whom the world decry,  
 Men authoriz'd by GOD alone,  
 Presume to prophecy.

How many since have blindly done  
 What zealous *Joshua* did;  
 Impatient to the rulers run,  
 And cry'd, "These men forbid."

"Silence the schismatics, constrain  
 "Their thoughts with ours t'agree;  
 "And sacrifice the souls of men  
 "To idol unity."

*Moses*, the minister of GOD,  
 Rebukes their partial love,  
 Who envy at the gifts bestow'd  
 On those they disapprove.

They do not their own spirit know,  
 Who wish to see suppress  
 The men, that JESUS' spirit show,  
 The men, whom GOD hath blest.

XXV. *The Rebellion of* CORAH, DATHAN,  
*and* ABIRAM.

xvi.

SEE there rebellion's sons presume  
 Against the chosen pair to stand;  
 Whom the most HIGH had caus'd to come  
 Near to himself by his command!

As if by iron hand oppress'd,  
 They murmur, and indignant cry;  
 "Why lord it thus above the rest,  
 "And place yourselves as Gods on high?"

Moses no sooner heard their boasts,  
 Than prostrate on his face he fell;  
 While, zealous for the LORD of hosts,  
 To heav'n he makes his just appeal.

Then to the rebels give the word,  
 "To-morrow in your censers take  
 "Incense and fire before the LORD;  
 "He shall the true distinction make."

One part presumptuously appear,  
 And dare t' assert their priestly claim;  
 The rest, refusing to draw near,  
 Betray their stubbornness and shame.

\* Moses and Aaron.

E 6

Then

Then *Moses* to the people cries,  
 " Depart ye from the tents with speed  
 " Of these vile men, lest sad surprize  
 " O'erwhelm you in the wrath decreed.

" If these men die the common death  
 " Of all who to the grave descend,  
 " Or peaceably resign their breath ;  
 " Then doth not GOD by *Moses* send,

" But if in this decisive hour  
 " The earth her mouth shall wide disclose  
 " And instantaneously devour  
 " The rebels with their banded foes :

" Then shall ye fully understand  
 " The thunder of JEHOVAH's throne ;  
 " Convinc'd that these with impious hand  
 " Have daringly provok'd his frown."

He spake—and lo ! the op'ning ground  
 Aunder clave beneath their feet ;  
 The gaping earth inclos'd them round,  
 Ingulf'd within the greedy pit.

O LORD, by this example aw'd,  
 May we ne'er brave thy wrath severe ;  
 Nor once thy sov'reign right defraud,  
 Or deviate from our proper sphere.

'Tis thine to choose our work and way,  
 Be ours thy counsels to fulfil ;  
 Ambitious only to obey,  
 And answer all thy righteous will.



LXXVI. *The Brazen Serpent.*

xxi. 8, 9.

**S**O did the *Hebrew* prophet raise  
The brazen serpent high;  
The wounded felt immediate ease,  
The camp forbore to die.

"Look upward in the dying hour,  
"And live," the prophet cries:  
"But **CHRIST** performs a nobler cure,  
When faith lifts up her eyes.

High on the cross the **SAVIOUR** hung,  
High in the heav'ns he reigns;  
Here by the ancient serpent stung,  
We look, and lose our pains.

When **GOD**'s own Son is lifted up,  
A dying world revives;  
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,  
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

LXXVII. **ANOTHER.**

**T**HE *Hebrews* felt the deadly wound,  
And saw the remedy on high;  
So **GOD** himself a ransom found  
For guilty rebels doom'd to die.

**JESUS,**

JESUS, my only help and hope,  
 May I this healing grace receive :  
 Thou wast on *Calvary* lifted up,  
 That dying we might look and live.

I feel the dire disease within,  
 Yet nought on earth can ease my pains ;  
 Wounded by satan and by sin,  
 The poison runs through all my veins.

Dear JESUS, hear my mournful cries,  
 Behold my helplessness and grief ;  
 To thee I lift my weeping eyes ;  
 O grant me now the wish'd relief.

LXXVIII. BALAAM *smiting the Asss, that*  
*with Man's Voice,*

xxii.

**M**AD was the prophet's wayward zeal,  
 After the interdict divine,  
 To wish to know GOD's farther will,  
 As if to change he might incline.

He asks, and soon permission gains  
 With *Balak's* messengers to go :  
 False joy ! not once he entertains,  
 The thought, that GOD is now his foe.  
 Lur'd by the tempting bait of gold,  
 He mounts his ass secure and gay :  
 But as he journeys on—behold !  
 An angel meets him on the way !

With his drawn sword in hand he thwarts  
 The prophet's course, to him unseen;  
 While the dumb ass beholding starts,  
 And turns aside herself to screen.

Thrice she recoiled ere she fell,  
 And thrice he smote with angry look;  
 When GOD her mouth (most strange to tell,)  
 Open'd the prophet to rebuke.

At length his eyes were open'd too,  
 He saw the fierce destroyer's sword  
 Ready to take the vengeance due,  
 Then prostrate fell and grace implor'd.

Thus fools their idle passion wreak,  
 And second causes falsely blame;  
 Impatient of each lawful check  
 Design'd by heav'n t' expose their shame.

Open, O LORD, their eyes to see,  
 Their way perverse, destructive, blind:  
 O stop, and bid them turn to thee,  
 That timely refuge they may find.

LXXIX. BALAAM's *Wife*.

xxiii. 10.

**H**OW blest the righteous are,  
 When they resign their breath!  
 No wonder *Balaam* wish'd to share  
 In such a happy death.

" O let

“ O let me die, said he,  
 “ The death the righteous do ;  
 “ When life is ended, let me be  
 “ Found with the faithful few.”

The force of truth how great,  
 When enemies confess !  
 None but the righteous, whom they hate,  
 A solid hope possess.

But *Balaam's* wish was vain,  
 His heart was insincere ;  
 He thirsted for unrighteous gain,  
 And sought a portion here.

He seem'd the LORD to know,  
 And to offend him loth ;  
 But *Mammon* prov'd his overthrow,  
 For none can serve them both.

May you, my friends, and I,  
 The warning hence receive ;  
 If like the righteous we would die,  
 To chuse the life they live.

LXXX. *The Travels of the Children of ISRAEL  
 from EGYPT through the Wilderness to CA-  
 NAAN, spiritually applied.*

**B**LESSING and praise, and thanks and love  
 To GOD, who draws us from above,  
 And stirs us up to seek his face ;  
 For what thou hast already done,  
 Father, we bless thy name alone,  
 And look to taste thy pard'ning grace.

We,

e, who among the flesh-pots lay,  
 he dawning of a gospel-day  
 Have seen, and rise to meet our GOD;  
 ur GOD hath heard his people's groans,  
 ath out of *Egypt* call'd his sons,  
 And lo! we wait to pass the flood.

is'ners of hope, we meekly stand  
 o see the wonders of thy hand,  
 The saving pow'r divine to see:  
 ther, till thou our pardon seal,  
 ll thou in us thy Son reveal,  
 Our eyes, our hearts are unto thee.

that the blood were now apply'd,  
 that into the crimson tide  
 Our sins might sink, and rise no more!  
 ow, LORD, thy pard'ning mercy show,  
 d bring thy ransom'd people through,  
 And land us on the heav'nly shore.

## LXXXI. ANOTHER.

RM of the LORD, awake, awake,  
 Thine own immortal strength put on;  
 th terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake,  
 And cast thy foes with fury down:  
 in the antient days appear;  
 The sacred annals speak thy fame;  
 thou omnipotently near,  
 To endless ages still the same,

Thy

Thy tenfold vengeance knew to quell  
 And humble haughty *Rahab's* pride;  
 Groan'd her pale sons thy stroke to feel,  
 The first-born victims groan'd, and died:  
 The wounded dragon rag'd in vain,  
 While bold thine utmost plague to brave;  
 Madly he dar'd the parted main,  
 And sunk beneath th' o'rwelming wave.

He sunk, while *Israel's* chosen race  
 Triumphant urge their wond'rous way;  
 Divinely led the fav'rites pass;  
 Th' unvat'ry deep and empty sea,  
 At distance heap'd on either hand,  
 Yeilded a strange unbeaten road;  
 In crystal walls the waters stand,  
 And own the arm of *Israel's* GOD.

That arm, which is not shorten'd now,  
 Which wants not now the pow'r to save;  
 Still present with thy people, thou  
 Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.  
 By earth and hell pursu'd in vain,  
 To thee the ransom'd feed shall come;  
 Shouting their heav'nly *Zion* gain,  
 And pass through death triumphant home.

The pain of life shall there be o'er,  
 The anguish and distracting care;  
 There fighting grief shall weep no more,  
 And sin shall never enter there:  
 Where pure essential joy is found,  
 The LORD's Redeem'd their heads shall raise  
 With everlasting gladness crown'd,  
 And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.



LXXXII. *He led them by the right Way.*

**W**HEN *Israel* was from *Egypt* freed,  
The LORD, who brought them out,  
Help'd them in ev'ry time of need,  
But led them round about.

To enter *Canaan* soon they hop'd,  
But grievously repin'd  
When the red sea their passage stopp'd,  
And *Pharaoh* march'd behind.

The desert fill'd them with alarms  
For water and for food;  
And *Amalek*, by force of arms,  
To check their progress stood.

They often murmur'd by the way,  
Because they judg'd by sight;  
But were at length constrain'd to say,  
"The LORD had led them right."

In the red sea, that stopp'd them first,  
Their enemies were drown'd;  
The rocks gave water for their thirst,  
And *Manna* spread the ground.

By fire and cloud their way was shown  
Across the pathless sands;  
And *Amalek* was overthrown  
By *Moses'* lifted hands.

Just

Just so the true believer's path  
 Through num'rous dangers lies ;  
 Though dark to sense, 'tis right to faith,  
 And leads him to the skies.

## LXXXIII. ANOTHER.

**W**HEN *Israel* by divine command  
 The pathless desert trod ;  
 They found, amidst that barren land,  
 A sure resource in GOD.

A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,  
 And screen'd them from the heat ;  
 From the hard rock their water flow'd,  
 And manna was their meat.

Like them we have a rest in view,  
 Secure from adverse pow'rs ;  
 Like them we pass a desert through,  
 But *Israel's* GOD is ours.

His word a light before us spreads  
 By which our path we see ;  
 His love a banner o'er our heads  
 From harm preserves us free.

JESUS, the bread of life is giv'n,  
 Our soul-sustaining food ;  
 We drink a wond'rous stream from heav'n,  
 The dear IMMANUEL's blood.

LORD

LORD, 'tis enough, we ask no more,  
These blessings are divine;  
The bounteous Giver we adore,  
And rest for ever thine.

## LXXXIV. ANOTHER.

PARENT of universal good,  
We own thy bounteous hand,  
Which doth so rich a table spread,  
E'en in this desert land.

Struck by thy pow'r the flinty rocks  
In gushing torrents flow;  
The feather'd wand'ers of the air  
Thy guiding instinct know.

The pregnant clouds at thy command  
Rain down delicious bread;  
And by light drops of pearly dew,  
Are num'rous armies fed.

Supported thus thine *Israel* march'd  
The promis'd land to gain;  
And shall thy children now begin  
To seek their GOD in vain?

Are all thy stores exhausted now?  
Or does thy mercy fail,  
That faith should languish in our breasts,  
And anxious cares prevail?

O base, unworthy fears, begone,  
And wide disperse in air;  
Then may I feel my Father's rod,  
When I suspect his care.

## LXXXV.

## LXXXV. ANOTHER.

**T**HIS far my GOD hath led me on,  
 And made his truth and mercy known;  
 My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.

Through this wide wilderness I roam,  
 Far distant from my blissful home;  
 LORD, let thy presence be my stay,  
 And guard me in this dang'rous way.

Temptations ev'ry where annoy,  
 And sins and snares my peace destroy;  
 My earthly joys are from me torn,  
 And oft an absent GOD I mourn.

My soul with various tempests tost,  
 Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects crost,  
 Sees every day new straits attend,  
 And wonders where the scene will end.

Is this, dear LORD, that thorny road,  
 Which leads us to the mount of GOD?  
 Are these the toils thy people know,  
 While in the wilderness below?

'Tis even so; thy faithful love  
 Doth all thy children's graces prove;  
 'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
 That JESUS may be all in all.

## LXXXVI. ANOTHER.

JESUS my King, to thee I bow,  
Enlisted under thy command ;  
Captain of my salvation, thou  
Shalt lead me to the promis'd land.

Thou hast a great deliv'rance wrought,  
The staff from off my shoulder broke ;  
Out of the house of bondage brought,  
And freed me from th' *Egyptian* yoke.

O'er the vast howling wilderness,  
To *Canaan's* borders thou hast led ;  
Thou bid'st me now the land possess,  
And on thy milk and honey feed.

I see an open door of hope,  
Legions of sins in vain oppose ;  
Bold I with thee my Head march up,  
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

Gigantic hosts come forth to fight,  
I mark, disdain, and all break through ;  
I tread them down in JESUS might,  
Through JESUS I can all things do.

Lo ! the tall sons of *Anak* rise,  
Who can the sons of *Anak* meet ?  
Captain, to thee I lift my eyes,  
And lo ! they fall beneath my feet.

Passion

Passion, and appetite, and pride,  
 Pride my old dreadful tyrant foe ;  
 I see cast down on ev'ry side,  
 And conqu'ring I to conquer go.

My Lord in my behalf appears,  
 Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye  
 Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,  
 And makes the host of aliens fly.

Who can before my Captain stand ?  
 Who is so great a King as mine ?  
 High over all is thy right hand,  
 And might and majesty are thine.

## LXXXVII. ANOTHER.

**M**OURNING friends, adieu, adieu,  
 Cease your sighs, refrain your tears;  
 GOD, the righteous God and true,  
 Cloth'd with smiles in CHRIST appear  
 JESUS shall to judgment come  
 With his bright angelic guard ;  
 Take his longing exiles home,  
 Take us to our full reward,

Lately we to sin enslav'd  
 Bow'd beneath th' oppressor's yoke ;  
 Now from *Egypt's* bondage sav'd,  
 JESUS all our bonds hath broke ;  
 We have in the watry deep  
 Fierce temptations passed through,  
 While the floods, a wond'rous heap,  
 Stood on either hand to view.



In this howling wilderness,  
 JESUS hath his follow'rs led;  
 Fill'd us with his richest grace,  
 With his heav'nly Manna fed:  
 We the vital stream have seen  
 Gushing from the rock divine;  
 Drunk the crimson flood, and been  
 Cheer'd as with refreshing wine.  
 What though *Jordan's* narrow flood  
 May awhile our souls divide,  
 Through the mercy of our GOD,  
 We with all the sanctify'd  
 Soon shall meet on *Candan's* shore,  
 Mingle with the heav'nly host,  
 Lost in extasies adore  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

LXXXVIII. ANOTHER.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!  
 It lifts me up to things above,  
 It bears on eagle's wings,  
 It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,  
 And makes me for some moments feast  
 With JESUS' priests and kings.  
 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
 I stand, and from the mountain-top  
 See all the land below;  
 Rivers of milk, and honey rise,  
 And all the fruits of Paradise  
 In endless plenty grow.

F

A land

A land of corn and wine and oil,  
 Favor'd with GOD's peculiar smile,  
 With ev'ry blessing blest.  
 There dwells the LORD our RIGHTEOUS  
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
 And everlasting rest.

O that I might at once go up,  
 No more on this side *Jordan* stop,  
 But now the land possess;  
 This moment end my legal years,  
 Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,  
 A howling wilderness.

Now, O my JOSHUA, bring me in,  
 Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,  
 The carnal mind remove:  
 The purchase of thy death divide,  
 And O with all the sanctify'd  
 Give me a lot of love.

## LXXXIX. ANOTHER.

ASCEND, ye saints, to *Risgab's* top,  
 JEHOVAH gives command;  
 By steady faith and lively hope  
 Survey the promis'd land.  
 Fear not, the heritage is near:  
 What glorious prospects rise!  
 Lo! *Salem's* dazzling gates appear  
 To your believing eyes!

# NUMBERS.

699

A land of light and purity,  
Of plenty and of grace,  
Where fairs from ev'ry danger free  
Enjoy unfading bliss.

Your way is rough, your labours strong,  
But GOD will be your guard;  
The conflict here will not be long,  
And great is your reward.

JESUS will give supplies of grace,  
And arm you for the fight;  
Go on with courage to possess  
Your portion and your right.

## XC. MOSES, AARON, and JOSHUA.

**T**IS not the law of ten commands  
On holy *Sinai* giv'n,  
Or sent to men by *Moses'* hands,  
Can bring us safe to heav'n.

'Tis not the blood that *Aaron* spilt,  
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,  
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,  
Or save our souls from hell.

*Aaron* the priest resigns his breath  
At GOD's immediate will,  
And in the desert yields to death  
Upon th' appointed hill.

DEUTERONOMY 2

And

# NUMBERS.

And thus on *Jordan's* farther side  
The tribes of *Israel* stand,  
While *Moses* bow'd his head and died,  
Short of the promis'd land.

*Israel* ! rejoice, our *Joshua* leads,  
And brings your tribes to rest ;  
So far the SAVIOUR's name exceeds  
The ruler and the priest.



DEUTERONO

# DEUTERONOMY.

## CL. THE INSTITUTION OF THE SABBATH.

V. 15.

**G**OD thus commanded *Jacob's* seed,  
When from *Egyptian* bondage freed  
He led them by the way;  
Remember, with a mighty hand,  
I brought thee forth from *Pharaoh's* land,  
“And keep the sabbath day.”

Within six days both heav'n and earth  
GOD made, gave all the creatures birth,  
Then from his works he ceas'd;  
Those days to labour he apply'd,  
The sev'nth he bless'd, and sanctify'd,  
And call'd the Day of Rest.

To all GOD's people now remains  
Sabbatistal rest from pains,  
And works of slavish kind;  
When tir'd with toil, and faint through fear,  
The child of GOD reposing here  
Can sweet refreshment find.

To this by faith he oft retreats,  
 Bondage and labour quite forgets,  
 And bids his cares adieu ;  
 Glides imperceptibly to rest,  
 Reclines his head on JESUS' breast,  
 And proves the sabbath true.

This, and this only is the way  
 Rightly to keep that sabbath-day  
 Which God hath holy made :  
 All zealots, who come short of this,  
 The substance of the sabbath miss,  
 And grasp an empty shade.

**XCII. : *The Death of MOSES.***

**XXXIV. 1—5.**

**A**ND must the fatal messenger  
 Arrest that hoary head ?  
 Must it with all th' inglorious throng  
 To death's dark cell be led ?

Must *Moses*' unabated force  
 To this dread monarch bow ;  
 While o'er his dimless eyes and cheeks  
 He spreads a ghastly hue ?

The straits, that part these sunder'd worlds  
 Make but a narrow flood ;  
 Might not this sage be borne across  
 On some light-color'd cloud ?



No, heav'n has wall'd this outward court,  
 Strong guards has plac'd all o'er,  
 That none from out GOD's world escape,  
 Till death unlock the door.

Yet *Moses* this stern tyrant fears  
 T' arrest with his rude hands;  
 JEHOVAH deigns with gentlest touch  
 To loose the vital bands.

From *Nebo's* top to worlds of love,  
 Skimming the lightsome road,  
 Ere yet embrac'd in death's cold arms,  
 He hails the blest abode.

LORD, give this monarch strictest charge  
 Softly to make my bed;  
 And oh! thy richest sweets that pour  
 Distil around my head.

## XIII. ANOTHER.

DEATH cannot make my soul afraid  
 If GOD be with me there;  
 Soft is the passage through the shade,  
 And all the prospect fair.

Might I but climb to *Pisgab's* top,  
 And view the promis'd land,  
 My soul wou'd long her flesh to drop,  
 And pray for the command.

I would renounce my all below,  
 If my Creator bid,  
 And run, if I were call'd to go,  
 And die as *Moses* did.

Swift to the place of pure delight,  
 Where saints triumphant reign,  
 My soul shall wing her joyful flight  
 From sorrow, sin, and pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-with'ring flow'rs;  
 Death like a narrow stream divides  
 That heav'nly land from ours.

Could I but climb where *Moses* stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er;  
 Not death's dark vale, or icy flood,  
 Should fright me from the shore.

Clasp'd in my heav'nly *Father's* arms,  
 I would forget to breathe;  
 And lose my life amidst the charms  
 Of so divine a death.

XCIV. MOSES' *Eye was not dim, nor his nature's*  
*Strength abated.*

xxxiv. 7.

**M**OSES when dead himself survives,  
 He always in his precepts lives;  
 Though sinners deem his office o'er,  
 He loses nothing of his pow'r:  
 His fight is as the eagle's strong,  
 And *Sinai* thunders in his tongue.

Think not the law through faith made void,  
 Its vigor cannot be destroy'd;  
 It marks our hearts with quickest eye,  
 Nor fails our smallest faults to espy;  
 It seizes with almighty hands,  
 And holds us in eternal bands.

It holds us when by grace set free  
 From curse, and fear, and penalty;  
 The easy yoke of CHRIST we prove,  
 Bound to obey the GOD we love;  
 And, when these heav'ns are past away,  
 We still shall glory to obey.



( 106 )

**JOSHUA.**

**XCV. RAHAB, RECEIVING THE SPIES  
IN PEACE.**

ii.

**L**ORD, I thy messengers receive,  
And gladly their report believe,  
Who by thy order testify  
Of judgment, and salvation nigh.  
Hunted by all the faithless race,  
Here they shall find a resting place;  
And, till the storm is turn'd aside,  
Secure beneath my roof abide.

My love they amply will repay,  
If I their warning voice obey;  
Hang out the covenanted sign,  
The sacred red, the blood divine;  
Then though thy plagues our land o'erflow  
And lay our lofty cities low,  
No evil shall I feel or dread;  
Protected by the *scarlet thread*.

**XCVI. *The Siege of* JERICHO.**

vi.

**PART I.**

**A**RISE, ye men of war,  
Prevent the morning ray;  
“Prepare, your Captain cries, prepare,”  
Your Captain leads the way.

He calls you forth to fight  
Where yonder ramparts rise,  
Ramparts of a stupendous height,  
Ramparts that touch the skies.

Who dare approach these tow'rs?  
Who can those walls o'erturn?  
The city braves all human pow'rs,  
And laughs a seige to scorn.  
Who shall the city take,  
The *Jericho* within?  
Not all the pow'rs of earth can shake  
The strength of inbred sin.

Impregnable it stands,  
Strong and wall'd up to heav'n;  
But GOD into our *Joshua's* hands  
The citadel hath giv'n.  
The fortress and its king  
And all its valiant men  
Your Captain to the ground shall bring,  
And on their ruins reign.

All pow'r he hath to quell,  
And conquer and o'erthrow,  
All pow'r in heav'n, and earth, and hell,  
To root out ev'ry foe.  
Through him divinely bold  
Let all his soldiers fight;  
Now of your Captain's strength take hold,  
And conquer in his might.

## PART II.

**Y**E people, all pass on,  
Ye men of war, surround  
The city by your Captain won;  
Attend the trumpet's sound.  
The priests, whom he hath chose,  
Pass on before the LORD,  
And each a rams-horn trumpet blows,  
The trumpet of the word.

The holy ark they bear,  
The cov'nant of his grace,  
And tidings of great joy declare  
To all the fallen race.  
They make his mercies known,  
His promises they show;  
"Go in the track your guides have shown,  
"To certain conquest go."

With patience persevere,  
Still in his ways be found;  
Still to the city-walls draw near,  
And day by day surround.  
Continue in his word,  
On all his calls attend,  
Bearing the burthen of the LORD,  
And hoping to the end.

Arise, your strength renew,  
Your glorious toil repeat;  
Follow the ark, your LORD pursue,  
And for his promise wait.



In deepest silence go,  
 Your *Joshua* cries, "be still;"  
 Assur'd his truth and pow'r to know,  
 And prove his perfect will.

## PART III.

**T**HE solemn day draws nigh,  
 When sin shall have its doom;  
 Faith sees it with an eagle's eye,  
 And cries, "the day is come."  
 The seventh morn I see,  
 And hasten to be blest;  
 Enjoy an instant victory,  
 An antedated rest.

The walls are compass'd round,  
 This circuit is the last;  
 The ark stands still: the trumpets sound  
 A long-continued blast.  
 The people turn their eyes  
 On the devoted walls,  
 And, "shout," the mighty *Joshua* cries,  
 And lo! the city falls.

Its proud aspiring brow,  
 Lies level with the ground;  
 It lies, and not one stone is now  
 Upon another found.  
 The walls are flat, the deep  
 Foundations are o'erthrown,  
 The lofty fortress is an heap,  
 And sin is trodden down.

The

The strength of sin is lost,  
 And *Babylon* the great  
 Is fallen, fallen to the dust,  
 Has found its destin'd fate:  
 Partakers of our hope,  
 We seize what GOD has giv'n,  
 And trampling down all sin go up  
 Triumphant to heav'n.

XCVII. *The Walls of JERICHO* thrown  
 vi. 16.

**S**HOUT, for the battlements are fall'n,  
 Which heav'n itself defy'd;  
 Th' aspiring tow'rs dismantled all  
 Now spread their ruins wide.

Thy wond'rous trumpets, Prince of peace,  
 Sent forth their mighty sound;  
 The strength of *Jericho* was struck  
 And totter'd to the ground.

No more proud reas'nings shall disown  
 What truth divine declares,  
 No more self-righteousness to plead  
 Its own perfections dares.

No strength our ruin'd pow'rs can boast  
 Thy precepts to fulfil;  
 No liberty we ask or wish  
 For our rebellious will.

# JOSHUA.

111

The gates we open to admit  
 The SAVIOUR'S gentle sway;  
 Blest JESUS, 'tis thy right to reign,  
 Our pleasure to obey.  
 Each thought in sweet subjection held  
 Thy sov'reign pow'r shall own,  
 And ev'ry traitor shall be slain,  
 That dares dispute thy throne.

## XCVIII. *The Trespas of ACHAN.*

vii. 6.

“**A** LAS! O LORD my GOD!”  
 Afflicted *Joshua* cries,  
 with rent clothes before the ark,  
 And on his face he lies.  
 “Alas! what shall I say?  
 “When *Israel* turn their backs  
 Before their foes? and *Israel's* GOD,  
 “His heritage forsakes?”  
 “Arise, get up;” the LORD  
 His servant thus address'd:  
*Israel* have sinn'd against my law,  
 “My cov'nant have transgress'd.  
 “Lo! the accursed thing  
 “Among their stuff abides;  
 For this they fly before their foes,  
 “For this mine anger chides.”

Then

Then by divine command  
 The secret is explor'd;  
 And guilty *Acchan* bears th' award,  
 Decreed him by the LORD:  
 A *Babylonish* vest,  
 And costly wedge of gold,  
 His tent produc'd; the pilfer'd spoil,  
 Conceal'd he wish'd to hold.

And is not amongst us  
 Th' accursed thing still found?  
 Try us, O GOD, and let the search  
 Our *Israel's* tents go round.  
 Some *Babylonish* garb  
 Our wanton fancies hide,  
 Or else some golden wedge must feed  
 Our av'rice and our pride.

Let us the change confess,  
 If guilt to us adhere,  
 And glory give to thy great Name  
 With reverential fear.  
 But let us render up,  
 Our idols at thy call,  
 Lest, finding our mistake too late,  
 Beneath thy wrath we fall.

## XCIX. GIBEON.

x. 6.

**W**HEN *Joshua*, by the LORD's command,  
Invaded guilty *Ganaan's* land,  
*Gibeon*, unlike the nations round,  
Submission made, and mercy found.

Their stubborn neighbours all enrag'd,  
Who common war against them wag'd,  
By *Joshua* soon were overthrown;  
For *Gibeon's* cause was now his own.

He, from whose arms they ruin fear'd,  
Their leader and ally appear'd;  
An emblem of the SAVIOUR's grace  
To those, who humbly seek his face.

The men of *Gibeon* wore disguise,  
And gain'd their peace by framing lies;  
For *Joshua* had no right to spare,  
Had he discern'd from whence they were.

But JESUS invitations sends,  
Treating with rebels as with friends;  
And holds the promise forth in view  
To all who for his mercy sue.

Too long his goodness I disdain'd,  
Yet went at last, and peace obtain'd:  
But soon the noise of war I heard,  
And former friends in arms appear'd.

Weak

Weak in myself for help I cry'd,  
 "LORD, I am prest on ev'ry side ;  
 " See, how my foes against me join !  
 " O save me ; for the cause is thine."

With speed to my relief he flew,  
 And triumph'd o'er the hostile crew ;  
 Thus sav'd by grace I live to sing  
 The love and vict'ries of my King.

C. JOSHUA, *commanding the Sun to stand still*

x. 12.

**A**RM of the LORD, awake, arise,  
 And save a soul that hangs on thee ;  
 Put on thy strength, and bow the skies,  
 And work thy ancient work in me ;  
 Thy grace miraculous display,  
 The rapid course of nature stay.

My *Jeshua*, bid the sun stand still,

Suspend the storm in mid career,  
 Arrest the torrent of my will,

Restrain me from the sin I fear :  
 The pow'r of loving faith impart,  
 And fix my poor unsettled heart.

JESUS, my constant JESUS stand,

Betwixt my bosom sin and me ;  
 Nature submits to thy command,

All things are possible to thee ;  
 Thou infinite in love and pow'r,  
 Preserve me that I sin no more.



## CI. ANOTHER.

JESUS, thy sov'reign will  
 Doth nature's course controul;  
 O bid my sun of life stand still,  
 And stop my parting soul:  
 My soul in life detain,  
 Till thou hast all subdu'd,  
 Aveng'd me of my foes, and slain  
 The whole accursed brood.

O that the work were done,  
 That sin were all destroy'd!  
 How swiftly should I then go down,  
 How gladly set in GOD:  
 Sure with the morning rays,  
 Of that great day to rise,  
 And bright with borrow'd glory blaze,  
 Eternal in the skies.

CII. *The Altar of the* REUBENITES.

xxii.

THE *Reubenites* an altar rear'd,  
 Which for a witness stood;  
 And not, as *Israel* vainly fear'd,  
 To draw their hearts from GOD.

Close to old *Jordan's* banks 'twas seen,  
 For ages to proclaim,  
 Although the river run between,  
 "Both people were the same."

Thus,

Thus, LORD, thy love into our hearts  
 In this low vale descends ;  
 Which to the blest above imparts  
 The joy that never ends.

Sure witness here, that we are one  
 With saints in glory crown'd ;  
 While we with them before the throne  
 JEHOVAH'S praise resound.



CH. THE ALMIGHTY REDEEMER.

JUDGE

# JUDGES.

## III. GIDEON'S VICTORY OVER THE MIDIANITES.

vi. and vii.

**C**ALL'd from the wine-press to command  
 Poor *Israel's* chosen few,  
 While threat'ning hosts of *Midian* stand,  
 The mighty *Gideon* flew.

Though strength his arm might well afford,  
 He knew that strength was vain;  
 Not his, **JEHOVAH'S** sacred sword  
 The conquest must obtain.

Reduc'd his numbers, **GOD** will show  
 His pow'r—no worm may boast;  
 The barley cake shall overthrow  
 The aliens' battled host.

Ye warriors, high your trumpets rear,  
 Ye need not spear or shield;  
 The burning lamps your pitchers bear  
 Shall win the bloody field.

They blow, they shout, the blazing fight  
 The *Midianites* confounds,  
 They tremble, flee, each other fight,  
 And fall by mutual wounds.

Great

Great Captain, in ~~the~~ name we go,  
 Of victory secure;  
 Though *faint*, pursue the vanquish'd foe,  
 And to the end endure.

## CIV. GIDEON's Fleece.

vi. 37—40.

**T**HE signs, which GOD to *Gideon* gave  
 His holy sov'reignty made known,  
 That he alone has pow'r to save,  
 And claims the glory as his own.

The dew, which first the fleece had fill'd,  
 When all the earth was dry around,  
 Was strangely afterwards with-held,  
 And only fell upon the ground.

To *Israel* thus the heav'nly dew  
 Of saving truth was long restrain'd,  
 Of which the Gentiles nothing knew,  
 But dry and desolate remain'd.

But now the Gentiles have receiv'd  
 The balmy dew of gospel-peace,  
 And *Israel*, who his spirit griev'd,  
 Is left a dry and empty fleece.

This dew descends at his command  
 To keep his chosen plants alive;  
 They shall, though in a thirsty land,  
 Like willows by the waters thrive.

But chiefly when his people meet  
 To hear his word, or seek his face,  
 The gentle dew with influence sweet  
 Descends, and nourishes their grace.

But ah! what numbers still are dead,  
 Though under means of grace they lie!  
 The dew still falling round their head,  
 And yet their heart untouch'd and dry!

Dear SAVIOUR, hear us when we call,  
 To wrestling pray'r an answer give;  
 Pour down thy dew upon us all,  
 That all may feel, and all may live.

## CV. JEPHTHA's Vow.

xi. 30—40.

## PART I.

HOW rashly did the champion vow  
 In his unguarded zeal!  
 What concern did *Jephtha* show  
 His promise to fulfil!

Unlawful vows should never stand  
 Whate'er our lips have spoke;  
 Unauthorized by GOD's command  
 Th' engagement must be broke.

Devotion, such as GOD requires,

Will never break our rest;

But see, how *Jephtha's* joy expires,

What anguish seiz'd his breast!

When

When he the blooming virgin meets  
 Adorn'd with youthful charms,  
 With filial joy her fire she greets,  
 And hastens to his arms.

But ah! how soon the joy is fled!  
 The secret he imparts,  
 Which strikes at once their comforts dead  
 And pierces both their hearts.

She hears her fire his purpose tell,  
 And with submission still  
 Prepares to bid the world farewell,  
 Obedient to his will.

“ Farewell! she cries, ye gilded toys,  
 “ Ye tempting scenes, adieu;  
 “ My soul aspires to nobler joys,  
 “ True bliss I now pursue.

“ Farewell, vain world, where sorrows  
 “ I pant for climes above;  
 “ Farewell, for I shall quickly gain  
 “ The realms of peace and love.”

## PART II.

**M**UST *Jephtha's* vow be thus fulfill'd  
 And shall my purpose fail?  
 He spares not his beloved child  
 Through a misguided zeal.



Thy vows are on, me gracious LORD,  
Myself to thee I've giv'n,  
Witness the angels, who record  
The vows of men in heav'n.

When first thy grace had gain'd my love,  
I said I would be thine;  
Let nothing now my purpose move,  
Nor let my zeal decline.

When at thy table I appear,  
Or at thy footstool bow;  
Or when distress or danger's near,  
Still I renew my vow.

took thy counsel for my guide,  
Thy promise for my stay;  
never let my footsteps slide,  
Or wander from the way.

Thou didst in youth my heart engage,  
And to thy will incline;  
Still let my life through ev'ry stage,  
And ev'ry day be thine.

*The Angel appearing to MANOAH and  
his Wife.*

xiii. 2—23.

**W**HEN to *Manoah's* barren spouse  
An angel of the LORD appear'd,  
and promis'd seed, to bless their house,  
Because *JEHOVAH* they had fear'd.

G

A solemn

A solemn charge to her he gave,  
Till the young babe to light should come  
No wine to drink, nor soon to have  
A *Nax'rise* from his mother's womb.

Thus favor'd to her faithful friend  
The happy news she quickly brought;  
*Manoah* then'd once more to send  
His messenger the LORD besought.

A second time the angel came,  
Confirming what he said before;  
Then in the holy altar's flame  
Ascended, to be seen no more.

"Sure we shall die," the *Danite* cries,  
"For having seen the glorious GOD."  
"Meant he to kill us," she replies,  
"He would not all these things have shown."

Thus, LORD, the favors thou bestow'st,  
Are pledges of thy farther love;  
And who commend thy goodness most,  
Most largely shall thy goodness prove.

Or if thy dreadful glories seem  
T' o'erpow'r at first our lab'ring minds,  
Soon will thy mercy's milder beam  
Cheer whom in prostrate awe it finds.

— — — — —

CVII. SAMSON'S Lion.

xiv. 8.

THE Lion, that on *Samson* roar'd,  
 And thirsted for his blood;  
 With honey afterwards was stor'd,  
 And furnish'd him with food.  
 He will not that the LORD was dead.  
 Believers, as they pass along,  
 With lions are beset;  
 But the precious blood of Jesus  
 At gather sweetness from the strong,  
 And from the eater meat.  
 The Lions rage and roar in vain,  
 For JESUS is their shield:  
 Their losses from his hand are gain,  
 Their troubles comfort yield.  
 The world and Satan join their strength  
 To fill their souls with fears;  
 But crops of joy they reap at length  
 From what they sow in tears.  
 Fictions make them love the word,  
 Stir up their hearts to pray'r,  
 And many a precious proof afford  
 Of their REDEEMER'S care.  
 The lions roar but cannot kill  
 The souls that heav'n befriends;  
 They bring us, though against their will,  
 The honey JESUS sends.

CVIII. SAMSON *captive to the* PHILISTINExvi. 19<sup>vi</sup>—21.

**B**Y fatal dalliance overcome  
*Samson* in vain laments his doom ;  
 Shorn of its sacred locks his head,  
 He wist not that the LORD was fled.

But the proud *Philistines* too soon  
 Convince him that his strength is gone ;  
 His feet in brazen fetters bind ;  
 Chain'd in the prison-house to grind.

Warn'd by his fall, my soul, beware  
 Where sinful pleasure spreads her snare ;  
 Nor ever let thy *Naz'reth* head  
 Repose upon the harlot's bed.

Nor sunk in ease, nor drunk with wine,  
 Ne'er may poor *Samson's* case be thine ;  
 Of vice the first approaches shun,  
 To parley is to be undone.

My conscience tender as the eye,  
 O LORD, preserve, that I may fly  
 The wiles of sin, nor basely yield,  
 To wear the monster's chain compell'd.

## CIX. ANOTHER.

## FOR A BACKSIDER.

**A**H! woe is me by lust intic'd!  
 The *Philistines* their foes have found;  
 Dreaded of late, though now despis'd,  
 A feeble slave in prison bound.  
 Rul'd by my haughty tyrant's will,  
 Forsaken by my angry **LORD**;  
 Compell'd I grind at satan's mill,  
 And serve the sins I once abhor'd.  
 His anger will the **LORD** retain;  
 A poor dark soul for ever leave;  
 Gall'd by my hellish master's chain,  
 After a pard'ning **GOD** I grieve;  
 Mock'd by my foes, imprison'd, blind,  
 Of all my gracious vigor shorn,  
 Yet lo! a springing hope I find,  
 That **JESUS** will at last return.  
 Father of **CHRIST**, the sinner's Friend,  
 My Friend and Advocate with thee,  
 Deliv'rance to thy Servant send,  
 And oh! in death remember me.  
 The wretched thrall of satan's host,  
 To me once more thy Spirit give;  
 The strength by sin I madly lost,  
 Let me by sov'reign grace retrieve.

CVIII. SAMSON DYING. SAMSON.

RECEIVED 1701-10-30

**W**HERE is my strength, my faith,  
 My confidence of boasting now  
 Borne down by sin's revolving load  
 Beneath its iron yoke I bow;  
 Again indignantly I groan,  
 My strength, my faith, my GOD is gone.  
 Departed is the LORD from me,  
 Weak as another man, I am,  
 Spoil'd of my pow'r and liberty,  
 I bear my punishment and shame;  
 The world their feeble foe despise,  
 Their God hath put out both mine eyes.  
 Into their hands by sin betray'd,  
 [The sin I cherish'd in my breast,]  
 Low in the deepest dungeon laid,  
 Fetter'd in brass, by guilt oppress'd,  
 A slave to satan I remain,  
 And bite, but cannot break my chain.  
 Now to their idol's temple brought  
 A sport I am to fiends and men;  
 They set my helplessness at nought,  
 They triumph in my toil and pain;  
 Th' uncircumcis'd lift up their voice,  
 And Dagon's worshippers rejoice.



Remember me, O LORD my GOD,

If ever I could call thee mine;

Though now I perish in my blood,

And all my hopes of heav'n resign,

Or listen to my latest call,

Or suffer me alone to fall.

O cast not out my dying pray'r,

Strengthen me with thy Spirit's might;

This only once, I pray thee, hear,

Avenge me of my loss of sight,

Avenge it on my enemies,

For they have put out both mine eyes.

Blind as I am, with both my hands

The pillars let me feel, and seize,

On which the house of Dagon stands,

The pillars of self-righteousness;

Is done—with all my might I bow,

Help me, O GOD, and help me now.

Now let the pond'rous ruin fall,

And crush the world and satan's head;

O let it now o'erwhelm us all:

Since I must sink among the dead,

Since I can neither fight nor fly,

Let me with the *Philistines* die.

CXI. *Another applied to CHRIST.*

SAMSON the theatre o'erthrew,

And thousands at his death he slew;

But lo! our *Samson* from the skies,

A more triumphant conqu'ror dies;

A nobler victory obtains,  
And heav'n for all his *Israel* gains.

He, by the pangs of death oppress'd,  
With outstretch'd hands the pillars seiz'd;  
Compass'd with foes he bow'd his head,  
For mercy not for vengeance pray'd;  
And groan'd his last expiring groan,  
And pull'd th' infernal kingdom down.

The author dire of sin and death  
He slew by yielding up his breath,  
The pow'rs of darkness he destroy'd,  
And made their hellish boastings void;  
Died with the *Philistines*—but rose  
Triumphant o'er his slaughter'd foes.



**RUTH.**

**CXII. NAOMI AND RUTH.**

**1. 11-17.**

*Applied to a Minister and his spiritual Children.*

**T**URN again, my children, turn,  
Wherefore would you go with me?  
O forbear, forbear to mourn,  
JESUS wills it so to be:  
Why, when GOD would have us part,  
Weep ye thus, and break my heart?  
Go in peace, my children, go,  
Only JESUS' steps pursue;  
He shall pay the debt I owe,  
He shall kindly pay for you;  
He your sure reward shall be,  
Bless you for your love to me.  
Surely you have kindly dealt  
With the living and the dead;  
You have oft my burthen felt,  
When my tears were all my bread:  
JESUS lull you on his breast!  
JESUS give you endless rest!

~~See! thy sister is gone back~~

To her gods and people dear :

Weeping soul ! a wretch forsake,

Why shouldst thou my sorrows bear ?

Turn and let thy troubles cease,

Go, my child, and go in peace :

O intreat me not to leave

Thee, my faithful guide and friend ;

Let me to my father cleave,

Let me hold thee to the end ;

Thy own child in CHRIST I am,

Follow thee, as thou the LAMB.

Never will I cease to mourn

Till my LORD thy tears shall dry ;

Never back from thee return,

Never from my Father fly ;

Do not ask me to depart,

Do not break my bleeding heart.

Where thou go'st, I still will go,

Thine shall be my soul's abode ;

Thine shall be my weal or woe,

Thine my people, and my GOD :

Where thou die'st, with joy will I

Lay my weary head, and die.

There will I my burial have

(If it be the Master's will)

Sleeping in a common grave,

Till the quick'ning trump I feel ;

Call'd with thee to leave the tomb,

Summon'd to our happy doom.

GOD do so to me, and more,  
 If from thee, my guide, I part;  
 Till the mortal pang is o'er,  
 Will I hold thee in my heart;  
 And, when I from earth remove,  
 Meet thee in the realms above.

II. BOAZ, *performing the Office of a Kinsman.*

iii. 4—13.

JESUS, we claim thee for our own,  
 Our *Kinsman* near allied in blood;  
 Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,  
 The Son of man, the Son of GOD:  
 Ho! we lay us at thy feet,  
 Sentence from thy mouth to meet.

Partaker of my flesh below,  
 To thee, O JESUS, I apply:  
 Thou wilt thy poor relations know,  
 Thou never canst thyself deny,  
 Include me from thy guardian care,  
 Alight a needy beggar's pray'r.

Thee, SAVIOUR, at my greatest need  
 I trust my faithful *Friend* to prove;  
 Now o'er thy meanest servant spread  
 The skirt of thy redeeming love;  
 Ere thy wings of mercy take,  
 Save me for thy merits sake.

Hast thou not undertook my cause,  
 LORD, over all, to worms allied?  
 Answer me from that bleeding cross,  
 Demand thy dearly-ransom'd bride,  
 And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,  
 Thine wholly, thine for ever be.

II. BOYS, performing the Office of a Minister.

100

The Son of GOD :  
 full of his love, love of his people,  
 Our Kingdoms near allied in blood ;  
 And we claim thee for our own.



I have from my earliest years  
 known never could myself deny  
 for with thy poor relations know  
 the least O Jesus, I apply :  
 whether of my flesh below,

Have me for thy dear friend,  
 Thy wings of mercy take,  
 The birds of thy realm love;  
 Let me be thy dear friend,  
 Thy wings of mercy take,  
 The birds of thy realm love;  
 Let me be thy dear friend,  
 Thy wings of mercy take,  
 The birds of thy realm love;



I. SAMUEL.

CXIV. HANNAH.

**W**HEN *Hannah* press'd with grief  
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r,

She quickly found relief,

And left her burden there:

Take her in ev'ry trying case

As we approach the throne of grace,

When she began to pray,

Her heart was pain'd and sad;

But ere she went away,

Was comforted and glad:

Trouble what a resting place

Give they, who know the throne of grace!

Though men and devils rage,

And threaten to devour,

The saints from age to age

Are safe from all their pow'r:

With strength they gain to run their race,

Waiting at the throne of grace.

*Eli* her case mistook ;  
~~How was her spirit mov'd~~  
 By his unkind rebuke !  
 But GOD her cause approv'd :  
 We need not fear a creature's face,  
 While welcome at the throne of grace.

She was not fill'd with wine,  
 As *Eli* rashly thought,  
 But with a faith divine,  
 And found the help she sought :  
 Though men despise, and call us base,  
 Still let us ply the throne of grace.

Men have not pow'r or skill  
 With troubled souls to bear ;  
 Though they express good-will,  
 Poor comforters they are :  
 But swelling sorrows sink apace,  
 When we approach the throne of grace.

Numbers before have try'd,  
 And found the promise true ;  
 Not one has been deny'd ;  
 Then why should I or you ?  
 Let us by faith their footsteps trace,  
 And hasten to the throne of grace.

As fogs obscure the light,  
 And taint the morning air,  
 But soon are put to flight  
 If the bright sun appear ;  
 Thus JESUS will our troubles chase  
 By shining from the throne of grace.

## CXV. Young SAMUEL called.

ii. and iii.

**H**APPY Samuel to GOD  
 In his infancy restor'd?  
 In his Maker's house he stood,  
 Ministering before the LORD;  
 There he liv'd to him alone,  
 Pure from sin's infecting stain;  
 There in wisdom still grew on,  
 Favor'd both by GOD and man.

Happy child! who gain'd a place  
 To his heav'nly LORD so near!  
 Happier still who found the grace  
 GOD's majestic voice to hear!  
 Myst'ries, hidden from the wise,  
 From the prudent men conceal'd,  
 He, the LORD of earth and skies,  
 To a simple babe reveal'd.  
 LORD of earth and skies, again  
 To a child thyself make known;  
 Chosen from the sons of men  
 Am I not thy sacred loan?  
 Yes I to thy temple come  
 By my parents' piety,  
 Dedicated from the womb  
 Thine, O LORD, to live and die.  
 Thine, O LORD, I surely am,  
 But to me unknown thou art.

Come

Come and call me by my name,  
 Whisper to my list'ning heart :  
 Stir me up to seek thy face, .VXO  
 Claim me in my early years,  
 Manifest the word of grace,  
 Speak, for now thy servant hears.

Fain I wou'd, I wou'd believe,  
 Hear by faith thy pard'ning voice :  
 Of thy love the knowledge give,  
 Bid me, LORD, in thee rejoice.  
 Now thy gracious self reveal,  
 Speak in pow'r and peace divine,  
 Pardon on my conscience seal,  
 Seal thy child for ever thine.

CXVI. *DAGON fallen before the Ark*

**W**HEN first to make my heart his own  
 The LORD reveal'd his mighty grace  
 Self reign'd, like *Dagon*, on the throne,  
 But could not long preserve its place.  
 It fell and own'd the pow'r divine ;  
 (Grace can with ease its right maintain)  
 But soon this wretched heart of mine  
 Contriv'd to set it up again.

Once more the LORD his name proclaim'd  
 And brought the hateful idol low ;  
 Then self, like *Dagon*, broken, maim'd  
 Seem'd to receive a mortal blow.

self is not of life bereft,  
Nor ceases to oppose his will;  
Though but a maimed stump be left,  
Tis Dagon, 'tis an idol still.

RD! must I always guilty prove,  
And idols in my heart have room?  
! let the fire of heav'nly love  
This self with all its works consume.

CXVII. *The Milch Kine drawing the Ark.*

vi. 12.

THE Kine unguided went  
By the directest road,  
When the *Philistines* homeward sent  
The ark of *Israel's* GOD.  
Following they pass along,  
(Their calves shut up abide)  
And feel an instinct for their young,  
Yet turn they not aside.  
O all brutes devoid of thought  
Thy will, O LORD, obey,  
And we, who by thy grace are taught,  
More stubborn prove than they?  
If thou thy will declare,  
Let us obey the call,  
Though coward nature cry, "Forbear,"  
Thy love deserves our all.

Still

Still may we keep in view  
 Thy glory as our end;  
 To much we cannot bear or do  
 For such a matchless friend.

Then let us stand prepar'd  
 In duty's path to move,  
 Nor count our greatest trials hard  
 That lead to joys above.

**CXVIII. SAUL spared AGAG, whom SAMUEL afterwards hewed in pieces before the LORD.**

xv. 9—32, 33.

**H**OW fond! how groundless is the hope  
 By partial righteousness,  
 By giving grosser evils up,  
 A holy GOD to please!

Our vulgar sins we stay in vain,  
 And ev'ry lust beside,  
 If idol-self we still retain,  
 Or spare the life of pride.

Against this mighty man of sin  
 O LORD, thine arm make bare;  
 Destroy his life and pow'r within  
 Whom we reserve and spare.

Let Agag, our indwelling foe,  
 Now feel the spirit's sword;  
 How delicate foe'er he go,  
 Be hewn before the LORD.



So shall death's bitterness be past,  
And purer life remain,  
A life which shall for ever last,  
Exempt from grief and pain.

CXIX. SAUL'S ARMOUR.

xvii. 38—46.

WHEN first my soul enlisted  
My SAVIOUR'S foes to fight,  
Mistaken friends insisted,  
I was not arm'd aright,  
So Saul advised David,  
He certainly would fail,  
Nor could his life be saved  
Without a coat of mail.

But David, though he yielded  
To put the armour on,  
Soon found he could not wield it,  
And ventur'd forth with none,  
With only sling and pebble  
He fought the fight of faith;  
The weapons seem'd but feeble,  
Yet prov'd Goliath's death.

Had I by him been guided,  
And quickly thrown away  
The armour men provided,  
I might have won the day.

But

But arm'd, as they advis'd me,  
 My expectations fail'd;  
 My enemy surpris'd me,  
 And had almost prevail'd.

Furnish'd with books and notions,  
 And arguments and pride,  
 I practis'd all my motions,  
 And satan's pow'r defy'd.  
 But soon perceiv'd with trouble  
 That these would do no good;  
 Iron to him is stubble,

And brags like rotten wood,

I triumph'd at a distance,

While he was out of sight;

But faint was my resistance,

When forc'd to join in fight.

He broke my sword in shivers,

And pierc'd my boasted shield;

Laugh'd at my vain endeavors,

And drove me from the field.

Satan will not be braved

By such a worm as I;

Then let me learn with David

To trust in the most HIGH,

To plead the name of JESUS,

And use the sling of pray'r;

Thus arm'd, when satan sees us,

He'll tremble and despair.

## CXX: DAVID and GOLIATH

xvii.

WHO is this gigantic foe  
That proudly stalks along?  
Over-looks the croud below  
In brazen armour strong  
Loudly of his strength he boasts,  
On his sword and spear relies,  
Meets the GOD of *Israel's* hosts,  
And all their force defies.

Tallest of the earth-born race  
They tremble at his pow'r;  
Fly before the monster's face,  
And own him conqueror.  
Who this mighty champion is,  
Nature answers from within;  
He is my own wickedness,  
My own besetting sin."

In the strength of JESUS' name  
I will the monster fight;  
Feeble and unarm'd I am,  
But JESUS is my might:  
Mindful of his mercies past,  
Still I trust the same to prove:  
Still my helpless soul I cast  
On his redeeming love.

From the bear and lion's paws  
He greatly rescu'd me;  
He shall now maintain my cause,  
And my sure helper be.

GOD

GOD in my defence shall stand,  
 JESUS shall for me appear :  
 From the proud Goliath's hand,  
 And from destruction near.

With my sling and stone I go  
 To fight the Philistine;  
 GOD hath said, it shall be so  
 And I shall vanquish him.  
 On his promise I rely,  
 Trust in an almighty arm,  
 Sure to win the victory,  
 And Satan's pow'r disarm.

In the strength of GOD I rise,  
 I run to meet my foe;  
 Faith the word of pow'r applies,  
 And lays the giant low:  
 Faith in JESUS conqu'ring name  
 Slings the sin-destroying stone,  
 Points the word's unerring aim,  
 And brings the monster down.

Rise, ye men of Israel, rise,  
 Your routed foe pursue;  
 Shout his praises to the skies  
 Who conquers sin for you.  
 JESUS doth for you appear,  
 He his powerful grace affords,  
 Saves you not with sword and spear;  
 The battle is the LORD's.

Ev'ry day the LORD of hosts  
 His mighty pow'r displays,  
 Stills the proud Philistine's boasts,  
 The threatening Goliath slays.

*Israel's* GOD let all below  
 Conqu'ror over sin proclaim :  
 O that all the earth might know  
 The pow'r of JESUS' name !

CXXI. DAVID *persecuted by SAUL.*

xviii. 10.

A Song inflam'd the jealous *Saul*,  
 A demon his dark soul possess'd ;  
 furious jav'lin pierc'd the wall,  
 But meant the envy'd *David's* breast.

Like hunted partridge he pursued  
 The victim, hills and deserts o'er ;  
 avenging charitable food  
 With guiltless sacerdotal gore \* ;

Good heav'n ! that e'er the human race  
 Shou'd these infernal passions breed ;  
 destroy thine image, and debase  
 Their glory into satan's seed !

O ye friendly souls, who burn  
 With gen'rous love for human kind ;  
 whose feelings with abhorrence turn  
 From deeds of the malignant mind !

Ye yoke of JESUS why decline ?  
 Why cast his purer law away ?  
 Come weak nature's aid resign,  
 And bow beneath his gentle sway.

\* xxi. 18.

CXXII.

CXXII. DAVID a *Type of CHRIST,* and  
of *Believers.*

**F**AM'D *Jesse's* son, though call'd of *G*  
To fill the regal throne,  
Must bear affliction's heavy load  
Before he wears the crown.

In deaths and dangers long involv'd,  
Each human refuge fails;  
But his firm faith for *GOD* resolv'd  
At length o'er all prevails.

Thus *JESUS* spent a life of pain  
And suff'ring here below;  
And all, who hope with him to reign,  
Must toil and hardship know.

*SAVIOUR*, thy presence we implore  
In ev'ry new distress;  
O grant thy all-sustaining pow'r,  
And heart-reviving grace.

Then, while the tribulated road  
We march with courage on,  
We'll shout the vict'ries of our *GOD*,  
Nor fear to win the crown.



CXXIII. DAVID *and* JONATHAN.

xviii. and xx.

BEHOLD two kindred spirits join'd,  
In friendship's most endearing ties,  
Friendship, by heav'nly grace refin'd,  
Which envy's keenest shafts defies.

*David and Jonathan*. blest pair!  
On earth that lovely pattern show'd,  
On earth, where sin's infectious air  
Its plagues on ev'ry hand hath strow'd.

But their dear plighted love no taint  
Or sickly aspect ever knew,  
While not a single fault or plaint  
Each party on the other threw.

O the heroic deed of fame  
Worthy the first arch-angel's lyre!  
When *Jonathan* his royal claim  
Renounc'd with heart and will entire;

That his more valued friend might sway  
The sceptre in *his proper* right,  
And help'd him through the thorny way  
To gain at length that dazzling height.

Not less was *David's* gen'rous breast  
With love's seraphic ardors fir'd,  
Oft as the heav'n-descended guest  
His dearest *Jonathan's* inspir'd.

H

For

For there without the least controul  
 He all his cares and fears devolv'd;  
 Assur'd in both was but one soul,  
 By envious death in vain dissolv'd:  
 And now rejoin'd with purer minds,  
 Their lasting union shines improv'd;  
 Where each in life's blest Fountain finds  
 The friend so tenderly belov'd.

CXXIV. *Another applied to CHRIST*

## PART I.

O *Jonathan*, to what a height  
 Did thy pure friendship rise!  
 How far beyond the common rate  
 Of human sympathies!

Too oft, where wealth and grandeur  
 There pride is seen to reign;  
 Where's the rich man, who does not  
 Inferiors with disdain?

The haughty worm erects his head,  
 And scorns poor humble souls,  
 As of more base materials made,  
 Or cast in meaner moulds.

But thou, the heir to *Israel's* throne,  
 Didst meekly condescend  
 A poor but pious man to own,  
 And treat him as thy friend.

thy love to *David* ne'er withdrew,  
 Nor did thy envy frown,  
 Although thy gen'rous heart well knew  
 That he must wear thy crown.

midst thy royal father's rage  
 Thou durst oppose his will;  
 For in his plots wouldst thou engage,  
 But lov'dst the outcast still.

Self, that dear idol, stepp'd aside  
 To let thy friend pass on;  
 Content a subject to abide  
 That he might mount the throne.

Behold what wond'rous love was here,  
 Which grew with ev'ry breath!  
 How active, fervent and sincere,  
 And ne'er expir'd till death!

True friendship never thus was prov'd  
 Since time its course began,  
 Nor was there ever one who lov'd  
 Like thee, O *Jonathan*!

## PART II.

YES, there was *one*, whose glorious deeds  
 As far transcended thine,  
 As bright meridian day exceeds  
 The glow-worm's feeble shine.

Yes, says my fervent ravish'd heart,  
My soul one Lover knows,  
Who did with nobler glory part,  
And not for friends, but foes.

For such rebellious worms as me  
JESUS forsook his throne,  
Pitied our hopeless misery,  
And made our sins his own.

He threw aside his dazz'ling crown,  
He laid his grandeur by;  
From heav'n to earth love brought him  
'To groan, and bleed, and die.

For rebels his own blood was spilt,  
And when he bow'd his head,  
He bore our pond'rous load of guilt  
By suff'ring in our stead.

O *Jonathan*, thou charming friend,  
The palm thou must resign;  
Nor canst to love like this pretend,  
For this was all divine.

Such matchless grace, such wond'rous love  
Were never known before;  
Mortals thy friendship must approve,  
But angels his adore.

XV. DAVID *resorted to by the Distressed.*

xxii. 1, 2.

WHEN *David*, in the time of need,  
 Once to the cave *Adullam* fled,  
 By adverse fortune shock'd;  
 A distressed, insolvent troop,  
 Wretched discontented group,  
 Around his standard flock'd.

Ye, Sinners, fly to *David's* Son:  
 Distrest, indebted and undone,

Him for your Captain chuse:

Let him your ruin'd cause maintain,

The worst and most forlorn of men

He never will refuse.

Such thou wilt indeed receive,

Captain, to thee my name I give,

The poorest outcast I;

And joining now the desp'rate band,

Am subjected to thy command

With thee I'll live and die.



## II. SAMUEL.

CXXVI. UZZAH *smitten for putting his hand to the Ark.*

vi. 7.

A Voice in Uzzah's blood,  
Smote for the rash offence,  
Instructs us to rejoice in GOD  
With deepest reverence ;  
And trembling at the sign  
Of our Creator near,  
To treat the sacred things divine  
With wise and holy fear.

With forward zeal well-meant  
I oft have evil done,  
But could not by a good intent  
For a bad act atone.  
Yet still my patient LORD  
Hath suffer'd me to live,  
And all my sins in deed and word  
Doth graciously forgive.

May *Uzzah's* mournful fate  
Be ever kept in view,  
And holy awe of him create  
With whom we have to do.  
Not one unhallow'd touch  
Once to the ark be giv'n ;  
But all my zeal and prudence such  
As speaks an heir of heav'n.



XXVII. DAVID *dancing before the Ark.*

vi. 14—22.

SEE David lay his robes aside,  
 Put off the pomp of regal pride!  
 A servant of the ark appear,  
 No shame, nor diminution fear!  
 That we in services divine  
 Might body, soul, and spirit join;  
 Might all our active strength employ,  
 And dance before the LORD for joy.

That haughty *Michal* vilifies  
 Her pious Lord, and taunting cries:  
 How glorious is the King to day  
 Uncover'd thus to dance and play!

Glorious indeed (though fools despise)  
 GOD's account and wisdom's eyes  
 The great, who lay their greatness by,  
 In presence of the LORD Most High!

LORD, make us bold to own thy name,  
 To triumph in thy glorious shame;  
 For man regard, if thou approve  
 Th' expressions of our warmest love.

CXXVIII. DAVID's *Fall and Recovery.*

xi. 27.

**H**OW *David*, when by sin deceiv'd,  
 From bad to worse went on;  
 For when the Holy Ghost is griev'd,  
 Our strength and guard are gone.

His eye on *Bathsheba* once fixt  
 With poison fill'd his soul;  
 He ventur'd on adult'ry next,  
 And murder crown'd the whole.

So from a spark of fire at first,  
 That has not been descry'd,  
 A dreadful flame has often burst,  
 And ravag'd far and wide.

When sin deceives, it hardens too;  
 For though he vainly fought  
 To hide his crimes from public view,  
 Of GOD he little thought.

Secure he knew not to repent,  
 No true compunction felt,  
 Till GOD in mercy *Nathan* sent  
 His stubborn heart to melt.

The parable held forth a fact  
 Design'd his case to show;  
 But though the picture was exact,  
 Himself he did not know.

thou art the man," the Prophet said;  
 That word his slumber broke,  
 And when he own'd his sin, and pray'd,  
 The LORD forgiveness spoke.

Let those, who think they stand, beware;  
 For *David* stood before,  
 Or let the fallen soul despair,  
 For mercy can restore.

CXXIX. *The last Words of DAVID.*

xxiii.

THUS has the son of *Jesse* said,  
 When *Israel's* Rock had rais'd his head  
 To high imperial sway;  
 Trunk with his last poetic fire,  
 Son's sweet Psalmist tun'd his lyre  
 To this harmonious lay.

Thus dictates *Israel's* sacred Rock,  
 Thus has the GOD of *Jacob* spoke  
 " By my responsive tongue;  
 Behold the *Just One* over men  
 Commencing his religious reign,  
 " Great subject of my song!

So gently shines with genial ray  
 Th' unclouded lamp of rising day,  
 " And cheers the tender flow'rs;  
 When midnight's soft diffusive rain  
 Has bless'd the garden and the plain  
 " With kind refreshing show'rs.

H 5

" Shall

- " Shall not my house this honor boast?  
 " My soul th' eternal cōv'nant trust  
     " Well-order'd still and sure?  
 " There all my hopes and wishes meet;  
 " In death I call its blessings sweet,  
     " And feel its bond secure.  
 " The sons of *Belial* shall not spring,  
 " Who spurn at heav'n's appointed King,  
     " And slight his high command:  
 " Though wide the briers infest the ground  
 " And the sharp-pointed thorns around  
     " Defy a tender hand.  
 " A dreadful Warrior shall appear  
 " With iron arms, and massy spear,  
     " And tear them from their place;  
 " Touch'd with the lightnings of his ire  
 " At once they kindle in the fire,  
     " And vanish in the blaze."



## I. KINGS.

X. SOLOMON'S *wife Choice, approved of*  
GOD.

iii. 5—13.

THUS spake the LORD to Solomon:

“Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.”  
He of obtaining his request  
Thus Solomon his pray'r address'd;

To me, O LORD, vouchsafe t' impart  
A wise and understanding heart,  
That I may rule with prudent zeal  
Thy chosen people *Israel*.

The LORD reply'd—“since thou hast chose  
Nor length of days, nor death of foes,  
Nor yet in riches to abound,  
Or shine with fame and honor crown'd;

I grant thy heart's supreme desire,  
My wisdom shall thy soul inspire;  
And to reward thy choice I give  
In wealth and honor long to live.”

ought by this instance may we learn  
Our highest int'rest to discern;  
And only that best gift to prize,  
Which makes us to salvation wise.

CXXXI. *Building SOLOMON's Temple, when  
neither Axe nor Hammer was heard all the while*

vi. 7.

**D**AVID's true celestial Son  
Carries thus his building on,  
Joins the stones before prepar'd,  
By the line and plummet squar'd.  
Who the sure foundation lays,  
He completes the work of grace;  
He brings forth the crowning stone,  
Perfects all his saints in one.

Lo! the house of holiness  
Founded, built by just degrees,  
Shows th' original design,  
Speaks the architect divine.  
Silenc'd by his secret pow'r  
Hurrying man is heard no more;  
All the workman's noise is still'd,  
All the house with glory fill'd.

JESUS, bid our hearts be still,  
Calmly wait thy hallowing will,  
Till brought forth in us we own  
Thee the *Head and Corner-stone*.  
Then the living stones cry out;  
Then with one consent we shout,  
"GOD, and Giver of all grace,  
"Take the everlasting praise."



CXXXII. *Queen of SHEBA,*

x. 1—9.

FROM *Sheba* a distant reportOf *Solomon's* glory and fame  
Invited the queen to his court.

But all was outdone when she came:

She cry'd with a pleasing surprize

When first she before him appear'd;

How much what I see with my eyes

Surpasses the rumor I heard!"

When once to *Jerusalem* come,

The treasure and train she had brought,

The wealth she possessed at home

No longer had place in her thought.

His house, his attendants, his throne,

All struck her with wonder and awe;

The glory of *Solomon* shone

In every object she saw.

But *Solomon* most she admir'd,

Whose spirit conducted the whole;

His wisdom, which GOD had inspir'd,

His bounty and greatness of soul:

Of all the hard questions she put

A ready solution he show'd,

Exceeded her wish and her suit,

And more than she ask'd him bestow'd.

Thus I, when the gospel proclaim'd  
The SAVIOUR's great name in my ears,  
The wisdom for which he is fam'd,  
The love which to sinners he bears :  
I long'd, and I was not deny'd,  
That I in his presence might bow ;  
I saw and transported I cry'd,  
“ A greater than *Solomon* thou ! ”

My conscience no comfort cou'd find  
By doubts and hard questions oppos'd ;  
But peace he restor'd to my mind,  
And answer'd each doubt I propos'd.  
Beholding me poor and distress'd,  
His bounty supply'd all my wants ;  
My pray'r cou'd have never express'd  
So much as this *Solomon* grants.

I heard and was slow to believe,  
But now with my eyes I behold  
Much more than my heart could conceive,  
Or language could ever have told.  
How happy thy servants must be  
Who always before thee appear !  
Grant, JESUS, this blessing to me ;  
I find it is good to be here.

CXXXIII. *The disobedient Prophet.*

xiii.

## PART I.

**F**ALLS a Prophet of the LORD

By a just Judgment slain,  
 Who so late JEHOVAH's Word  
 Declar'd in awful strain?  
 Sent of GOD to cry aloud  
 Gainst an idol—altar rear'd,  
 Where the \* House of GOD once stood,  
 And saints his Name rever'd.

He did one to come foretell  
 By name *Josiah* known,  
 Who that altar's Priests should kill,  
 And burn men's bones thereon.†  
 He a sign afforded there  
 In the † King of *Israel's* eyes,  
 Standing by with joy to share  
 The impious sacrifice.

At his word the altar rent,  
 And ashes pour'd abroad,  
 While the King on mischief bent  
 His vengeful anger show'd;  
 Stretching forth his hand to take  
 Hold of him, 'twas quickly dry'd,  
 Neither could he pull it back;  
 When lo! for help he cry'd.

Bethel.

† 2 Kings xxiii. 18.

† Jeroboam.

Then

Then the Seer, of audience sure,  
His pray'r to heav'n address'd;  
(Heav'n benign vouchsaf'd to cure  
The hand at his request:)

But refused to return

At the Monarch's urgent word,  
Nay did all his offers spurn,  
As charged by the LORD.

Told him his Rewards were vain

To court his longer stay,

Since he must not turn again

By that forbidden way;

Must not bread or water touch

Nature's weakness to recruit,

Though entreated ne'er so much,

Or prest by royal suit.

## PART II.

**A**FTER these exploits of fame  
Meets he untimely death?

Ask we wond'ring, "whence it came,

"He thus resign'd his breath?"

'Twas his disobedience shewn

To th' express divine Command,

In one only instance known

Of all he took in hand.

For as now he urg'd his way,

An ancient prophet tries!

His firm purpose to betray

By fraud and specious lies;

Seems with zeal his part to take,  
 As he were expressly sent  
 By the LORD to bring him back  
 To where he lately went.

Thus enticed from his guard  
 The other soon comply'd;  
 Both together back repair'd,  
 And ate and drank beside.  
 Then the elder Prophet warn'd  
 Of displeasure from the LORD,  
 Instant cries to him that scorn'd  
 To hearken to his word:

" Since my mouth thou hast despis'd,"  
 " Thus saith JEHOVAH GOD,  
 " And, by counsel ill-advis'd,  
 " My just command withstood;  
 " Therefore murder'd immature  
 " Never shall thy carcase come  
 " (Judgment terrible and sure)  
 " To thy paternal tomb."

As from thence the Seer retreats  
 Towards his place again,  
 Lo! his threaten'd fate he meets,  
 By a fell lion slain.  
 Learn we then this truth at last;  
 Man's sole bus'ness is t' obey,  
 And on no pretence to cast  
 The word of GOD away.

CXXXIV. ELIJAH *fed by Ravens.*

xvii. 6.

ELIJAH's examples declares  
 Whatever distress may betide,  
 The saints may commit all their cares  
 To him who will surely provide.  
 When rain long withheld from the earth  
 Occasion'd a famine of bread,  
 The prophet secure from the dearth  
 By ravens was constantly fed.

More likely to rob, than to feed  
 Were ravens, who live upon prey;  
 But when the LORD's people have need,  
 His goodness will find out a way.  
 This instance to those may seem strange,  
 Who know not how faith can prevail;  
 But sooner all nature shall change  
 Than one of GOD's promises fail.

Nor is it a singular case;  
 The wonder is often renew'd,  
 And many can say to his praise,  
 He sends them by ravens their food.  
 Thus worldlings, though ravens indeed,  
 Though greedy and selfish their mind,  
 If GOD has a servant to feed,  
 Against their own wills can be kind.



Thus satan, that raven unclean,  
 Who croaks in the ears of his saints,  
 Compell'd by an agent unseen  
 Administers oft to their wants:  
 GOD teaches them how to find food  
 From all the temptations they feel,  
 His raven, who thirsts for my blood,  
 Has help'd me to many a meal.

How safe and how happy are they  
 Who on the good Shepherd rely!  
 He promises strength for their day,  
 Their wants he will surely supply.  
 The ravens and lions can tame,  
 All creatures obey his command;  
 Then let me rejoice in his name,  
 And leave all my cares in his hand.

## CXXXV. ANOTHER.

WHEN GOD's own people stand in need,  
 His goodness will provide supplies;  
 Thus when *Elijah* faints for bread,  
 A raven to his succour flies.

At GOD's command with speedy wings  
 The hungry bird resigns its prey,  
 And to the rev'rend Prophet brings  
 The needful portion day by day.

This method may be counted strange;  
 But happy was *Elijah's* lot,  
 For nature's course shall sooner change  
 Than GOD's dear children be forgot.

This

This wonder oft has been renew'd,  
 And saints by sweet experience find  
 Their evils over-rul'd for good,  
 Their foes to friendly deeds inclin'd.

Who can distrust that mighty hand,  
 Which rules with universal sway,  
 Which nature's law can countermand,  
 Or feed us by a bird of prey?

CXXXVI. *The Meal and Cruise of Oil.*

xvii. 16.

**B**Y the poor widow's oil and meal  
*Elijah* was sustain'd;  
 Though small the stock, it served well,  
 For GOD the gift ordain'd.

It seem'd as if from day to day  
 They were to eat and die;  
 But still, though in a secret way,  
 He sent a fresh supply.

Thus to his poor our GOD will give  
 Just for the present hour,  
 But for to-morrow they must live  
 Upon his word of pow'r.

No barn or store-house they possess  
 On which they can depend;  
 Yet have no cause to fear distress,  
 For JESUS is their friend.

Then let not doubts your mind assail;  
 Remember GOD hath said;  
 "The cruise and barrel shall not fail,  
 "My people shall be fed."

Though faint and languishing it seems,  
 He keeps their grace alive;  
 Supply'd by his refreshing streams  
 Their dying hopes revive.

XXVII. ELIJAH *raising the Widow's Son at  
 Zarephath.*

xvii. 17—24.

WHILE the great Prophet of the LORD  
 Beneath the widow's roof abode,  
 To whom, directed by his word  
 He went, to be sustain'd with food:  
 With sudden illness seiz'd, her son  
 Quickly resign'd his fleeting breath;  
 Then to the Seer her plaintive moan  
 She made, as he had caus'd his death.

But see the pow'r of faith divine!  
 What melting pity moves his breast!  
 Give me thy Son," he cries, "'tis mine  
 "By life renew'd to make thee blest"

Straight to a loft the child he bore,  
 And laid him on his pallet bed;  
 Then pray'd: "O LORD my GOD, restore  
 "His soul, and raise him from the dead."

He

He spoke, and stretch'd himself along  
 Thrice on the child—when lo! return'  
 The soul to life immediate sprung,  
 And joy now smil'd, where sorrow...

'Tis thus my SAVIOUR condescends  
 To raise a sinner from the dead;  
 His goodness over me extends,  
 And covers with his spirit's shade.

Himself (amazing grace!) applies,  
 Inspires me with celestial pow'rs,  
 And bids my quicken'd spirit rise,  
 And to my Father's arms restores.

### CXXXIII. ELIJAH's Prayer and Miracle

xviii.

O *Israel* favour'd from above!  
 Did'st thou not need the teaching  
 Far more than miracles to prove,  
 If *Baal*, or the LORD were GOD?

Methinks I see *Elijah* stand,  
 His features glow with love and zeal!  
 In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,  
 And makes to heav'n his great appeal.

"O GOD, if I thy servant am,  
 "If 'tis thy message fills my heart,  
 "Now glorify thy holy name,  
 "And show this people, who thou art."

He spake, and do ! a sudden flame  
 Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone ;  
 The people struck at once proclaim,  
 " The LORD is GOD, the LORD alone."

Like him we mourn an awful day,  
 When more for *Baal*, than GOD, appear ;  
 Like him, believers, let us pray,  
 And may the GOD of *Israel* hear.

LORD, if thy servant speaks thy truth,  
 If he indeed is sent by thee,  
 Confirm his message to our youth,  
 And let them thy salvation see.

Now may thy Spirit's holy fire  
 Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word,  
 Consume each hurtful vain desire,  
 And make them know, thou art the LORD.

CXXXIX. ANOTHER.

**T**HOU GOD, that answerest by fire,  
 On thee by faith we call ;  
 Fulfil our waiting hearts desire,  
 And sanctify us all.

Bound on the altar of thy cross  
 Our rebel nature lies ;  
 Now for the honor of thy cause  
 Consume the sacrifice.

Consume

Consume our lusts as rotten wood,  
 Consume the stone within,  
 Consume the dust, the serpent's food,  
 Lick up the streams of sin.

Its body totally destroy,  
 Thyself the LORD approve,  
 And fill our hearts with holy joy,  
 With fervent zeal and love.

O that the fire from heav'n might fall,  
 Our sins its victims find;  
 Seize on our sins, and burn up all,  
 Nor leave the least behind.

Then shall our prostrate souls adore,  
 Our tongues the LORD confess,  
 He is the GOD of saving pow'r,  
 The GOD of hallowing grace.

CXXXXL. ELIJAH *in the Cave.*

xix. 9.

**M**Y soul, what dost thou here?  
 It is forbidden ground;  
 Behold! what dangers now appear,  
 What darkness spreads around!  
 What dost thou in this cave  
 Of unbelief and fear?  
 JESUS is able still to save;  
 On him cast all thy care.



Arise and haste away,

Pursue the heav'nly road;

Thy duty now forbids thy stay.

ObeY the voice of GOD.

Thy footsteps he will guard,

His angels round thee place;

Thou shalt find thy way prepar'd

While trusting in his Grace.

Mourn then thine unbelief,

And from its haunts depart;

Henceforth let sin have all thy grief,

And JESUS all thy heart.

LORD, give me faith to rise,

Let love assist my flight;

And lo! I mount above the skies,

And gain the blissful sight.

EXILII. ANOTHER.

II. ELIJAH *on the Mount before the LORD.*

xix. 11, 12, 13.

O! before the LORD I stand

Upon the mount of pray'r,

Waiting the Divine Command

His pleasure to declare.

With profound humility

Such as once *Elijah* show'd;

When JEHOVAH pass'd by,

The great, the glorious GOD.

I

Open,

Open, LORD, mine inward ear,  
 And bid my heart rejoice ;  
 Bid my quiet spirit hear  
 Thy comfortable voice.  
 Never in the whirlwind sound,  
 Or where earthquakes rock the place,  
 Still and silent is the sound,  
 The whisper of thy grace.  
 From the world of sin and noise  
 And hurry I withdraw,  
 For the small and inward voice  
 I wait with sacred awe :  
 Silent am I now and still,  
 Dare not in thy presence move,  
 To my waiting soul reveal  
 The secret of thy love.

## CXLII. ANOTHER.

**N**OT in the great and mighty wind  
 Which rocks and mountains rend,  
 The GOD, whose presence we desire,  
 Nor in the earthquake, or the fire.

The voice that speaks JEHOVAH near,  
 The still small voice I long to hear ;  
 O might it now my LORD proclaim,  
 And fill my soul with holy shame.

Asham'd I must for ever be,  
 Afraid the glorious GOD to see,  
 If saints and prophets hide their face,  
 And angels tremble while they gaze.

CXLIII. *The Death of AHAB.*

xxii. 30—34—37.

WHERE shall presumptuous sinners hide  
From an all-seeing GOD?  
Or how shall guilty souls abide  
The vengeance of his rod?

In vain did wicked *Ahab* strive  
To shun his piercing eyes;  
In vain with subtlety contrive  
His person to disguise.

For lo! with heav'n-directed aim  
Shot from a *Syrian* bow  
The fatal arrow swiftly came,  
And pierc'd his armour through.

Then anguish tore the throbbing wound,  
Which speedy death presag'd:  
Too late his rage with heav'n, he found,  
Unequal war had wag'd.

May our spirits fill'd with awe  
GOD's kindling wrath foresee,  
Nor dare transgress his righteous law  
From whom we cannot flee.



## II. KINGS.

CXLIV. ELIJAH *smiting the Waters with his*  
*Mantle, &c.*

ii. 8.

WHEN GOD receives his servants up  
As at the stream of death we stop  
On *Jordan's* brink a moment stay :  
But JESUS, our immortal guide,  
Did by his death the waves divide,  
And shows our souls an open way.

CHRIST and the promis'd land in view,  
His ransom'd pass securely through,  
Howe'er the idle billows roar :  
In our *Elijah's* mantle clad,  
By his eternal spirit led,  
We reach with songs the heav'nly shore.

CXLV. *The Horses and Chariots of Fire appear*  
*to take up ELIJAH, as he and ELISHA*  
*talking together.*

ii. 11.

NOT in contemplating and pray'r,  
But lab'ring on with restless care  
Their charge the flaming convoy find,  
Instructing whom he left behind ;

Employ

employ'd and useful to the end :  
 and thus, my GOD, may I ascend !

Congential Grace to him is show'd  
 Who burnt with fervent zeal for GOD ;  
 By heav'nly fire refin'd, improv'd,  
 Translated to the GOD he lov'd.  
 Exempt from death he gains the prize,  
 And mounts immortal to the skies.

Cherubs the fiery horses were,  
 And cherubs form'd the heav'nly car :  
 And lo ! in state *Elijah* rides  
 To where the glorious GOD resides !  
 And thus the everlasting Son  
 Return'd in triumph to his throne.

LVI. ELIJAH, going up by a Whirlwind to  
 Heaven, applied to CHRIST.

ii. 11.

SEE the true *Elijah* flies,  
 O LORD of these unfolding skies !  
 Swifter than the whirlwind's wings  
 Lies the glorious King of kings !  
 Vext with flames of living fire  
 Higher still he soars and higher,  
 Till he gains his bright abode,  
 Carries up our hearts to GOD.

I 3

JESUS,

JESUS, dear departing LORD,  
 Hang we on thy latest word;  
 Us, who can thy word receive,  
 Fatherless thou wilt not leave.  
 Though we may a moment mourn,  
 Yet we look for thy return;  
 Now enjoy the earnest giv'n,  
 Then ascend with thee to heav'n.

LORD of hosts, to thee we bow,  
 ISRAEL'S *car and horsemen* thou,  
 Shall we not thy loss deplore,  
 Whom we see on earth no more?  
 Ever mindful of thine own,  
 Thou for us to heav'n art gone,  
 Gone but to prepare our place,  
 Seats for all the ransom'd race.

CXLVII. ELIJAH *dropping his Mantle,*  
 ELISHA *taking it up.*

ii. 13.

ASCENDING to be cloath'd upon  
 With purest robes of heav'nly light,  
 Robes that outshine the noon-day sun,  
 He drops his mantle in his flight.

Divested of mortality  
 He needs it not to wrap his face,  
 Allow'd his GOD unveil'd to see,  
 And strong to bear the glorious blaze.



We gather up with pious care  
What happy saints have left behind;  
Their writings in our mem'ry bear,  
Their sayings on our faithful mind.

Their works, which trac'd them to the skies,  
For pattern to ourselves we take;  
And dearly love, and highly prize  
The mantle for the wearer's sake.

CXLVIII. ANOTHER.

ELISHA struck with grief and awe  
Cry'd, "ah! where now is *Israel's* stay?"  
When he his honor'd Master saw  
Borne by a fiery car away.

At while he look'd a last adieu,  
His mantle, as it fell, he caught:  
The Spirit rested on him too,  
And equal miracles he wrought.

"Where is *Elijah's* GOD?" he cry'd,  
And with the mantle smote the flood;  
His word controll'd the swelling tide,  
Th' obedient waters upright stood.

The wonder-working gospel thus  
From hand to hand has been convey'd;  
We have the mantle still with us,  
But where, O where the Spirit's aid?

When *Peter* first this mantle wav'd,  
 How soon it melted hearts of steel!  
 Sinners by thousands then were sav'd;  
 But now how few its virtues feel!

Where is *Elijah's* GOD, the LORD,  
 Thine *Israel's* hope, and joy, and boast  
 Reveal thine arm, confirm thy word,  
 Give us another *Pentecost*.

Assist thy messenger to speak,  
 And while he aims to lisp thy truth,  
 The bonds of sin and satan break,  
 And pour thy blessings on our youth.

For them we now approach thy throne;  
 Teach them to know and love thy name  
 Then shall thy thankful people own,  
 " *Elijah's* GOD is still the same."

CXLIX. JERICO, or the Waters broken

ii. 19—22.

THOUGH *Jericho* pleasantly stood,  
 And look'd like a promising soil,  
 The harvest afforded no food,  
 To answer the husbandman's toil.  
 The water some property had  
 Which poisonous prov'd to the ground,  
 The springs were corrupted and bad,  
 The streams spread a barrenness round.

et soon by the cruise and the salt,  
Prepar'd by *Elisba's* command,  
he water was cur'd of its fault,  
And plenty enriched the land.  
An emblem herein of the grace  
We see on dead sinners bestow'd;  
or man is in *Jericho's* case,  
'Till cur'd by the mercy of GOD.

ow noble a creature he seems!  
What knowledge, invention, and skill!  
ow large and extensive his schemes!  
How much can he do if he will!  
is zeal to be learned and wise  
Will yield to no limits or bars;  
e measures the earth and the skies,  
And numbers and marshals the stars.  
et still he is barren of good,  
In vain are his talents and art;  
or sin has infected his blood,  
And poison'd the streams of his heart.  
he cockatrice eggs he can hatch,  
Or spider-like cobwebs can weave;  
'Tis madness to labour and watch  
For what will destroy or deceive.

ut grace like the salt in the cruise,  
When cast in the the spring of the soul,  
A wonderful change will produce,  
Diffusing new life through the whole.  
he wilderness blooms like a rose,  
The heart, which was vile and abhorr'd,  
Now fruitful and beautiful grows,  
The garden and joy of the LORD.

## CL. ANOTHER.

**N**OW LORD, in answer to our pray:  
 Let learning and religion meet,  
 Pleasant the • city stands and fair,  
 Of piety the ancient seat:  
 But ah! the streams, that murmur round,  
 Are nought, and barren is the ground.

JESUS, our true *Elisba*, LORD  
 Of heav'n, the SAVIOUR, GOD Most  
 Thyself give out the healing word,  
 The gospel cruise with salt supply;  
 And charge the prophets' sons to bring,  
 And cast the salt into the spring.

Out of themselves Apostles raise,  
 And Pastors after thy own will,  
 Whose word may minister the grace,  
 Whose gospel may the waters heal;  
 To earth its fruitfulness restore,  
 Till curse and death shall be no more.

• Oxford.

*The Widow's Oil stayed when the Vessels  
were full.*

iv. 6.

STRAITEN'D in GOD we cannot be,  
No bounds his pow'r or goodness know;  
His grace is an exhaustless sea,  
Which flows, and shall for ever flow;  
If its course suspended seem,  
Hind'rance is in us, not him.

All in ourselves the straitness lies;  
Our faith, and not the promise fails;  
He blesses us with fresh supplies  
Of oil out of salvation's wells.  
When our heart with joy runs o'er,  
He charges, and still gives us more.

CLII. ANOTHER.

ABOVE what we can ask or hope  
The GOD of grace delights to give,  
To fill the empty vessels up,  
And when we grace for grace receive,  
Enough in CHRIST remains behind  
To fill the souls of all mankind.

Long as our faith's capacity  
Is stretch'd t' admit the blessing giv'n,  
We drink the streaming DEITY,  
And gasp for larger draughts of heav'n;  
But

But when we lose our emptiness,  
The oil, the joy, the Spirit stays.

Empty us then, most gracious LORD,  
And keep us always empty here,  
Till thee, according to thy word,  
We see upon the clouds appear,  
Thy glorious fulness to reveal,  
And all thy saints for ever fill.

### CLIII. *The SHUNAMITE.*

iv. 31.

**T**HE *Shunamite* oppress'd with grief,  
When she had lost the son she lov'd  
Went to *Elisba* for relief,  
Nor vain her application prov'd.

"Go," to his servant says the Seer,  
"And lay my staff upon his face;"  
'Twas done,—but neither voice nor ear  
Shew'd signs of a restoring grace.

But when the LORD's almighty pow'r  
Wrought with the Prophet's pray'r  
The mother saw a joyful hour,  
She saw her child brought back from care.

Thus, like the weeping *Shunamite*,  
For lifeless sinners oft we grieve;  
Now, mighty LORD, in all our fight  
Display thine arm, and bid them live.



Thy preachers bear the staff in vain,  
 Though sent in thy own name and stead;  
 LORD, we have try'd, and try'd again,,  
 Yet leave them, as we found them, dead.

Come then thyself—to ev'ry heart  
 The glory of thy name make known;  
 The means are our appointed part,  
 The pow'r and grace are thine alone.

## CLIV. NAAMAN the SYRIAN.

v. 9—14.

IN high and lordly mood  
 Before *Elisba's* gate  
 The Syrian leper stood,  
 But could not brook to wait;  
 He thought the Prophet wou'd attend,  
 And not a verbal message send.

Am I this journey come?  
 " And will he not be seen?  
 I were as well at home,  
 " Would washing make me clean;  
 Why must I wash in *Jordan's* flood?  
*Damascus' rivers* are as good.

Thus by his foolish pride  
 He almost miss'd a cure;  
 Howe'er at length he try'd,  
 And found the method sure:  
 Soon as his pride was brought to yield,  
 The leprosy was quickly heal'd.

Leptous

Leprous and proud as he  
 To JESUS thus I came,  
 From sin to set me free,  
 When first I heard his name;  
 Surely thought I, my pompous train  
 Of vows and tears will notice gain.

My heart devis'd the way  
 Which I suppos'd he'd take,  
 And when I found delay,  
 Was ready to go back;  
 Had he some painful task enjoin'd,  
 I to performance seem'd inclin'd.

When by his word he spake:  
 "That fountain for all sin  
 "See open'd for thy sake!"  
 "Go wash, and thou art clean,"  
 O how did my proud heart gainsay!  
 I fear'd to trust this simple way.

At length I trial made,  
 When I had much endur'd;  
 The message I obey'd,  
 I wash'd, and I was cur'd:  
 Sinners, this healing fountain try,  
 Which cleans'd a wretch so vile as I.

CLV. *The borrowed Axe.*

vi. 5, 6.

THE Prophets sons, in time of old,  
 Though to appearance poor,  
 Were rich, without possessing gold,  
 And honor'd, though obscure.  
 Their peace their daily bread they ate  
 By honest labor earn'd,  
 While humbly at *Elisha's* feet  
 Their grace and wisdom learn'd.  
 The Prophet's presence cheer'd their toil,  
 They watch'd the words he spoke,  
 Whether they turn'd the furrow'd soil,  
 Or fell'd the spreading oak.  
 As they listen'd to his theme,  
 Their conference was stopp'd;  
 For one beneath the yielding stream  
 A borrow'd axe had dropp'd.  
 "As! it was not mine," he said,  
 "How shall I make it good?"  
*Elisha* heard, and when he pray'd,  
 The iron swam like wood.  
 The great GOD in this affair  
 A miracle performs;  
 He shews his condescending care  
 Of poor unworthy worms.

Through

Though kings and nations in his view  
 Are but as motes or dust,  
 His eye and ear are fix'd on you  
 Who in his mercy trust.

Not one concern of ours is small,  
 If we belong to him ;  
 To teach us this, the LORD of all  
 Once made the iron swim.

## CLVI. ELISHA in DOTHAN.

vi. 16.

“ **A** LAS ! ” *Elisha's* servant cry'd,  
 When he the Syrian army spy'd ;  
 But he was soon releas'd from care ;  
 In answer to the Prophet's pray'r.

Wond'ring he saw with other eyes  
 A greater army from the skies !  
 A fiery guard around the hill  
 More strong to save, than that to kill.

When satan and his host appear,  
 Like him of old I faint and fear ;  
 Like him by faith with joy I see  
 A greater host engag'd for me.

The saints espouse my cause by pray'r,  
 The angels make my soul their care ;  
 Mine is the promise seal'd with blood,  
 And JESUS lives to make it good.

VII. JEHU's *false Zeal, or Hypocrisy detected.*

x. 16—29.

COME, see my pious zeal,"

While boasting *Jehu* cries,

seeks his motives to conceal

Beneath this fair disguise.

Though *Baal* he destroy'd,

he serv'd the LORD by halves,

his supreme command made void

By *Bethel's* golden calves.

may we never dare

to act so base a part;

know, whatever we appear,

GOD sees the inmost heart.

LORD, our souls renew,

from all their dross refine;

secret sins detect, subdue,

And make us wholly thine.

VIII. *The ASSYRIAN Army destroyed by an Angel.*

xix. 35.

WHEN the *Assyrian* chief disdain'd

The GOD of *Israel's* hosts,

and vow'd destruction unrestrain'd

With proud invective boasts.

*Judah's*

*Judah's* good King • in faith address'd  
 To heav'n his just appeal,  
 And joy'd to see at his request  
 Secur'd his country's weal.

Lo! a swift messenger of wrath  
 Wide havoc spread around:  
 The men of might slept fast in death,  
 And cover'd all the ground.

From *Zion* went the killing word,  
 Which broke the threat'ning spear,  
 The bow, the arrows, and the sword,  
 And crush'd th' *Affyrian* war.

Vow to the LORD, and tribute bring;  
 Ye princes, dread his frown,  
 Whose vengeance strikes the haughtiest  
 And mows whole armies down.

But souls, that bow beneath his sway,  
 His prompt assistance gain;  
 Nor shall the seed of *Jacob* say,  
 "They fought his face in vain."

• *Hezekiah.*



X. HEZEKIAH's *Sickness and Recovery.*

x. 1—7. compared with Isaiah xxxviii.

WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,  
 Our GOD deserves a song;  
 We take the pattern of our praise  
 From *Hezekiah's* tongue.

The gates of death in threat'ning wrath  
 Are open'd wide in vain,  
 He, that holds the keys of death,  
 Command them fast again.

Men of the flesh are wont t' abuse  
 Our minds with slavish fears,  
 Our days are past, and we shall lose  
 The remnant of our years.

We chatter with a swallow's voice,  
 Or like a dove we mourn,  
 With bitterness instead of joys  
 Afflicted and forlorn.

HOVAH speaks the healing word,  
 No evil can withstand;  
 Plagues and plagues obey the LORD,  
 And fly at his command.

Half the strings of life should break,  
 We can our frame restore;  
 He casts our sins behind his back,  
 And they are found no more.

## CLX. ANOTHER.

**K**ING *Hezekiah* lay diseas'd,  
 With ev'ry dang'rous symptom seen  
 Beyond the cure of art;  
 With languid pulse, and strength decay'd,  
 With spirits sunk, and soul dismay'd,  
 Just ready to depart.

His friends despair, his servants droop,  
 There scarce remains a ray of hope,  
 Life's comforts all are fled:  
 When lo! the Seer *Isaiab* came  
 With words to damp th' expiring flame,  
 And strike the dying dead.

Ent'ring the royal Patient's room,  
 He thus pronounc'd his destin'd doom:  
 "Of flatt'ring hopes beware;  
 "GOD's messenger, behold! I stand,  
 "Thus saith the LORD, thy death's at hand  
 "T' arrange thy house prepare."

Where is the man, whom words like these  
 Though free before from all disease,  
 Would not deject to death?  
 Fav'rite of heav'n! in thee we see  
 The miracles of pray'r, in thee  
 Th' omnipotence of faith.

Methinks I hear the mourner say,  
 "And must my life be snatch'd away,

Before I'm fit to die?  
 In pray'r reverse the stern decree,  
 And save a wretch condemn'd like me?  
 It may—at least I'll try."

He said, and weeping pour'd a pray'r,  
 Which conquer'd pain, remov'd despair

With all its heavy load;  
 Spell'd the force of death's attack,  
 Brought the retracting Prophet back,  
 And turn'd the Mind of GOD.

Great GOD, in whose almighty hand  
 Life's last issue, still command

Deliv'rances on earth:  
 And when our faces to the wall  
 We turn, at thy disposing call  
 We'll stay or venture forth.

CLXI. HEZEKIAH *left of* GOD.

2. 13. compared with 2. Chro. xxxii. 31.

RIGHTEOUS in all his ways, except  
 One instance in remembrance kept,  
 Was Judah's favor'd \* Prince;  
 When GOD, to shew him his own heart,  
 As pleas'd a season to depart,  
 And thus of pride convince.

\* Hezekiah.

May

May he not still conceal his face,  
Withdraw the sweet delights of grace  
From souls by him carest?  
To try and seal them for his own,  
To shew the sin which lurk'd unknown  
In their deceitful breast?

Surely before my LORD withdrew,  
Hid from myself I never knew  
What now I groan to feel;  
Thy absence hath my pride bewray'd,  
And thus convinc'd I see display'd  
The depths of my own hell.

Left to myself I now confess,  
My heart is desp'rate wickedness;  
But trust thy gracious pow'r,  
To save me from my bosom-sin;  
Thou wilt at last appear within,  
And never leave me more.

CLXH. *The Character of* JOSIAH  
xxii.

**J**OSIAH, young in years,  
Devoutly seeks the LORD;  
With holy awe his threat'nings hears,  
And trembles at his word.

He strives by fervent pray'r  
T' avert th' impending storm,  
And labours with a zealous care  
His kingdom to reform.

While, like a raging flood,  
Wide-wasting crimes abound,  
Ill to the cov'nant of his GOD  
His heart is stedfast found.

Hence may we learn in youth,  
When vice and folly reign,  
Hearken to the voice of truth,  
And virtue's cause maintain.

Let troubles then increase,  
And various ills prevail,  
The LORD shall keep our souls in peace;  
His promise cannot fail.



# I. CHRONICLES.

## CLXIII. *The Prayer of JABEZ.*

iv. 9. 10.

**J**ESUS, who bought us with his blood,  
And makes our souls his care,  
Was known of old as *Israel's* GOD,  
And answer'd *Jabez*' pray'r.

*Jabez*, a child of grief—the name  
Befits poor sinners well ;  
For JESUS bore the cross and shame  
To save our souls from hell.

Teach us, O LORD, like him to plead  
For mercies from above :  
O come, and bless our souls indeed  
With light, and joy, and love.

The gospel's promis'd land is wide  
We fain would enter in,  
But we are press'd on ev'ry side  
With unbelief and sin.

Arise, O LORD, enlarge our coast ;  
Let us possess the whole,  
So shall not hell's oppressive host  
Thy mighty work controul.



# I. CHRONICLES.

193

may thine hand be with us still,  
Our guide and guardian prove,  
keep us safe from ev'ry ill,  
And sorrow far remove.

elp us on thee to cast our care,  
And in thy word to rest,  
at *Israel's* GOD, who heareth pray'r,  
Will grant us our request.



K

# II. CHRONICLES.

## II. CHRONICLES.

### CLXIV. *The Victory of ASA over ZERAH ETHIOPIAN.*

xiv. 9—13.

**H**OW brightly *Asa's* conduct shows,  
The LORD is ever nigh,  
And timely aid on men bestows  
Who on his aid rely !

When a vast host against him came,  
For help to heav'n he sought ;  
And, trusting in JEHOVAH's Name,  
A signal conquest wrought.

Thus may we meet the trying hour,  
In GOD alone confide,  
And witness his almighty pow'r  
Engaged on our side.

His arm omnipotently near  
Protection still affords :  
What have his saints from foes to fear ?  
“ The battle is the LORD's.

CLXV. *The Apostasy of JOASH.*

xxiv.

**W**HILE good *Jehoiada* surviv'd,  
 Beneath his wife restraint  
 Peace and honor *Joash* liv'd,  
 In piety a saint.

It is his faithful guardian dead?  
 See, with undaunted feet  
 He dares the sinner's path to tread,  
 And takes the scorner's seat!

Against reproof he stops his ear,  
 And boldly rushing on  
 In sin's pernicious mad career  
 Destroys his uncle's son.

What dreadful lengths may mortals run!  
 How far from GOD depart,  
 When pious counsel once they shun  
 With unrelenting heart!

GOD, what are we, if thou forsake,  
 And leave as wand'ring sheep?  
 To thy fold of mercy take,  
 And there for ever keep.

CLXVI. UZZIAH's Sin and Punishment in  
*ing Incense in the Temple of the LORD.*

xxvi.

UZZIAH, ascending the throne,  
 In peace and prosperity reign'd;  
 With lustre his piety shone,  
 By folly's infection unstain'd.  
 The LORD, whom he sought, was benig  
 With blessings his government crown'd  
 But when he began to decline,  
 Of GOD he was justly disown'd.

Long blest with success to his arms,  
 And strong in his cities and tow'rs,  
 He fear'd no invasive alarms,  
 Secure from inimical pow'rs.  
 But soon as his heart is elate,  
 To hasty destruction he tends,  
 He falls from his excellent state,  
 His glory in infamy ends.

Behold the transgressor assumes  
 The office of priesthood divine!  
 To the house of JEHOVAH he comes,  
 And incense he burns at his shrine.  
 Withstood he persists in the deed,  
 And looks full of anger he bears;  
 When lo! in his forehead display'd  
 The leprosy quickly appears!

rust out from the place he withdraws,  
As struck by the LORD for his sin,  
Judg'd, for this breach of his laws,  
An outcast, a leper unclean.  
Teach us, great GOD of all grace,  
Due warning from hence to receive,  
Or longer the smiles of thy face  
To hope, than to please thee we live.

## II. MANASSEH's Affliction, Penitence, and Restoration.

xxxiii. 10—12.

GOD of *Manasseh*, wilt thou scorn  
To own that humble name?  
While thy free grace on him bestow'd  
We thankfully proclaim.

High-rai'd on *Judab's* throne he seem'd  
That hell in him might reign,  
And of JEHOVAH's Name and Laws  
The sacred honors stain.

Yet thou the royal wretch didst view  
With pity in thine eyes:  
How strange a cure thy mercy wrought!  
How wond'rous, yet how wise!

Brought in the thorns by hostile bands  
The captive learn'd to reign;  
And *Babel's* fetters set him free  
From satan's heavier chain.

From the dark dungeon where he lay  
 Thou heard'st his suppliant moan,  
 And lifted it from the dust, again  
 To seat him on his throne.

O'er souls deprav'd and hard, like his,  
 May grace exert its pow'r,  
 And they shall bless the wholesome power  
 That works the sov'reign cure.





## E Z R A.

VIII. *The Spirit of CYRUS stirred up by the  
LORD to redeem ISRAEL.*

1—3. compared with *Isaiah xlv. 1—4.*

TH' eternal GOD! his Name how great!  
How deep his counsels! how complete!  
The hearts of kings his pow'r can sway,  
His word unconscious they obey.

Common'd of old, in distant days,  
To serve his will, and shew his praise,  
Cyrus, illustrious Prince! appears,  
His people frees, his temple rears.

Through legions arm'd he breaks his way,  
And tramples gen'als down like clay:  
The bars of steel he cuts in twain,  
And brazen gates oppose in vain.

At to JEHOVAH's accents mild  
The hero pliant as a child,  
Lays the new cares of empire by,  
Will Zion rise, and shine on high.

K 4.

Thus,

Thus, GOD of grace, shall ev'ry heart  
 (If thou thine influence there exert)  
 Throw its own fondest schemes aside,  
 And follow where thy hand shall guide.

The foremost sons of fame shall boast  
 To raise thy temples from the dust;  
 Princes shall shout thy name aloud,  
 And new-born Priests thy altars croud.

**CLXIX.** EZRA *refusing to ask a Guard of King to defend him on the way, after having fessed faith in GOD's protection.*

viii. 21—23.

**W**AS Ezra once asham'd  
 To ask for royal aid,  
 What time (a solemn fast proclaim'd)  
 For heav'nly help he pray'd?  
 Requir'd he not a band  
 Of soldiers for his guard,  
 Since for his convoy GOD's good hand  
 Sufficient he declar'd?

Thus with no aid of man,  
 Expos'd to hostile foes,  
 He ventures with his little train,  
 And boldly forward goes.  
 The GOD, on whom he lean'd,  
 His faithful servant kept,  
 Along the way his guardian Friend,  
 While fears and dangers slept.

So teach us, mighty GOD,  
 All human props to leave,  
 Use thy paternal staff and rod  
 Will guide, and comfort give.  
 Assist in all our ways  
 Thy gracious hand to own,  
 And through life's few and evil days  
 To trust in thee alone.



# ESTHER.

CLXX AHASUERUS *holding forth his*  
Sceptre to ESTHER.

v. 2.

**I**MMORTAL King, with pity see,  
And hear a suppliant sinner groan;  
Extend thy clemency to me,  
Who vent'ring on a GOD unknown,  
Prostrate before thy footstool lie,  
And by thy sentence live or die.

Thy sceptre of redeeming love  
Reach out, my trembling soul to raise,  
My dread of endless death remove  
To magnify thy pard'ning grace;  
And make, in honour of thy son,  
A beggar partner of thy throne.

Indulgent GOD of mercy, thou  
Dost sinners for his sake receive;  
I touch thy golden sceptre now,  
Accept thy sov'reign grace, and live;  
And trust, as I have favor found,  
To rise with all thy blessings crown'd.

## LXXI. HAMAN and MORDECAI.

v. and vii.

HOW wretched is the monster vice

E'en in its highest state,  
One vile appetite indulg'd  
Can so much pain create!

How weak prosperity appears  
E'en in its purest joy,  
One small disappointment felt  
Its pleasures can destroy!

How abject human nature sinks,  
If 'scaping real woes,  
Forms imaginary ills  
To trouble its repose!

Hold these moral truths display'd  
In one of noted fame,  
Whom royal bounty had advanc'd  
Its honours to proclaim.

Yet to what pungent grief expos'd

Is *Haman*, thus carest!

While rancour, foulest fiend of hell,

Corrodes his tortur'd breast.

Yet *Mordecai* refuse to bow,

In vain doth fortune smile;

Not all the splendid pomp of life

His anguish can beguile.

'Twas not a real blessing sure,  
 A poor man's homage paid ;  
 Ah ! why did then its absence prove  
 'Prosperity's sad shade ?

But plots he too against his life ?  
 Fame's trump the tale shall sound ;  
 'The mischief on himself reverts,  
 'And crushes by rebound.'

Great GOD of mercy, deign to cast  
 One look on human hearts,  
 By sin's infection past all cure  
 Save what thy grace imparts.

## CLXXII. ANOTHER.

**W**HAT profit hath th' ambitious man  
 Of earthly goods possess ?  
 Something he wants, but cannot gain,  
 Which cankers all the rest.

His canker'd all as nothing weighs ;  
 And if the world he won,  
 Soon must he close his short-liv'd days  
 Eternally undone.

How mean the gifts which earthly kings  
 On favorites bestow !  
 What childish toys the noblest things  
 And most esteem'd below !



At whom the *King of kings* delights  
 To honour as his son,  
 To a heav'nly feast invites,  
 And places on a throne.

His honor'd lot be mine, O LORD,  
 With those whom thou hast blest;  
 Taught with the joys thy smiles afford,  
 Content I leave the rest.



## J O B.

## CLXXIII. THE CHARACTER AND SUFFERINGS OF JOB.

**Y**ES, we have heard the wond'rous tale  
Of patient *Job* set forth,  
Whose ev'ning sun did bright display  
His most illustrious worth.

Nurs'd from the womb in fortune's lap,  
With health and wealth endu'd,  
He fear'd his Maker, and with care  
The paths of vice eschew'd.

But ah! what sad reverse of fate  
At length he undergoes!  
When from his envied seat he falls  
Beneath a weight of woes.

Satan divine permission gains  
His heaviest blows to deal,  
Save only not to touch his life,  
That pledge of future weal.

Lo! substance, servants, children, all  
A sacrifice are made  
To the dire tempter's rage, while boils  
His frame throughout invade.

Not a murm'ring thought within  
 His holy lips betray ;  
 " 'Tis'd be the LORD," he cries," who gave  
 " What now he takes away."

His friends alas ! attempt in vain  
 To sooth his sad complaint,  
 Though pity drew them from afar  
 To mourn the suff'ring saint.

They judg'd him chasten'd for his sins ;  
 Yet nought their arguings prov'd :  
 Till GOD out of the whirlwind spake,  
 And silenc'd whom he lov'd.

But why did GOD his Fav'rite treat  
 Thus seemingly severe ?

'Twas his self-righteousness to blast,  
 That worm which lay so near.

'Twas to refine his faith, like gold  
 When melted in the fire,

And in the scale of bliss prepare  
 His soul to mount the higher.

To teach us, LORD, our destin'd lot  
 With placid minds to bear ;

Made meet through consecrated pain  
 Before thy face t' appear.



PSALMS.

## PSALMS.

CLXXIV. THE CAPTIVITY OF THE JEWS  
IN BABYLON.

cxxxvii. 1—6.

**W**HERE *Babel's* rivers winding stray,  
A silent cool retreat we chose;  
There lost in thoughtful sadness lay,  
And ponder'd o'er our mighty woes.

Our mighty woes increasing rise,  
Revolving *Zion's* hapless fate;  
And louder griefs, and streaming eyes  
Deplore her wretched ruin'd state.

No more could music sooth our cares,  
Our harps neglected and unstrung,  
Vanish'd their once delightful airs,  
And silent on the willows hung.

Far from our dear-lov'd native soil  
Shall we resume the pleasing lay?  
Can rugged bondage wear a smile,  
Or ever-wasting grief be gay?

If I forget thy ruin'd state,  
*Jerusalem*, my heart's desire,  
Then let my useless hand forget  
Her skill to strike the sounding lyre.

I indulge one mirthful song,  
Or thy dear name my mem'ry leave,  
Ill silent let my faithless tongue  
Fast to my mouth for ever cleave.

Jerusalem, lamented Name!

Shall still my mournful voice employ,  
And I the sadly-pleasing theme  
Prefer to ev'ry thought of joy.



# PROVERBS.

## CLXXV. AGUR'S WISH.

xxx. 7, 8, 9.

**T**HUS *Agur* breath'd his warm desire;  
 " My GOD, two favors I require;  
 " In neither my request deny  
 " Ere in the silent grave I lie.

" Far from my heart and house exclude  
 " Those foes to all of heav'nly good,  
 " Folly, whose pleasures end in pain,  
 " And falshood's pestilential train.

" Be neither wealth nor want my lot,  
 " Below the dome, above the cot;  
 " Let me my life unanxious lead,  
 " And know nor luxury nor need."

These wishes, LORD, we make our own;  
 O may thy heav'nly blessing crown  
 Our pittance,—till this mortal breath  
 Expiring tunes thy praise in death.

But shouldst thou large possessions give,  
 May we with thankfulness receive  
 The rich exub'rance, and adore  
 The bounteous source of all our store.



Should we feel the pains of want,  
 Submissive resignation grant,  
 Will thou shalt send the meet supply,  
 Or call us to the bliss on high.

## CANTICLES.

CLXXVI. THE FUTURE PROSPERITY  
 OF THE CHURCH.

O! the church with gradual light  
 Her opening curtains display  
 A long dreary night  
 Looks forth with glimmering rays  
 Scarce perceptible appears  
 Until the day-dawning from on high



All the face  
 And gladness  
 Fair as the unclouded moon  
 With borrowed rays she shines;  
 Shines, but still the changes soon  
 And when at full declivity  
 Frequent long eclipses lead  
 Till JESUS drives the darkness away  
 All her doubts and her disputes  
 And brings the perfect day

Now she without spot appears  
 For CHRIST shines forth again  
 Sun of righteousness, he clears  
 The church from every stain

## CANTICLES.

## CANTICLES.

### CLXXVI. THE FUTURE PROSPERITY OF THE CHURCH.

vi. 10.

**L**O! the church with gradual light  
Her op'ning charms displays,  
After a long dreary night  
Looks forth with glim'ring rays.  
Scarce perceptible appears,  
Until the day-spring from on high  
All the face of nature cheers,  
And gladdens earth and sky.

Fair as the unclouded moon  
With borrow'd rays she shines;  
Shines, but ah! she changes soon,  
And when at full declines.  
Frequent long eclipses feels,  
Till JESUS drives the shades away,  
All her doubts and sins dispels,  
And brings the perfect day.

Now she without spot appears,  
For CHRIST shines forth again,  
*Sun of righteousness*, he clears  
His church from ev'ry stain.

ing with full majesty  
 He blazes with meridian light,  
 th' horizon laughs to see  
 The joyous heav'nly fight.  
 ght with lustre not her own  
 The Woman now admire,  
 bath'd with that eternal Sun  
 Which sets the world on fire !  
 ght she shall for ever shine,  
 Enjoying, like the Church above,  
 the light of truth divine,  
 And all the fire of love.

om her dark imperfect state  
 To perfect love restor'd,  
 nds the Church divinely great,  
 The army of the LORD.  
 de his bloody sign displays,  
 And lo ! the hosts of Satan fall !  
 rrible in holiness  
 She more than conquers all.

no shall live to see that day  
 Of her REDEEMER's pow'r :  
 SUS, come, no more delay  
 Thy kingdom to restore.  
 if first to rest I go,  
 Yet let me in that day appear  
 anest of thy saints below,  
 Thy saints triumphant here.

ISAIAH.

## vi. 1—8.

Then if a messenger thou ask,  
A lab'rer for the hardest task,  
Through all my weakness and my fear  
Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."

Should my willing soul complain  
 Though all its efforts seem'd in vain;  
 ample recompence shall be  
 to have wrought, my GOD, for thee.

XVIII. *The Wilderness transformed; or, the  
 Prosperity of the Church, and Restoration  
 Nature.*

li. 18, 19. compared with xxxv. 1, 2.  
 xi. 6—9. lv. 13, &c.

MAZING, beauteous change!

The world created new!  
 thoughts with transport range  
 The lovely scene to view:  
 S in all these charms I trace,  
 work is thine, be thine the praise.

crystal fountains play  
 amidst the burning sands!  
 e rivers winding way  
 hines through the thirsty lands!  
 e dragons lay; new grass is seen,  
 pet spread of living green.

ere pointed brambles grew  
 intwin'd with horrid thorn,  
 y flow'rs for ever new  
 The painted fields adorn:  
 ly there and blushing rose  
 cern all their sweets disclose.

Where

Where the black mountain stood  
 All bare and disarray'd,  
 See the wide-branching wood  
 Diffuse its grateful shade!  
 Their lofty heads tall cedars nod,  
 And oaks and pines confess the GOD.

The tyrants of the plain  
 Their savage chase give o'er;  
 No more they rend the slain,  
 And thirst for blood no more;  
 But infant hands fierce tygers stroke,  
 And lions with young fatlings yoke.

O when, almighty LORD,  
 Shall these glad scenes arise,  
 To verify thy word,  
 And bless our wond'ring eyes,  
 That all earth's sons to thee may raise  
 A hymn of universal praise?

CLXXIX. *The Conversion both of the Jews  
 Gentiles.*

lxvi. 19, 20.

**A**LMIGHTY GOD of love,  
 Set up th' attracting sign,  
 And summon whom thou dost approve  
 For messengers divine:  
 From *Abr'ham's* faithful seed  
 The new Apostles chuse,  
 In isles and continents to spread  
 The dead-reviving news.



Them snatch'd as from the flame  
 Through ev'ry nation send,  
 The true MESSIAH to proclaim,  
 The universal Friend,  
 That all the GOD unknown  
 May learn of Jews t' adore,  
 And see thy glory in thy Son  
 Till time shall be no more.

O that the chosen band  
 Might now their brethren bring,  
 And gather'd out of ev'ry land,  
 Present to Zion's King?  
 Of all the ancient race  
 Not one be left behind;  
 Each, impell'd by secret grace,  
 His way to Canaan find.

We know it must be done,  
 For GOD hath spoke the word;  
 Israel shall the SAVIOUR own,  
 To their first state restor'd.  
 Re-built by his command  
 Jerusalem shall rise,  
 The temple on Moriah stand  
 Again, and touch the skies.

Send then thy servants forth,  
 To call the Hebrews home,  
 From east and west, and south and north  
 Let all the wand'ers come.  
 Where'er in lands unknown  
 The fugitives remain,  
 Ev'ry creature help them on  
 To thy holy mount to gain.

An offering to the LORD  
There let them all be seen,  
Sprinkled with water by the word,  
In soul and body clean.  
With *Israel's* myriads seal'd  
Let all the nations meet,  
And shew the mystery fulfill'd,  
Thy family complete.



# JEREMIAH.

XX. *The impudent Rebellion of the JEWISH Refugees at PATROS.*

xliv. 16, 17, 28.

WID rebel-Jews against the LORD  
Of old presume to say,  
That sov'reign law which GOD proclaims  
We dare to disobey ? ”

A thousand actions loudly still  
The impious language speak ;  
Thy pow'r omnipotent stands by,  
Nor do its thunders break.

O ! the dreadful day draws near,  
When GOD's avenging hand  
Will show, if feeble mortals breath,  
That GOD's own word shall stand.

Soul, with prostrate rev'rence fall  
Before the voice divine,  
Thy all thine int'rest and thy pow'rs  
To its command resign.

O, mighty LORD, thy servant waits,  
To do the purport of thy will ;  
Thy heart with secret ardour glows  
To execute thy mandates to fulfil.

Let the vain sons of *Belial* boast,  
 Their tongues and thoughts are free;  
 My noblest liberty I own,  
 When subject most to thee.



## EZEKIEL.

## XXXI. THE MARKED PRESERVED.

ix.

GREAT GOD, whose wrath in ancient times  
 O'erflow'd thy sinful people's crimes,  
 whose angry voice again I hear  
 which thunder'd in *Ezekiel's* ear ;  
 r up thy mercy with thy pow'r,  
 d arm us for the fiery hour.

If now the dreadful charge is giv'n  
 the fierce ministers of heav'n,  
 ready now the aliens stand  
 their slaughter-weapons in their hand,  
 deal the chastisements of GOD,  
 d make our land a field of blood ;

me with them, O thou *Man in white*,  
 who dost in gracious acts delight,  
 fore the dire destroyers come,  
 love prevent the gen'ral doom ;  
 r make thy wrath on sinners known  
 l mercy hath secur'd her own.]

These two stanzas to be used in the time of a threat-  
 vasion.

Our sad devoted land go through,  
 Distinguishing the mournful few,  
 Whose spirits vex'd with pious pain  
 Lament our sins of deepest stain,  
 And groan the public guilt to bear,  
 And agonize in secret pray'r.

The men, who daily sigh and grieve,  
 The *Lots*, that in our *Sodom* live,  
 A difference in their favor make,  
 Into thy kind protection take,  
 And claim the sorrowing souls for thine,  
 And mark them with the crimson sign.

The sign, which men and demons flee,  
 Let us e'en now receive from thee;  
 Inscribe us, O thou pard'ning GOD,  
 Write our protection in thy blood,  
 (That blood which ev'ry ill averts)  
 And stamp thine image on our hearts.

CLXXXII. *The Vision of the dry Bones.*

xxxvii.

CAUGHT by th' almighty hand,  
 That Spirit of the LORD,  
 Carried beyond myself I stand  
 A witness of his word.  
 I see the book unseal'd,  
 Least of the Prophets' sons,  
 I mark *Ezekiel's* valley fill'd  
 With visionary bones.



Many there are and dry  
 Spread through the open vale,  
 Millions of lifeless souls they lie  
 Within the christian pale.  
 I pass the churches through  
 Which scatter'd bones display;  
 And Christendom appears in view  
 An hideous *Golgotha*.

Can these dry bones perceive  
 The quick'ning pow'r of grace?  
 christian infidels retrieve  
 The life of righteousness?  
 All-good, almighty LORD  
 Thou know'st thy own design,  
 The virtue of thy own great word,  
 The energy divine.

Now for thy mercy's sake  
 Let thy great word proceed,  
 Dispens'd by whom thou wilt, to wake  
 The spiritually dead.  
 Send forth to prophecy  
 Thy chosen messenger;  
 The blessed gospel word apply,  
 And force the world to hear.

## PART II.

**H**EAR, ye dry bones, and feel  
 The word of truth and grace;  
 will in you myself reveal,  
 I will your spirits raise.

JEHOVAH speaks the word:  
 The promise is for you;  
 Ye shall be gradually restor'd,  
 And fashion'd all anew.

Cover'd with flesh and skin  
 Ye shall our SAVIOUR know,  
 And find the breath of life within  
 Which freely I bestow.  
 The joyful news receive,  
 The grace to sinners giv'n,  
 The knowledge of your LORD, and live  
 On earth the life of heav'n.

LORD, while at thy command  
 Thy servants prophecy,  
 O let it spread through ev'ry land  
 The sound of JESUS nigh:  
 The dead professors shake;  
 Before thy life they breathe,  
 Dispose their senseless souls to wake  
 Out of the sleep of death.

Let ev'ry answ'ring bone  
 By secret instinct move,  
 With sinews cloth'd the flesh put on,  
 And then the skin above:  
 The form of godliness,  
 And then the virtue give,  
 Inspire them with thy spirit of grace,  
 And bid the body live.

Come, O thou Breath divine,  
 From ev'ry quarter blow,  
 And whom thou did'st together join,  
 On them thine influence show.

Thy wonder-working pow'r  
 Be here again display'd,  
 And now to sudden life restore  
 The long-forgotten dead.

Inspir'd by thy command,  
 By this the spirit of grace,  
 The whole house of *Israel* stand,  
 And their *Restorer* praise;  
 Host of the living GOD,  
 Throughout the earth declare  
 The heav'nly gift on all bestow'd,  
 Th' indwelling Comforter.

## CLXXXIII. ANOTHER.

LOOK down, O LORD, with pitying eye,  
 See *Adam's* race in ruin lie:  
 It spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
 And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

And can these mouldring corpses live?  
 And can these perish'd bones revive?  
 That, mighty GOD, to thee is known,  
 That wondrous work is all thine own.

Thy ministers are sent in vain  
 Thy prophecy upon the slain:  
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
 Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
 Life spreads through all the realms of death,  
 Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice,  
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.

So when thy trumpet's awful sound  
 Shall shake the heav'ns, and rend the ground,  
 Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,  
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

CLXXXIV. *The Waters of the Sanctuary  
 the dead Sea.*

xlvi. 8, 9.

**G**REAT source of being and of love,  
 Thou wat'rest all the worlds above,  
 And all the joys, that mortals know,  
 From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

A sacred spring at thy command  
 From *Zion's* Mount, in *Canaan's* land,  
 Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,  
 And pours its limpid streams around.

The limpid stream with sudden force  
 Swells to a river in its course ;  
 Through desert realms its windings play,  
 And scatter blessings all the way.

Close by its banks in order fair  
 The blooming trees of life appear ;  
 Their blossoms fragrant odors give,  
 And on their fruit the nations live.

the dead sea the waters flow,  
 I carry healing as they go;  
 pois'nous dregs their pow'r confess,  
 and all its shores the fountain blest.

W, wondrous stream, with glory crown'd,  
 W on to earth's remotest bound;  
 and bear us on thy gentle wave  
 Him, who all thy virtues gave.



## DANIEL.

CLXXXV. NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

ii.

'TIS at his will, who governs all,  
 Earth's mighty empires rise and fall  
 This truth was once from heav'n made known  
 To royal Greatness on a throne.

A vast tremendous image rear'd  
 In vision to the King appear'd;  
 Of strange materials, yet each part  
 Adjusted with the nicest art.

"Such is thy dream," the prophet said,  
 "Its meaning this—the golden head  
 "Denotes thyself, the parts below  
 "Three empires in succession show.

"These various revolutions past,  
 "A kingdom GOD shall raise at last,  
 "Whose pow'r and glory shall extend  
 "Beyond them all, and never end.

"This kingdom is the Church of GOD,  
 "Sure-founded on a SAVIOUR's blood:  
 "And though in its beginning small,  
 "Shall rise victorious over all."



## CLXXXVI. ANOTHER.

34. 35.

EE, the blessed kingdom stands,  
 (The little stone outwrought  
 from the mountain without hands)  
 And brings the rest to nought!

et it now the image smite;  
 Break the iron and the clay;  
 conquer, not by pow'r or might  
 And force the world t' obey.

his stone to powder ground  
 The kingdoms all shall be;  
 ! their place no more is found!  
 Earth bows, O LORD, to thee!

et thy kingdom now prevail,  
 All opposing pow'r disperse,  
 o a boundless mountain swell,  
 And fill the universe.

CLXXXVII. *The Three* HEBREW Children.

iii.

GOD of *Israel's* faithful three,  
 Who brav'd a tyrant's ire,  
 Nobly scorn'd to bow their knee,  
 And walk'd unhurt in fire:

Breath'd

Breathe their faith into my breast,  
Arm me in this fiery hour ;  
Stand, O *Son of Man*, confess  
In all thy saving pow'r.

Lo ! on dangers, deaths and snares,  
I ev'ry moment tread,  
Hell without a veil appears,  
And flames around my head,  
Sin increases more and more,  
Sin in all its strength returns ;  
Sev'n times hotter than before  
The fiery furnace burns.

But while thou, my LORD, art nigh,  
My soul disdains to fear ;  
Sin and Satan I defy  
Still impotently near.  
Earth and hell their war may wage,  
Calm I watch their vain design,  
Smile to see them idly rage  
Against a child of thine.

Unto thee, my help, my hope,  
My safeguard, and my tow'r,  
Confident I still look up,  
And still receive thy pow'r.  
All the aliens hosts I chase,  
Blast and scatter with mine eyes  
Satan comes, I turn my face,  
And lo ! the Tempter flies.

Sin in me, the inbred foe,  
Awhile subsists in chains ;  
But thou all thy pow'r shalt show,  
And slay its last remains.

Thou shalt conquer my desire,  
 Thou shalt quench it in thy blood;  
 Fill me with a purer fire,  
 And change me into GOD.

## CLXXXVIII. ANOTHER.

O For the faith in JESUS' name  
 Which tyrants can despise!  
 Which triumphs o'er the threat'ning flame,  
 And all its rage defies!  
 Calmly replies with holy scorn  
 To furious cruelty,  
 My body tear, or rack, or burn,  
 Ye cannot injure me."

Let the terrific king appear,  
 And all his horrors show;  
 True *Israelites* disdain to fear  
 A stingless baffled foe:  
 Though sev'n times hotter than before  
 The tort'ring fires prevail,  
 The LORD our GOD, whom we adore,  
 To screen us will not fail.

Let earth and hell their pow'rs employ,  
 A sure defence we have;  
 They are not nearer to destroy,  
 Than JESUS is to save,  
 Let it serve thy glory, thou  
 Shalt pluck us from the flame,  
 Our GOD in ages past, and now,  
 And ever more the same.

But

But if thou wilt not save us here  
 From the tormentor's pow'r,  
 Faithful to death we perievere,  
 And meet the fiery hour:  
 We will not bow our heart or knee,  
 Nor live to idols join'd;  
 Assur'd the life we lose for thee  
 In Paradise to find.

## CLXXXIX. NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S

iv.

**W**HEN *Babylon's* proud king was  
 Of his impending fate,  
 Though from a prophet's lips, he scorn'd  
 To dread a change of state.

"Is not this *Babylon* the great?"  
 He said with haughty tone,  
 While walking in his royal seat,  
 Which most superbly shone.

"This the fam'd city I have built,  
 "My grandeur to proclaim?  
 "And sumptuous palace richly gilt  
 "To aggrandize my fame?"

Scarce had he spoke, when lo! from hear  
 A voice assail'd his ear,

"Go from thy glorious kingdom driv'n  
 "Thy punishment to bear."

to dwell with brutal herds alone,  
 Till sev'n times overpast,  
 Thou learn with prostrate awe to own  
 My sov'reign rule at last."

was done—one fleeting hour beheld  
 A monarch and a brute ;  
 Soon are heav'ns decrees fulfill'd  
 Earth's boastings to confute.

LORD, teach us by this striking fact,  
 Pride was not made for man ;  
 Or let one rebel thought or act  
 Infringe thy perfect plan.

## CXC. BELSHAZZAR.

v. 5, 16.

RESUMPTUOUS finners little think  
 With whom they have to do ;  
 Stand securely on the brink  
 Of everlasting woe.

Belshazzar thus prophanely bold  
 The LORD of Hosts defy'd,  
 Vengeance soon his boast control'd,  
 And crush'd his haughty pride.

He saw a hand upon the wall,  
 And trembled on his throne)  
 Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall  
 In characters unknown.

Why.

Why shou'd he tremble at the view  
 Of what he cou'd not read ?  
 Foreboding conscience quickly knew  
 That ruin was decreed.

See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress !  
 His eyes with anguish roll,  
 His looks and loosen'd joints express  
 The terrors of his soul !

His pomp and music, guests and wine,  
 No more delight afford :  
 O sinner, ere this case be thine,  
 Begin to seek the LORD.

The law, like this hand-writing, stands,  
 And speaks the wrath of GOD ;  
 But JESUS answers its demands,  
 And cancels it with blood.

## CXCI. ANOTHER.

**R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine  
 Behold GOD's ballance lifted high  
 There shall his justice be display'd,  
 And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

See in one scale his perfect law,  
 Mark with what form its precepts draw :  
 Wouldst thou the dreadful test sustain,  
 Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how



# DANIEL

hold the hand of GOD appears  
 trace those awful characters ;  
 kel," thy soul is wanting found,  
 d wrath shall smite thee to the ground.

sudden fear thy spirit seize,  
 horror shake thy trembling knees,  
 rough all thy thoughts let terrors roll,  
 d deep compunction melt thy soul.

e only hope may yet prevail ;  
 RIST hath a weight to turn the scale ;  
 ll doth the gospel publish peace,  
 d shew the LORD our RIGHTEOUSNESS.

eat GOD, exert thy pow'r to save,  
 ep on the heart these truths engrave ;  
 e pond'rous load of guilt remove,  
 at trembling lips may sing thy love.

*II. DANIEL prayed three times a Day, contrary to the Decree of King DARIUS.*

vi. 10.

**W**HEN *Daniel* knew the warrant sign'd  
 That fix'd his swift-approaching fate,  
 e prophet thrice a day they find  
 humbly before JEHOVAH wait.  
 eeling he offers up his pray'r,  
 and as aforetime thanks his GOD,  
 mpt from all uneasy care,  
 and to his sov'reign pleasure bow'd.

Thus,

Thus, LORD, throughout my life would  
 At stated times thy grace implore,  
 At morning, noon, and night draw nigh  
 Thy throne, to worship and adore.  
 For mercy ev'ry moment pray,  
 And never from thy praises cease,  
 But glide insensibly away  
 To raptures of eternal bliss.

Let the infernal lion roar,  
 I still approach thy throne of Grace,  
 Daily present, as heretofore,  
 My sacrifice of pray'r and praise;  
 Before my GOD by satan's host  
 Found on my knees might I but be,  
 I'd glory, that my life it cost,  
 And die from man, to live with thee.

CXCII. DANIEL *in the Lions' Den.*

vi.

GOD of *Daniel*, hear my pray'r,  
 And let thy pow'r be seen,  
 Stop the lion's mouth, and bear  
 Thy servant from his den.  
 Save me in this dreadful hour;  
 Earth and hell, and nature join,  
 All stand ready to devour  
 This helpless soul of mine.

Way to escape I see  
The sure approaching death;  
In are all my hopes to flee  
Out of the lion's teeth.

In the mire of sin I lie,  
In the dungeon of despair;  
Hear my lamentable cry,  
O GOD of *Daniel*, hear.

See I serve, my LORD, my GOD;

In me thy pow'r display:

Save me, save me, and defraud

The lion of his prey.

Angel of the covenant,

JESUS, mighty to retrieve,

Set him to my help be sent;

In JESUS I believe.

Save me for thine own great Name,

That all the world my know,

*Daniel's* GOD is still the same,

And reigns supreme below.

Let all mankind adore,

I spread his glorious Name abroad,

Tremble all, and bow before

The great, the living GOD.

Soliate, unchangeable

O'er all his works he reigns,

His dominion cannot fail,

But undisturb'd remains;

Through all ages standeth fast,

Is, when time no more shall be;

All shall his dominion last

To all eternity.

CXCIV. *Another, the Three HEBREW  
Children included.*

**S**UPPORTED by the word,  
Though in himself a worm,  
The servant of the LORD  
Can wond'rous acts perform:  
Without dismay he boldly treads  
Where'er the path of duty leads.

The haughty king in vain,  
With fury on his brow,  
Those *Hebrews* would constrain  
To golden gods to bow;  
The furnace could not make them fear,  
Because they knew the LORD was near.

As vain was the decree  
Which charg'd them not to pray:  
Still *Daniel* bow'd his knee,  
And worshipp'd thrice a day;  
Trusting in GOD he fear'd not men,  
Though threaten'd with the lion's den.

Secure they might refuse  
Compliance with such laws,  
For what had they to lose,  
When GOD espous'd their cause?  
He made the hungry lions crouch,  
Nor could the fire his children touch.

The LORD is still the same,  
A mighty shield and tow'r;  
And they, who trust his name,  
Are guarded by his pow'r :  
He knows the lions rage to tame,  
And bear them harmless through the flame.

Yet we too often shrink,  
When prest on ev'ry side ;  
Expecting we must sink  
Beneath th' o'erwhelming tide :  
Did we steadfastly believe,  
Longer should we fear or grieve.



# JONAH.

CXCV. JONAH's *Prayer in the Belly of the*

ii.

**T**O GOD, my GOD, I fervent pray  
 When in hell's lowest belly laid,  
 Death's dismal gloom I saw :  
 The foaming billows dash'd around,  
 But ah ! more awful still I found  
 The terrors of his law.

The sea-weeds wrapp'd about my head,  
 The hoary deep his wrath display'd,  
 And still increas'd my fear :  
 Wave follow'd wave with dreadful noise,  
 And seem'd to drown my feeble voice,  
 But yet my GOD could hear.

Could hear a guilty wretch complain ;  
 And when I thought my sighs were vain,  
 A kind deliv'rance send :  
 Though flying from his gracious sight,  
 I rebel-like disown'd his right,  
 He still appear'd my friend.

The high and lofty One look'd down ;  
 'The LORD took pity on his own,

HAWK



and deign'd my life to save :  
 injur'd goodness took my part,  
 mercy heal'd my broken heart,  
 and snatch'd me from the grave.

thanks giving, love and humble praise  
 I fill the remnant of my days,  
 I shall bend my suppliant knee :  
 O gracious SAVIOUR, and my GOD,  
 bless thee for thy chast'ning rod,  
 Which brought me back to thee.

**CVI. JONAH's Restoration, a Type of  
 CHRIST's Resurrection.**

ii.

FOR EASTER DAY.

THIS day the scripture is fulfill'd ;  
 The Father now our LORD hath seal'd,  
 and own'd him for his Son with pow'r :  
 D from the belly of the earth  
 he call'd him forth to second birth,  
 nor let the greedy deep devour.

For our sins into the deep  
 life hath sav'd the sinking ship,  
 his life for ours a ransom giv'n :  
 Ho ! on the third joyful morn  
 JONAH doth for us return,  
 emerging from his tomb to heav'n.

CXOVII. NINEVEH *redeemed.*

iii.

**B**EING benign, whose name is love,  
 Whose nature always to forgive,  
 Thine anger with our sins remove,  
 And bid thine humbled rebels live.

Thy blessed hand, restrain'd by pray'r,  
 Hath often wav'd the threaten'd blow,  
 Still thy unnat'ral act forbear,  
 And all thine ancient mercies show.

When most displeas'd, thou shak'st the  
 And absolute thy threatnings found,  
 A kind reserve is understood,  
 A secret clause for mercy found.

Yet forty days, thy justice cries,  
 And *Nineveh* shall be o'erthrown;  
 Except (thy whisp'ring grace replies)  
 They turn before the wrath comes down.

How often hath thy goodness try'd  
 A people harden'd from thy fear!  
 And turn'd th' impending plague aside,  
 And spar'd our land from year to year.

E'en now thou dost the stroke suspend,  
 Thy pitiful reluctance show,  
 And watchmen through our *Israel* send  
 To warn us of the falling blow.

What can'st thou more for sinners do?  
 And if we farther still rebel,  
 Still our sinful lusts pursue,  
 We court the hottest flames of hell.

The men of *Nineveh* shall rise  
 Our judges in that vengeful day,  
 Unless we quit the paths of vice,  
 And cast our loathsome sins away.

As dreadful will the punishment  
 Of *Sodom* and *Gomorrab* prove,  
 Than ours, if scorning to repent,  
 We still despise thy bleeding love.

## CXCVIII. JONAH'S Gourd.

iv. 7.

Since for *Jonah*, so the LORD  
 To sooth and cheer my mournful hours,  
 Spar'd for me a pleasing gourd;  
 Cool was its shade, and sweet its flow'rs.

His prize his gift was surely right;  
 But thro' the folly of my heart  
 Hid the Giver from my sight,  
 And soon my joy was chang'd to smart.

While I admir'd its beauteous form,  
 Its pleasant shade, and grateful fruit,  
 The LORD displeas'd sent forth a worm  
 Unseen to prey upon the root.

I trembled when I saw it fade,  
 But guilt restrain'd the murm'ring w  
 My folly I confess'd, and pray'd:  
 "Forgive my sin, and spare my gourd."

His wondrous love can ne'er be told,  
 He heard me and reliev'd my pain:  
 His word the threat'ning worm controll'  
 And bid my gourd revive again.

Now, LORD, my gourd is mine no more  
 'Tis thine, who only could'st it raise;  
 The idol of my heart before  
 Henceforth shall flourish to thy praise.

## CXCIX. ANOTHER.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

**W**HERE is the gourd that sudden  
 To skreen a weary Pilgrim's head  
 T' assuage the violence of my woes,  
 And bless me with its cooling shade,  
 Make all my cares and sorrows cease,  
 And turn my anguish into ease?

A worm hath smote my verdant bow'r,  
 And lo! how soon it fades away!  
 It cou'd not stand the morning hour,  
 Or bear the scorching heat of day;  
 My wither'd joy alas! is fled,  
 My fence is gone, my friend is dead.

ad, dead are all my hopes below ;  
 On earth I look for no relief,  
 No pause or interval of woe,  
 No respite or suspence of grief :  
 Short-liv'd happiness is o'er,  
 And human friendship is no more.

The fiery sun's directest ray,  
 The veh'ment wind's severest blast  
 Hit on me in this evil day ;  
 O might I, SAVIOUR, breathe my last ;  
 Now, now lay down my fainting head,  
 And weary sink among the dead.

Enter for me to die, than live  
 An useless life of grief and pain :  
 Wouldst thou, LORD, my soul receive ;  
 But purge it first from ev'ry stain ;  
 Set all my foes and friends set free,  
 And then receive me up to thee.

## CC. ANOTHER.

OUR joy in a created good  
 How soon it fades away !  
 As at the morning hour bestow'd  
 Before the noon of day.

By its violent excess  
 To certain ruin tends,  
 And all our rapt'rous happiness  
 In a hasty sorrow ends.

In vain doth earthly bliss afford  
A momentary shade ;  
It rises like the Prophet's gourd,  
And withers o'er my head.

But of my SAVIOUR's Love possess  
No more for earth I pine,  
Secure of everlasting rest  
Beneath the heav'nly *Vine*.





## BOOK THE SECOND,

## MATTHEW.

## CCI. THE EPIPHANY.

ii. 2—11.

LONG did the Sages of the east  
 In wild'ring darkness grope,  
 Till *Shiloh* all-majestic rose,  
 And shone the Lamp of Hope.

On as the womb of time brings forth,  
 And the blest Babe appears,  
 A new star through heav'n's expanse  
 His wond'rous motion steers!

And by the blazing sign they go,  
 Where it directs the road;  
 Till over *Bethlehem's* humble cots  
 The flaming meteor flood.

With glad surprise they view the scene,  
 And bless their infant King,  
 When all adoring to his couch  
 Their costly tribute bring.

Dark clouds that hour his glory veil'd;  
 Yet they his sceptre own,  
 While o'er the splendors of a GOD  
 Earth's thickest shades are thrown.

LORD, our best gifts with them we bring  
 Our gold in alms prepare,  
 Our myrrh in acts of penitence,  
 Our frankincense in pray'r.

## CCII. ANOTHER.

WHERE is the holy heav'n-born Child  
 Heir of the everlasting throne,  
 Who heav'n and earth hath reconcil'd,  
 And GOD and man rejoin'd in one?

Shall we of earthly Kings enquire?  
 To courts or palaces repair?  
 The nation's Hope, the world's Desire,  
 Alas! we cannot find him there.

Shall learning show the finners' Friend?  
 Or scribes a sight of CHRIST afford?  
 Us to his natal spot they send,  
 But never go to see the LORD.

We search the outward church in vain,  
 They cannot him we seek declare;  
 They have not found the Son of Man,  
 Or known the sacred name they bear.

Then let us turn no more aside,  
 But use the light himself imparts,  
 His Spirit is the surest guide,  
 His Spirit glim'ring in our hearts.

drawn by his grace we come from far,  
And fix on heav'n our wishful eyes;  
That ray divine, that orient star  
Directs us where the infant lies.

There the new-born SAVIOUR, see!  
By faith discern the great I AM!  
'Tis He, th' eternal GOD, 'tis He!  
And bears the mild IMMANUEL's Name,

The Prince of Peace on earth is found,  
The Child is born, the Son is giv'n;  
Tell it to all the nations round,  
JEHOVAH is come down from heav'n,

JEHOVAH is come down to raise  
His dying creatures from their fall,  
That they may seek and find the grace,  
Which brings eternal life to all.

ORD, we accept the grace, and thee  
With joy unspeakable receive;  
And rise thine open face to see,  
And one with GOD for ever live.

CIII. CHRIST *persecuted by* HEROD.

ii. 13. 14.

HOW strangely did the hate of man  
Vent its malicious rage,  
Against the holy Child conceiv'd  
E'en in his earliest age!

Yet smiling harmless on the breast  
 What umbrage could he give?  
 Not in the manger undisturb'd,  
 He's deem'd unfit to live.

And must this glorious heav'nly Babe  
 With his few friends decamp,  
 And that, ere morning's rosy hand  
 Has lighted day's bright lamp?

Could ye, his wing'd Attendants, brook  
 Such insult on your GOD,  
 When forc'd beneath night's chilling dew  
 To quit his mean abode?

Although you never drop a tear,  
 And nothing know but joy,  
 What were your views, when Herod sought  
 The infant to destroy?

And pay ye thus his love, O men,  
 Who with heav'n's peace came down,  
 And midst a sea of grief and wrath  
 Did all his glories drown?

How warm his heart that did not cool  
 Beneath these hills of snow!  
 See human breasts with rant'rous gall,  
 And his with love, o'erflow!

CCIV. *The Infanticide.*

ii. 16.

O an inhospitable clime  
The LORD of glory came,  
When first in this low world he design'd  
T' obscure his brightest fame,

The palace spreads its spacious gates  
Glad entrance to afford;  
The altar burns its rich perfumes  
In honor of the LORD.

The monarch throws his sceptre down  
Beneath his sacred feet;  
The herald comes with sounding trump  
Th' incarnate GOD to greet.

Oh! the awful deed of shame!  
The blessed Babe must fly,  
And 'scaping from his natal spot  
New scenes of sorrow try.

The sword in fatal hour unsheath'd  
Reeks high with infant-gore;  
The mother smiles from the tortur'd breast  
They gain the blissful shore.

The heav'ns are pierc'd with blood's loud cry,  
Grief's deepest sighs resound,  
While under many a mournful roof  
Th' expiring babes are found.

How blest, ye fair infantile train!  
 Whose brows were wreath'd so soon  
 With the triumphant martyr's palm,  
 And early wore the crown!

Baptiz'd amid that crimson font  
 Which sprang from your own veins,  
 Plung'd in that emblematic stream  
 You purg'd inherent stains.

Now high you sit, and sweet you sing  
 Nigh Him by mortals slain!  
 That rapt'rous bliss with int'rest large  
 Has recompenc'd your pain.

In crystal streams beneath the throne  
 What tides of joy abound!  
 While from the mouths of babes redeem'd  
 The LAMB's high praises sound!

CCV. JOHN *the Baptist*.

iii. 1—12

WHAT mighty herald cries aloud,  
 Whom thousands flock to hear!  
 'Tis the great Prophet of the LORD  
 Proclaims his coming near.

Amidst *Judea's* desert wilds  
 His message he declares,  
 And a rough garb of camel's hair  
 With leathern belt he wears.



ent to prepare his Master's way  
By heav'n's exprefs command,  
Repent, he cries, to GOD return,  
His kingdom is at hand.

Now to the root the axe is laid ;  
The fan must cleanse the floor ;  
The wheat shall to the garner come,  
And fire the chaff devour."

But the proud *Pharisees'* high boast  
He scorns with just disdain,  
And *Sadducean* zealots stuns  
In stern reproachful strain.

Ye hateful brood of vipers, who  
Hath warn'd you to foresee  
The wrath to come? or whither thence  
For shelter will ye flee?

Repent, nor think by specious shows  
Omniscience to deceive ;  
Fruits for repentance meet produce,  
Like *Abr'ham's* children live."

Thus may thy way in all our hearts,  
O LORD, be still prepar'd ;  
Our fruit to holiness below,  
And heav'n our full reward.

CCVI. CHRIST *baptized* by JOHN.

iii. 13—17.

IN *Jordan's* tide the Prophet stands,  
Baptizing the repenting *Jews* :  
The Son of GOD the rite demands,  
Nor dares the holy man refuse,  
Though

Though conscious distance awes his mind,  
To wave it while he seems inclin'd.

Wonder, ye heav'ns! the Son of GOD,  
Who no pollution ever knew,  
Descends into the wat'ry flood;  
Ye saints his condescension view,  
Baptiz'd into his death below,  
His resurrection's pow'r to know.

But lo! from yonder op'ning skies  
What beams of dazzling glory spread!  
Dove-like th' eternal Spirit flies,  
And lights on the REDEEMER's head.  
Then *John* beheld the rays divine  
Around his blessed temples shine.

But hark! my soul, hark, and adore!  
What sounds are these that roll along?  
Not like loud *Sin*'s awful roar,  
But soft and sweet as *Gabriel's* song:  
"This is my well-beloved Son,  
"In whom I am well pleas'd alone."

Thus the eternal Father spoke,  
Who shakes creation with a Noë,  
Through parting skies the accents broke,  
Which loud proclaim'd the Son of GOD.  
O hear the joyful word to day,  
Hear, sinners, and your LORD obey.

II. CHRIST *tempted by Satan in the Wilderness.*

iv. 1—11.

## PART I.

SCARCE had MESSIAH been install'd  
 To his high charge in Jordan's wave,  
 When to the desert he was call'd,  
 The hostile pow'r of hell to brave.

'Twas there when JESUS, feeble grown  
 With fasting, and with hunger faint,  
 Had pass'd his forty days alone,  
 The Tempter came, and urg'd his plaint :

Art thou indeed the Son of GOD?  
 Then straight command these stones to bread."  
 But JESUS his device withstood,  
 By soon retorting ; " thus 'tis said :

Man shall not live by bread alone,  
 (Since better food the spirit needs)  
 But by each word of pow'r unknown,  
 That from the mouth of GOD proceeds."

Next to the temple's eminence  
 Th' Arch-stead the blessed SAVIOUR took ;  
 Then bid him call himself from thence,  
 As angels to his steps would look.

Still he confronts the Tempter's lies,  
 Not by his arm, or vengeful rod ;  
 At while the scripture he applies ;  
 Thou shalt not tempt the LORD thy GOD."

The

The last temptation that assail'd  
 Was to adore th' usurping god,  
 When from the mountain-top unveil'd  
 The glories of the world he show'd,  
 Nor only show'd, but offer'd too,  
 So he might gain the labor'd prize;  
 But JESUS to his office true  
 'The scripture cites—the Tempter flies,

## PART II.

**T**HUS Christians, like their suff'ring He  
 Blest with the joy of pard'ning love,  
 Are oft into the desert led,  
 : The malice of their foes to prove.

First to distrust their Father's care  
 Satan impels in time of need,  
 To creature-comforts to repair,  
 As they could succour in his stead.

Anon the saints by satan's guise  
 Are strongly borne aloft to pride,  
 Themselves t' esteem, the weak despise,  
 And wrest the scripture on their side.

Still farther by the pleasing snare  
 Of earthly joys, deceitful charm!  
 Oft would the Prince of this world share  
 Their hearts, and do them mortal harm:

But thanks to JESUS' conqu'ring word,  
 In all their various trials prov'd,  
 And taught to wield that two-edg'd sword,  
 "NO They stand by hell's assaults unmov'd.

Hence

Hence patient and submissive found,  
Like CHRIST, till satan's hour is past;  
Like his, their faith is amply crown'd,  
And angels to their service haste.

**CVIII. CHRIST** *curing every sickness, among  
the People, and preaching the Kingdom of GOD.*

iv. 23.

**JESUS**, thee thy works proclaim

Omnipotently good:

Moses thy forerunner came,

And mighty deeds he show'd.

Minister of wrath divine,

His wonders plagu'd the sinful race;

Works of purest love were thine,

And miracles of grace.

All thy cures are mysteries,

And prove thy pow'r to heal

Ev'ry sickness and disease,

Which now our spirits feel:

Good Physician of mankind,

Thou wilt repeat thy sov'reign word,

Chase the evils of our mind,

And speak our souls restor'd.

Who, thy bounty to receive,

Of other helps despair,

Us thou kindly dost relieve

As objects of thy care;

**Ev'ry**

Ev'ry soul infirmity  
 And plague of heart thou dost remove,  
 Heal it whoe'er to thee apply  
 With balm of bleeding love.

Still thou go'st about to teach,  
 And desp'rate souls to cure;  
 Still thou dost the kingdom preach,  
 Which always shall endure.  
 Publishest the pow'r of grace,  
 Which pardon, peace and comfort brings,  
 Saves our fallen dying race,  
 And makes us priests and kings.

CCIX. *The LORD's Prayer, which he taught  
 his Disciples.*

vi. 9. compared with Luke xi. 1, 2, &c.

**W**HEN CHRIST's own Friends instruct  
 fought

To pray, this sacred pray'r he taught,  
 A model to his church below,  
 Long as time's destin'd course shall flow.

Father of universal love,  
 Who rulest all the worlds above,  
 Let praise thy glorious Name attend,  
 All Kingdoms to thy sceptre bend.

Let men on earth thy laws fulfil;  
 As saints in heav'n obey thy will:  
 Provision for our wants afford  
 Each day, and bless our frugal board.



On us forgiveness free bestow,  
As we to others mercy show:  
Let not temptation lead astray,  
But drive all evil far away.

For thine alone the kingdom is,  
Great Source of everlasting bliss;  
Thine the Supreme, sole, sov'reign pow'r,  
And thine the glory evermore.

CCX. *The Leper healed.*

viii. 2, 3.

**O**FT as the leper's case I read,  
My own describ'd I feel;  
Sin is a leprosy indeed,  
Which none but CHRIST can heal.

A while I would have pass'd for well,  
And strove my spots to hide,  
Till it broke out incurable,  
Too plain to be deny'd.

Then I refus'd the saints to see,  
And dreaded to be seen;  
I thought they all wou'd point at me,  
And cry, "unclean, unclean."

What anguish did my soul endure,  
Till hope and patience ceas'd!  
The more I strove myself to cure,  
The more the plague increas'd.

While

While thus I lay distrest, I saw  
 The SAVIOUR passing by ;  
 To him with reverential awe  
 I rais'd my mournful cry :

- “ LORD, thou canst heal me, if thou wilt,  
 “ For thou canst all things do :  
 “ O cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,  
 “ My filthy heart renew.

He heard, and with a gracious look  
 Pronounc'd the healing word ;  
 “ I will, be clean,”—and while he spoke,  
 I felt my health restor'd.

Come, lepers, seize the present hour,  
 The SAVIOUR's Grace to prove ;  
 He *can* relieve, for he is Pow'r,  
 He *will*, for he is Love.

CCXI. *The Son of Man had not where to lay his head*  
 viii. 20.

- “ **T**HE Son of Man, unknown below,”  
 (’Twas once his mournful cry)  
 “ Though much on others he bestow,  
 “ Yet has not where to lie.  
 “ For all the tribes that wing the air  
 “ He builds the downy nest :  
 “ Yet knows not whither to repair,  
 “ To find a place of rest.

“ E’a

E'en for the foxes' safe retreat  
He forms the covert shed,  
While earth's unshelter'd grassy seat  
Supports his weary head."

So teach us, LORD, by thy poor life  
To sacrifice our ease,  
And bear, devoid of noise and strife,  
Our lesser wants in peace.

'Tis not for servants to aspire  
Above their Master's state ;  
But the blest summons, " Go up high'r,"  
In lowliness to wait.

Soon will that honor be assign'd,  
That better portion giv'n ;  
Our pains and sorrows left behind,  
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

CCXII. JOHN's *Messengers sent to* JESUS.

xi. 2—10.

**H**ARK ! the voice of mercy crying  
In the desert of the heart !  
'Tis love's effort, sweetly trying  
Souls to save, and life impart ;  
Hark ! the messengers of JESUS  
Sent to warn us in his Name !  
May their word divinely seize us,  
While they grace and peace proclaim !

But

But alas ! success is wanting,  
 Oft they spend their strength in vain;  
 All their care in sowing, planting,  
 Fails, they mournfully complain.  
 Some indeed the desert enter,  
 As the preacher they would hear,  
 Seem as if they meant to venture  
 On the word of faith brought near:

But, as reed with tempest shaken,  
 Fluctuates their troubled breast;  
 Terrors now their souls awaken,  
 Now their fears are hush'd to rest:  
 Others view religion clothed  
 As a man in raiment gay;  
 Make as they their follies loathed,  
 Yet ne'er cast them quite away.

Talk of faith and true repentance,  
 While their pleasures they retain,  
 Feel not in them death's sad sentence,  
 Nor by the command are slain.  
 But the souls, who truly hearken  
 To the sacred calls of grace,  
 Do not wisdom's counsels darken,  
 Or an empty shade embrace.

They their message to the SAVIOUR  
 Send in sighs prevailing plea;  
 Meekly seek his pard'ning favour,  
 And enquire, " If this is He."  
 JESUS soon himself discovers  
 As their Husband, Brother, Friend;  
 Humble seekers prove his lovers,  
 True and faithful to the end.

## XIII. JOHN Baptist beheaded by HEROD.

xiv. 6—11.

SHALL Herod's impious oath be thought  
 A sanction full to give  
 To murder dire ? or set at nought  
 Heav'n's high prerogative ?

And shall a holy Prophet's head  
 Sink to such mean repute,  
 As of a dance to be decreed  
 The prize, at rancor's suit ?

Great GOD of wonders, high enthron'd  
 'Bove reason's feeble sight ;  
 Inscrutable thy ways are own'd,  
 Far, far beyond our sight.

Yet from these darkest deeds of shame  
 One lesson may we draw,  
 To raise thy justice deathless fame,  
 And fill our minds with awe :

Though prosp'rous vice triumphant here  
 The just awhile oppress,  
 Soon will the righteous Judge appear,  
 And all their wrongs redress.

The haughty Herods then shall bow  
 Beneath thy iron rod,  
 And all the base Herodias know,  
 'Twas vain to fight with GOD.

CCXIV. CHRIST *walking on the Sea, and  
pearing to the Relief of his Disciples, in a Storm*

xiv. 22—33.

PART I.

**A**ND are our joys so quickly fled?  
We, who were fill'd with living  
With calm delight and peace;  
Constrain'd into the ship we go,  
And now the boistrous violence know  
Of stormy winds and seas.

To shipwreck our weak faith and hope  
Satan hath stirr'd a tempest up,  
Prince of the lower air;  
The world he actuates, and guides;  
He in that troubled ocean rides,  
And reigns despotic there.

The world, obedient to their god,  
Rage horribly, and storm aloud,  
The waves around us roll:  
But fiercer still the storm within,  
While raging floods of inbred sin  
O'erwhelm the tempted soul.

E'en now the waves of passion rise,  
And work and swell, and touch the skies,  
And bear us down to hell;  
Toft in a long tempestuous night,  
While no one gleam of chearful light,  
Or ray of joy we feel.



at lo! in our distress we see  
 the SAVIOUR walking on the sea;  
 E'en now he passes by:  
 He silences our clam'rous fear,  
 And wildly says, "Be of good cheer,  
 Be not afraid, 'tis I."

'Tis I, who bought you with my blood,  
 'Tis I who bring you wash'd to God,  
 'Tis I, the sinners' Friend;  
 'Tis I, in whom ye pardon have,  
 Who speak in truth, mighty to save,  
 And keep you to the end.

PART II.

H! LORD, if it be thou indeed,  
 So near us in the time of need,  
 So good, so strong to save;  
 Speak the kind word of pow'r to me,  
 Let me believe and come to thee,  
 Swift-walking on the wave.

He bids me come, his voice I know,  
 He boldly on the water go  
 To him, my GOD and LORD:  
 Walk on life's tempestuous sea;  
 He, who bled and died for me,  
 Hath spoke the pow'rful word.

I tread, on liquid waves  
 All the storm of passion heed,

N

While

While to my LORD I look ;  
 O'er ev'ry fierce temptation bound,  
 The billows yield a solid ground,  
 The wave is firm as rock.

But if from him I turn mine eye,  
 And see the raging floods run high,  
 And feel my fears within ;  
 My foes so strong, my flesh so frail,  
 Reason and unbelief prevail,  
 And sink me into sin.

Sinking on him for help I call ;  
 " Save, LORD, or into hell I fall,  
 " O snatch me from my doom ;  
 " Stretch out thine hand, and ask me, why,  
 " Why dost thou doubt or fear, when I  
 " Thy LORD have bid thee come ?

## PART III.

**L**ORD, I my unbelief confess,  
 My little spark of faith increase,  
 And I shall doubt no more ;  
 But fix on thee my stedfast eye,  
 And on thine outstretch'd arm rely,  
 Till all the storm is o'er.

JESUS, in us thyself reveal,  
 The winds are hush'd, the sea is still,  
 If in the ship thou art ;  
 O manifest thy pow'r divine,  
 Enter this sinking church of thine,  
 And dwell in ev'ry heart.

come in, come in, thou Prince of Peace ;  
 And all the storms of sin shall cease,  
 And fall no more to rise :  
 We then, if thou with us remain,  
 Our port shall in a moment gain,  
 And anchor in the skies.

CCXV. *Peter walking on the Water.*

xiv. 28—31.

A Word from JESUS calms the sea,  
 The stormy wind controls,  
 And gives repose and liberty  
 To tempest-tossed souls.

So Peter on the waves he came,  
 And chang'd his fears to peace ;  
 Thus to my heart he told his name,  
 And bid my sorrows cease.

Then fill'd with wonder, joy and love,  
 Peter's request was mine ;  
 LORD, call me down, I long to prove  
 That I am wholly thine.

With thee all dangers I will brave  
 On life's tempestuous main,  
 I'll walk upon the stormy wave,  
 And ev'ry fear disdain."

He heard, and smil'd, and bade me try :  
 I eagerly obey'd !  
 But when from him I turn'd my eye,  
 How was my soul dismay'd !

The storm increas'd on ev'ry side;  
 I felt my spirit shrink,  
 And soon with *Peter* loud I cry'd,  
 "LORD, save me, or I sink."

Kindly he caught me by the hand,  
 And said, "why dost thou fear?  
 "Since thou art come at my command,  
 "And I am always near:

"Upon my promise rest thy hope,  
 "And keep my love in view;  
 "I stand engag'd to hold thee up,  
 "And guide thee safely through."

CCXVI. *The Woman of CANAAN.*

xv. 22—28.

**L**ORD, regard my earnest cry,  
 A potsherd of the earth;  
 A poor guilty worm am I,  
 A *Canaanite* by birth.  
 Save me from this tyranny,  
 From all the pow'r of satan save;  
 Mercy, mercy upon me,  
 Thou Son of *David*, have.

To the sheep of *Israel's* fold  
 Thou in the flesh wast sent,  
 Yet the Gentiles now behold  
 In thee their covenant.

See me then, with pity see  
A sinner whom thou cam'st to save ;  
Mercy, mercy upon me,  
Thou Son of *David*, have.

Still I cannot part with thee,  
I will not let thee go ;  
Mercy, mercy upon me,  
Thou Son of *David*, show.  
Silest of the sinful race,  
On thee importunate I call,  
Help me, JESUS, show thy grace,  
Thy grace is free for all.

Nothing am I in thy sight,  
Nothing have I to plead ;  
Into dogs it is not right  
To cast the children's bread.  
Let the dogs the crumbs may eat  
That from the master's table fall ;  
Let the fragments be my meat,  
Thy grace is free for all.

Thy Grace for all is free,  
Thy call now let me hear ;  
Now this token upon me,  
And bring Salvation near.  
Now the gracious word repeat,  
The word of healing to my soul ;  
Gentile, thy faith is great,  
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

## CCXVII. ANOTHER.

**A**LL-conqu'ring Faith! how high it roars  
 When heav'n itself might seem t' oppose  
 Almighty LORD, who didst appear  
 Most merciful, when most severe!

Thus at thy feet our souls would fall,  
 And loudly thus for mercy call;  
 Thou Son of *David*, pity show,  
 And save us from th' infernal foe.

Though vile as brutes our wretched state,  
 Our longing eyes on thee wou'd wait,  
 Who dost to dogs this grace afford,  
 To eat the crumbs beneath thy board.

But thou the humble soul wilt raise,  
 And all its sorrows turn to praise;  
 Each self-abasing broken heart  
 Shall with thy children share a part."

CCXVIII. CHRIST *transfigured on*  
 TABOR.

xvii. 1—8. compared with Luke ix. 28—

**N**O wonder holy *Tabor* shone  
 With more than solar blaze,  
 Through that effulgence round it spread  
 By *Shiloh's* dazzling rays.



gh-favor'd Mount ! that o'er its head  
 Display'd far brighter view,  
 Can twice ten thousand worlds combin'd  
 Could thro' all ages shew.

he hues, that paint the rosy east,  
 When morning spreads its wing,  
 Could prove as mid-night shown with noon  
 Before this glorious King.

hose shining \* heralds from above  
 Upon their Maker wait ;  
 And hold high converse on the theme  
 Of his approaching fate.

here too his happy † fav'rites round,  
 Though hous'd in brittle clay,  
 Are all-involv'd in awful thought  
 Mid heav'n's increasing day.

ell might they seek to pitch their tents  
 In that delightful place,  
 Where Godhead's brightest glory beams  
 From his resplendent face.

at high, my heart ; this lustre shines  
 On Zion's sacred hill :  
 Soon will the blissful sight unfold,  
 And all thy longings fill.

Moses and Elijah.

† Peter, James and John.

## CCXIX. ANOTHER.

**W**HEN at this distance, LORD, we  
The various glories of thy face;  
What transport pours o'er all our breast,  
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

With thee in the obscurest cell  
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,  
Rather than pompous courts behold,  
And share their grandeur and their gold.

Away, ye dreams of mortal joy;  
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;  
I see the King of glory shine,  
And feel his love, and call him mine.

On *Tabor* thus his servants view'd  
His lustre, when transform'd he stood,  
And bidding earthly scenes farewell,  
Cry'd; "LORD, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

Yet still our elevated eyes  
To nobler visions long to rise;  
That grand assembly would we join  
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

That mount how bright! those forms how bright!  
'Tis good to dwell for ever there:  
Come, death, dear envoy of my GOD,  
And bear me to that blest abode.

XX. CHRIST *receiving Money from the  
Mouth of a Fish.*

xvii. 27.

O Strange demand, when nature's King  
To man a tax must pay!  
Though at the footstool of his throne  
Heav'n's hosts their honours lay.

More wond'rous still to see him want,  
The appointed Heir of all!  
No treasures of ten thousand worlds  
Could muster at his call.

Man, grown bankrupt to his GOD,  
Heav'n's riches he foregoes;  
Yet, whence to pay the custom claim'd,  
Alas! he scarcely knows.

Though earth has lock'd its coffers up,  
None haste to lend their LORD;  
The sea is his, and all her tribes  
Are list'ning to his word.

The fish unbidden through the deep  
Surveys the treasures lost,  
Which blind deluded men no more  
Will make their empty boast.

As if it heard great *Cæsar's* call,  
Or knew the SAVIOUR's need,  
It gobbles down the silver coin,  
And plies its fins with speed.

See

See how it hates to meet the hook !  
 Quick through the waves makes way,  
 That in the blest CREATOR's hand  
 The tribute it may lay.

All else but man attentive wait  
 His will, that gave them life :  
 Which in his service shall excel  
 In nature seems the strife.

Take shame, my soul, mark well his eye,  
 Ambitious to obey :  
 With zeal and joy, where he directs,  
 To wing thy ready way.

CCXXI. CHRIST's *triumphant Entry* in  
 JERUSALEM.

xxi. 5—9.

**L**ET *Zion's* spacious roofs resound,  
 Her royal PRINCE draws near !  
 Glad crowds the Son of *David* hail ;  
 Behold his train appear !

Meek on th' unsaddled ass He sits,  
 Who rides the stubborn winds,  
 And in the hollow of his hand  
 The roaring tempest binds.

In humble triumph see them move !  
 While garments strew the way,  
 Which glad Attendants eager strip,  
 And for his carpet lay.

he joyous throng with shouts proclaim  
His coronation morn,  
Unmindful that th' eternal crown  
Did once those brows adorn.

In splendor infinitely bright,  
Ere birth of time he rode,  
And early on the starry floor  
His blessed footsteps trode.

His homely grandeur suits but ill  
A person all divine :  
He means not on fair *Zion's* heights  
In royal robes to shine.

Throw wide the ample doors of thought,  
There let him bear his sway,  
And on the neck of wayward lusts  
His reins almighty lay.

'Tis there MESSIAH courts a seat ;  
Let none his suit deny ;  
Unrival'd let him mount that throne,  
And wave his sceptre high.

In low prostration humbly bend  
To *Zion's* righteous King,  
While heart and tongue, with joy replete,  
The true Hosanna sing.

CCXXII. *Another, or the Multitudes sing*  
*Hosannah to the Son of DAVID.*

**H**OSANNAH to the royal Son  
 Of *David's* ancient line!  
 His natures two, his person one,  
 Myst'rious and divine,

The root of *David* here we find  
 And offspring is the same;  
 Eternity and time are join'd  
 In our IMMANUEL's name.

Blest be the King, who comes to men  
 With peaceful news from heav'n!  
 Hosannah of the highest strain  
 To CHRIST the LORD be giv'n!

Let mortals ne'er refuse to take  
 Th' Hosannah on their tongues,  
 Left rocks and stones should rise, and break  
 Their silence into songs.

CCXXIII. CHRIST's *Answer to his Disciples*  
*they showed him the Stones of the Temple.*

xxiv. 1, 2. xxiii. 37.

**W**HILE CHRIST adores his heav'nly  
 His friends the temple's dome admire  
 With pleas'd regard survey each part,  
 Its vastness, and the builder's art;  
 "Seest thou," they say, "these buildings  
 "These mighty stones high-rais'd in air!"  
 "Behold"

Behold this pile," the LORD replies,  
 This temple of stupendous size,  
 Thrown from its tow'ring pride on high,  
 Shall soon in desolation lie :  
 Thy guilt, O *Solyma*, is full,  
 And nought can now thy doom annul.

Long didst thou heav'n's loud calls withstand,  
 And slay its Seers with murd'rous hand :  
 And oft such madness to restrain  
 With zeal I've strove, but strove in vain ;  
 To union all thy sons to bring,  
 As birds their brood beneath their wing.

But destin'd now to sword and fire  
 Soon shall thy glories all expire :  
 Fierce war thy empire shall o'erthrow,  
 And streams of blood thy land o'erflow.  
 Oh ! hadst thou known thy gracious day !  
 But now alas ! 'tis past away."

XXIV. *On the Sign of the Son of Man appearing, and his sending his Angels with a great Sound of a Trumpet, &c.*

xxiv. 30. 31.

WHEN shall th' imperial standard spread  
 Its crimson through the skies ?  
 To meet their great triumphant Head  
 When shall the members rise ?

Gazing thy church, and list'ning stands :

We long to see thee crown'd—

Now, LORD, send forth thy angel-bands,  
 And bid the trumpet sound.

No,



Now, SAVIOUR, gather thine elect  
 From heav'n's remotest ends,  
 Thine own of ev'ry Name and Sect  
 Far as earth's orb extends.

And while the figtree's\* early bud  
 Proclaims the summer near,  
 Let all the faithful cry aloud:  
 "Redeeming LORD, appear!"

CCXXV. *The General Judgment.*  
 xxv. 31—45.

**T**O seal the gen'ral doom  
 JESUS shall bow the sky,  
 With all his holy angels come,  
 And Father's majesty.  
 All nations then shall meet  
 Arraign'd before his bar,  
 Behold him on his glorious seat;  
 And oh! shall I be there?

The good and wicked seed  
 Here both together stay;  
 But must, ('tis GOD's high will decreed)  
 Be parted at that day:  
 As sheep and goats divide,  
 And leave a space between;  
 Those gather'd to the shepherd's side,  
 And these at distance seen:

\* See Page 507.

The good reputed sheep,  
Are plac'd at his right-hand,  
Who hear his faithful word, and keep  
His ev'ry kind command;  
To CHRIST who gladly give  
Raiment, or food, or ease,  
And in his substitutes relieve  
Their SAVIOUR in distress.

To them the King enthron'd  
With sweetest smiles shall say,  
Come, who your SAVIOUR GOD have own'd  
“ In life's afflictive day :  
“ For you of old prepar'd  
“ The kingdom now receive,  
And ent'ring on your great reward  
“ With me for ever live.”

The goats the wicked are,  
Who mercy did not show,  
Rejected CHRIST through want of care  
For his poor saints below.  
These shall with trembling heart  
Far on the left retire,  
And hear the dreadful word, “ Depart  
“ Into eternal Fire.”

Great Shepherd guide me here,  
And mark me with thy sign;  
And when thou shalt as Judge appear,  
Acknowledge me for thine.  
Thou bid'st me weary come  
On earth to thee for rest ;  
There with thy brethren take me home  
Pronounc'd for ever blest.

## CCXXVI. ANOTHER.

SEE the white throne ! the Judge of all  
 Array'd in majesty and might !  
 With prostrate awe the nations fall,  
 Astonish'd at the solemn sight !

Myriads of ghastly mortals stand  
 Trembling before the bar severe :  
 All refuge fails ; nor sea, nor land  
 Can screen them from destruction near.

The guilty crowds with horror seiz'd,  
 Forlorn of hope, in wild despair,  
 Cry out, " Will not the Judge be pleas'd  
 " To hear benign the suppliant pray'r ? "

Ah ! no ! inexorable now  
 Relentless justice must take place ;  
 And ev'ry knee to JESUS bow  
 Throughout creation's ample space.

Confusion covers ev'ry face,  
 Trembles each heart the Judge to see ;  
 The stoutest of the rebel race  
 Would from his frown with transport flee.

But whither shall the guilty fly ?  
 See worlds in dire confusion tost,  
 The glitt'ring orbs, that roll'd on high,  
 Have all their brilliant glories lost.

While nature melts with fervent heat,  
 And burning heav'ns blaze round his throne  
 Earth sinks consum'd beneath his feet,  
 And utters an expiring groan.

Legion

regions of hov'ring angels wait  
The faints to convoy home prepar'd,  
Who seated on bright thrones of state  
Ardent expect the great award.

O these the King with smiling brow ;  
Come ye blest children of my GOD,  
Who serv'd me in my faints below,  
With joy possess your bright abode."

Young with remorse and keenest smart,  
Their crimes the wicked rue too late ;  
To whom the Judge severe, " Depart,  
Ye curs'd, and meet your wretched fate."

Far from the blessings ye refus'd,  
And spurn'd indignant all my claims :  
Far from the blessings ye abus'd  
Go, dwell in everlasting flames."

'Tis done—the solemn scene is chang'd,  
And distant worlds their parties take :  
All are beneath their banners rang'd,  
For heav'n, or for the burning lake.

VII. MARY MAGDALEN *Anointing* JESUS  
*to his Funeral.*

xxvi. 6. 13.

TO the ends of earth proclaim  
Her still-speaking living fame,  
Who t' anoint the SAVIOUR's head  
Mostly spikenard largely shed.

Richest

Richest balm she could dispense!  
 Sweet and fragrant to the sense!  
 Soft it on his feet distils,  
 All the house with odor fills.

Soon the LORD will disappear,  
 Leave his weeping follow'rs here;  
 'Gainst his burial this prepar'd  
 Meets already its reward.

Let malicious tongues complain,  
 "Why this waste? 'tis pour'd in vain."  
 He commends the gen'rous deed,  
 Lasting as the gospel made.

Learn we hence to serve the LORD  
 Not with things no cost afford;  
 All we have his gift alone,  
 Shall we not restore his own?

Thus true love with sweet delight  
 Honors what it loves aright;  
 She embalms his dying frame,  
 He embalms her deathless name.

CCXXVIII. CHRIST *Instituting his last Supper*  
 xxvi. 20,—29.

**I**N that sad memorable night,  
 When JESUS was for us betray'd,  
 He left his death-recording rite,  
 He took, and blest'd, and brake the bread  
 And gave his own his last bequest,  
 And thus his love's intent express'd:

"Take

Take, eat ; this is my body giv'n,  
To purchase life and peace for you,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n ;  
Do this, my dying love to shew,  
Accept your precious legacy,  
And thus, my friends, remember me."

He took into his hands the cup,  
To crown the sacramental feast ;  
And full of kind concern, look'd up,  
And gave what he to them had blest :  
And drink ye all of this, he said,  
In solemn mem'ry of the dead."

This is my blood, which seals the new  
Eternal cov'nant of my grace ;  
My blood, so freely spilt for you,  
For you, and all the sinful race ;  
My blood, that speaks your sins forgiv'n,  
And justifies your claim to heav'n.

The blessing, which I here bequeath,  
In this divine memorial take ;  
And mindful of your SAVIOUR's death,  
Do this, my followers, for my sake ;  
Who now this bread and wine ordain  
As symbols of my love to men.

CCXXIX. CHRIST's *Agony in the Garden.*

xxvi. 42.

HOW dire must be that weight of wrath  
Which makes IMMANUEL reel !  
Twas far above a finite arm  
Such awful blows to deal.

And

And dost thou shrink, almighty Friend,  
To wade th' abyfs of woe?  
And shudder at the o'erwhelming flood  
Where wrathful billows flow?

What if a GOD should snatch the cup  
From JESUS' trembling hand,  
And to the race, that did the wrong,  
Its bitter dregs command!

Thrice awful hour! did ever world  
In equal peril hang,  
As did our own, when with those cries  
Astonish'd nature rang?

Had he, whose kind indulgent aid  
Frail mortals oft have prov'd,  
But at MESSIAH's word step'd down,  
And that dread cup remov'd;

Men by its taste had stagger'd down  
To an eternal hell,  
And sunk to dark despairing climes,  
Mid endless pains to dwell.

This darkest spot in map of time  
Begins full fast to clear;  
In the meridian of his love  
See JESUS now appear!

His lips recal th' alarming wish—  
His soul new tortures wring,  
Back to his lips the brimful cup  
His blessed fingers bring.



Against my late pray'r, O *Father*, shut  
The windows of the sky;  
Let thy will the cause decide,  
And my request deny.

Go on, smite on, till it suffice,  
Regardless of my pain,  
Of the ransom of these souls  
No mite unpaid remain."

## CCXXX. ANOTHER.

FATHER divine, (the SAVIOUR cry'd,  
While Horror press'd on ev'ry side,  
And prostrate on the ground he lay,)  
Remove this bitter cup away."

If these pangs must still be borne,  
Helpless man be left forlorn,  
Bow my soul before thy throne,  
And say, "*Thy will, not mine, be done.*"

As our submissive souls would bow,  
And taught by JESUS, fall as low;  
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,  
Should say, *Thy will, not ours be done.*

When, though like him in dust we lie,  
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,  
Which, from our portion in his pains,  
Shall to the joy in which he reigns,

CCXXXI. CHRIST *apprehended.*

xxvi. 31 and 47, compared with Luke xxii.

SEE the King of glory share  
 A malefactor's fate !  
 See the clam'rous rabble there  
 Express their utmost hate !  
 Him with swords and staves they seize,  
 Lead with cruel haste away,  
 Then insult him, as they please,  
 And all their rage display.

Each sad circumstance that night  
 Enhanc'd the dismal scene ;  
 Soldiers armed as for fight,  
 With multitudes of men ;  
 All their menaces severe,  
 Join'd with shouts and tumults loud,  
 Could not fail to strike with fear  
 A person less than GOD.

But what wounds his tender heart  
 Still deeper than the rest,  
 Is this thought, which, like a dart,  
 Pervades his aching breast ;  
 " When the Shepherd smitten lies,  
 " Then the scatter'd sheep will roam :"  
 This the scripture testifies,  
 And now the hour is come.

Yet one cheering ray is found  
 To gild the dreary gloom ;  
 Rests this hope midst ills around  
 To break th' impending doom ;

Soon the hour of darkness o'er  
 Shall restore him to his own;  
 Then upborne from earth he'll soar  
 To mount his royal throne.

So prepare us, LORD, to meet  
 Of foes a mighty troop,  
 Eager, if thy hand permit,  
 Our souls to swallow up:  
 Only be thou always near;  
 Still thy presence let us share:  
 In our *Galilee* appear,  
 The mount of faith and pray'r.

CCXXXII. ANOTHER.

THE traitor comes with ruffian crew:  
 "Good master hail!" the traitor cries;  
 Then gives the signal kiss; anew  
 He instant calls, "hold fast your prize."

Whither, ye rude unhallow'd hands,  
 My LORD, my SAVIOUR, will ye bear?  
 O must the Prince of Life these bands  
 Of vilest ignominy wear?

He must; ev'n he, whose voice could bring  
 His Father's legions down to earth:  
 Ten thousand thousand on the wing,  
 To guard his life, who sang his birth.

He must; all rescue he declines,  
 Else oracles in vain foretell  
 Eternal wisdom's great designs,  
 To save a guilty world from hell.

Behold,

Behold, the willing victim goes,  
 As a meek Lamb to slaughter led!  
 What noble fortitude he shows!  
 His look how calm! erect his head!

O JESUS, should thy cause require  
 My blood its heav'n-born truth to seal,  
 Me in that trying hour inspire  
 With thy divinely-glowing zeal.

Then would I follow thee, my LORD,  
 To stripes, to prison, or to death;  
 Hold fast by faith thy patient word,  
 And praise thee with my parting breath.

CCXXXIII. CHRIST *forfaken by his Disciples*  
 xxvi. 56.

**B**EHOLD the Son of GOD's delight!  
 His smiles how sweet! his rays how bright!  
 A Friend of tenderness unknown,  
 To the last breath he lov'd his own.

But his lov'd friends, his brethren dear  
 Fled, when they saw his danger near;  
 And not one gen'rous heart remains  
 To shield his life, or share his pains.

So frail is man!—so frail are we,  
 While unsupported, LORD, by thee!  
 Thus shrinks our faith, thus droops our love,  
 And thus our vows abortive prove.

Let JESUS, thy own pow'r impart,  
 And bind in cords of love my heart;  
 The fugitive no more shall flee,  
 But keep through death his hold of thee.

XXXIV. PETER, *sinning and repenting.*

xxvi. 69—75.

**N**OW did the pow'rs of darkness rage  
 Against the Son of GOD,  
 While cruel men on earth engage  
 To shed his precious blood!

His friends forsook him with surprize,  
 When that dread scene began,  
 And one perfidiously denies,  
 He ever knew the man.

How feeble human efforts prove  
 Against temptation's pow'r!  
 In Peter's flaming zeal and love  
 Are vanquish'd in an hour!

His firmest purpose will not stand;  
 Behold his guilt and shame!  
 LORD, keep me by thy mighty hand,  
 Or I shall do the same.

In length the suff'ring SAVIOUR turns,  
 And looks with pitying eyes;  
 He relents, withdraws, and mourns,  
 And loud for mercy cries.

O

So

So boundless is *JEHOVAH's* Grace,  
 He hears the humble pray'r;  
 If I am found in *Peter's* case,  
 I would not still despair,

Look on me, *LORD*, with eyes of love,  
 My faithless soul restore;  
 My guilt forgive, my fears remove,  
 And let me sin no more.

## CCXXXV. ANOTHER.

**N**OT know the man, the *GOD* below,  
 With whom so late thou vow'dst to be  
 Alas! thyself thou didst not know,  
 Or wouldst not thus thy *LORD* deny,

But he, who gave the slighted word,  
 Soon brought it back upon his mind,  
 The sinner's sleeping conscience stirr'd  
 By shame, with bitt'rest sorrow join'd.

For him, who had his *LORD* forsook,  
 He pray'd towards the Father's throne,  
 And cast the kind upbraiding look,  
 Which instant broke his heart of stone.

See, the sad fruit of sin appears,  
 While *Peter* pours a briny flood!  
 But that, which cost the servant tears,  
 Must cost the *LORD* his richest blood.

The sea of tears which *Peter* sheds,  
 Can never purge his crimson sin;  
 But JESUS for the sinner pleads,  
 And pours his blood to make him clean.

CXXXVI. CHRIST *buffeted and scourged.*

xxvii. 26. and xxvi. 67.

WHAT mean those savage hands  
 To buffet thus my LORD?  
 And not a friend about him stands  
 His succour to afford!

And must he hear his fate  
 By impious lips decreed,  
 While his sworn foes their malice fate  
 By ev'ry barb'rous deed?

Lo! to the pillar bound,  
 Long furrows now they plough,  
 Till his torn back is all one wound,  
 And trembling sinews bow.

To loose our captive chains  
 The LORD was bound below;  
 To save us from infernal pains  
 He bore our weight of woe.

For sins of ev'ry kind  
 He the true scape-goat \* was;  
 And healing by his stripes we find,  
 And blessing by his cross.

\* Lev. xiv. 10.

O 2

O thou



O thou dear suffering LAMB,  
 For man what couldst thou more?  
 In tears and dust I bless thy Name,  
 In silence I adore.

CCXXXVII. CHRIST *cloathed in Purple,*  
*bearing a Reed in his Hand.*

xxvii. 28, 29.

SEE him, whose high almighty hand  
 Heav'n's sceptre long had sway'd,  
 Arrested at a lawless bar,

While haughty worms upbraid!

Now in derision must he grasp

The ignominious reed,

And the rude thorny-plaited crown

Wreath round his sacred head.

Now in mock purple see him drest

Who wore so fair array,

Long ere the sky with radiance deckt

Proclaim'd the rising day,

He cloth'd the herbage of the field

In suits of richest dye;

Yet see his blessed shoulders clad

With robes of infamy!

The knee disdainfully they bow,

With scoffs MESSIAH hail,

Whom on the clouds each eye shall see,

And all earth's kindreds wail.

Say, wears he now the purple garb?  
 Ye lent him this in scorn:  
 Ah! no—his robes of dazzling hue  
 Outshine the rosy morn.

Has JESUS yet a royal sway?  
 What sceptre bears he now?  
 Is it beneath this bruised reed  
 His mocking foes still bow?

CXXXVIII. CHRIST crowned with Thorns.

xxvii. 29.

O How I shrink to see those brows  
 Feel agonizing pain,  
 While thence the trickling purple streams  
 His royal vesture stain!

Those sacred temples well it suits  
 Far other crown to wear,  
 Which heav'n's eternal diadem  
 Shall through all ages bear.

Sharp were the thorns, sin's earliest fruit,  
 Which pierc'd his blessed head;  
 But lo! the curse he now reveals  
 By suffering in our stead.

His pitying eyes, that dew'd yon hill  
 With sympathetic streams,  
 Languish amid the crimson flood,  
 And dart expiring beams.

O 3

O most

O most ingrate *Jerusalem*,  
 That will not yet relent !  
 Was it for this his briny tears  
 On *Olivet* were spent ?

Why does not nature rend her frame,  
 And moulder at the sight ?  
 When nature's GOD 'twixt earth and hell  
 Stands in that dismal plight ?

But ah ! not guiltless were my hands ;  
 That hour they lent their aid,  
 When on his death-devoted head  
 My num'rous crimes were laid.

These with their deadly-venom'd points  
 Pierc'd deep his inmost soul ;  
 They made black terrors swelling high  
 Through all his bosom roll.

CCXXXIX, CHRIST *spit upon.*

xxvii. 30.

**B**LUSH, deeply blush, surrounding him,  
 At this amazing sight !  
 A face divine besmear'd all o'er,  
 Like mid-day turn'd to night !

No act so foul from time's dark womb  
 Was e'er brought forth to view,  
 As this against MESSIAH done  
 By that abandon'd crew.

Had heav'n's high armies of that deed  
Th' amaz'd spectators been,  
In what dark colours had they drawn  
The actors of that scene!

Long did they gaze on his fair face,  
Its blissful smile to meet;  
Their breasts with warmest transport glow'd  
While prostrate at his feet.

Nor less their burning love to him  
E'en in this sad disguise,  
When earth and hell in horrid league  
To vent their malice rise.

But ah! dare I disclaim the deed,  
Wipe off the odious stain?  
Oft with that wrong my heart consents,  
And acts it o'er again.

O may that visage once so marr'd  
On me propitious shine,  
And all my quicken'd pow'rs shall bless  
The Clemency divine.

CCXL. CHRIST *forsaken of* GOD.

xxvii. 46.

MY GOD, where are thy wonted smiles?  
"And wilt thou these suspend,  
When under more than mortal weight  
"My sinking shoulders bend?"

" E'en to thy uncreated eyes  
" The woes I feel are new ;  
" Eternity like scene again  
" Will never spread to view.

" Lo ! universal nature round  
" Each spring to me is dry :  
" And must I now, to crown my pangs,  
" Be outcast from on high ?

" These pangs will to surrounding worlds  
" Thy strictest justice show,  
" That treason 'gainst high heav'n draws down  
" Its brighter hosts will know.

" Far higher lustre round thy throne  
" From this dark scene shall shine,  
" Than if that ruin'd race were left  
" In endless woes to pine.

" Thy love divine in ev'ry groan  
" From pole to pole resounds ;  
" Thy mercy's fame through nature rings  
" From out these speaking wounds.

" These streams, that dye the trembling ground  
" Shall keep thy truth unstain'd,  
" And to each son of reason prove  
" Thy threats are all unfeign'd.

" These stripes will show thy utmost hate  
" Against men's wilful crimes,  
" Far more, than hell's tremendous roar  
" Though all succeeding times.

then thy glory by my pains,  
 Shall spread itself so wide,  
 resign'd, my GOD, I suffer all—  
 Thy wonted comforts hide."

## CCXLI. ANOTHER.

WHAT doleful accents do I hear?  
 What piercing cry invades mine ear?  
 Loaded with shame, and bath'd in blood,  
 Who calls to a forsaking GOD?

Amazing and heart-rending sight!  
 'Tis his own Darling and Delight;  
 Who once in his embraces lay,  
 Dearer than all the sons of day.

Yet when this JESUS died for me  
 Stood on the cursed tree,  
 GOD stood aloof, nor would afford  
 The pitying look, one cheering word.

What then, my soul, must thou have felt,  
 Press'd with all thy load of guilt,  
 Beneath whose weight the SAVIOUR cries,  
 Who form'd the earth, and built the skies?

Yet in that dark tremendous hour  
 Unconquer'd faith exerts its pow'r;  
 "My GOD, my Father," cry'd aloud,  
 And heav'n th' endearing Name avow'd.

From death, from earth he rais'd his Son;  
And gave him for his cross a throne;  
Triumphant there the Sufferer reigns,  
And reaps the harvest of his pains.

Eternal raptures there are known,  
Nor flows the joy on him alone;  
But num'rous as the stars shall shine  
His ransom'd seed in bliss divine.

CCXLII. CHRIST *drinking the Vinegar*  
xxvii. 48.

**H**AVE all the ancient crystal fountains,  
That flow from yonder sky,  
Pour'd down the upper floods in vain,  
And drain'd their cisterns dry?  
That JESUS thus unanswer'd cries  
For but one cooling drop?  
And yet above, beneath, around  
The fountains seem to stop!

How strange that of his rightful own  
He could not find supply!  
That nature 'midst unheard of need  
Should thus her GOD deny!

At length a bosom harder froze  
Than the cold northern snow,  
Through his bless'd lips from out the Spring  
Bids the fell potion flow.



mid the last dissolving pangs  
 Poor cordial this must prove :  
 Our was its taste, compar'd with that  
 The ransom'd quaff above.

Tremble, my soul, whose sins have press'd  
 Some drops of that sad draught ;  
 From faulty deeds which I have done  
 His cup with wrath was fraught.

The sweets of sin, short ferment o'er,  
 To angry vengeance turn,  
 Which in his heart, like liquid fire,  
 Did most intensely burn.

O blessed, blessed be the Man,  
 Who bore such griefs for me,  
 And mid those writhing tortures hung  
 A victim on the tree !

XLIII. CHRIST *crying with a loud Voice, and  
 giving up the Ghost.*

xxvii. 50.

WHAT voice is that, which cry'd so strong,  
 And pierc'd the azure skies ?  
 Is JESUS, who on hell's deep flood  
 Of wrath unmingled lies.

At breaking in with tenfold rage  
 His billows o'er him roll ;  
 They force the doors of thought aside,  
 And roar through all his soul.

Now heav'n suspends its wonted smiles,  
Black fiends are hov'ring round;  
They strike deep horrors through his mind,  
Loud execrations sound.

In plenteous drops the purging stream  
Springs fast from ev'ry pore,  
And by the spreading crimson dew  
He clears our guilty score.

Though death in all his terrors drest  
Now grins with horrid frown,  
Unmov'd he stands the dreadful brunt,  
Till all his darts are thrown.

At length the deadly foe prevails,  
The vital flame burns low;  
No wonder, when a sea of wrath  
Doth thus around it flow.

His head which long sustain'd the shock  
Begins at last to sink;  
Now push'd through ev'ry lane of life  
He hovers on the brink.

How sharp the strokes at that dread hour  
The arm of justice laid!  
Till with the parting pang he cry'd,  
"Man's debt is fully paid."

The Prince of Life now sets in death,  
(Behold his eye-lids close!)  
And with a loud triumphant voice  
Concludes his mortal woes.

XLIV. *The Centurion's Confession at the Death*  
of **CHRIST.**

xxvii. 54.

**Y**ONDER, amazing sight!—I see  
Th' incarnate Son of GOD,  
Expiring on th' accursed tree,  
And welt'ring in his blood.

Behold a purple torrent run  
Down from his hands and head!  
The crimson tide puts out the sun,  
His groans awake the dead.

The trembling earth, the darken'd sky  
Proclaim the truth aloud,  
And with th' amaz'd Centurion cry,  
"This is the Son of GOD."

So great, so vast a sacrifice  
May well my hope revive;  
If GOD's own Son there bleeds and dies,  
The sinner sure may live.

XLV. *Circumstances attending the Death of*  
**CHRIST.**

xxvii. 51—53.

**T**IS done—th' atoning work is done,  
JESUS, the world's REDEEMER dies!  
All nature feels th' important groan,  
Loud echoing through the earth and skies:  
The

Now heav'n suspends its wonted smiles,  
Black fiends are hov'ring round;  
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If GOD's own Son there bleeds and dies,  
The sinner sure may live.

XLV. *Circumstances attending the Death* of  
CHRIST.

xxvii. 51—53.

THIS done—th' atoning work is done,  
JESUS, the world's REDEEMER dies!  
All nature feels th' important groan,  
Loud echoing through the earth and skies:  
The

The earth doth to her center quake,  
 And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black;  
 The temple's veil is rent in twain,  
 While JESUS meekly bows his head;  
 The rocks resent his mortal pain,  
 The yawning graves give up their dead;  
 The bodies of the saints arise,  
 To grace his triumph to the skies.

And shall not we his death partake,  
 In sympathetic anguish groan?  
 O SAVIOUR, let thy passion shake  
 Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone;  
 Thy risen life our souls restore,  
 And wake us that we sleep no more.

CCXLVI. *The Angels Reply to the Women,*  
*sought CHRIST.*

xxviii. 5, 6.

**Y**E humble souls that seek the LORD,  
 Chase all your fears away,  
 And bow with pleasure down to see  
 The place where JESUS lay.

Thus low the LORD of life was brought;  
 Such wonders love can do:  
 Thus cold in death that breast repos'd,  
 Which throb'd and bled for you.

A moment give a loose to grief,  
 Let grateful sorrows rise,  
 And wash the bloody stains away  
 With torrents from your eyes.



Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,  
The SAVIOUR lives again;  
Not all the bolts and bars of death,  
The conqueror could detain.

High o'er th' angelic bands he rears  
His once dishonour'd head,  
And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead.

With joy, like his, shall ev'ry saint  
His empty tomb survey;  
Then rise with his ascending LORD  
Through all the shining way.

CCXLVII. ANOTHER.

ALL ye, who seek the LORD that died,  
Your GOD for sinners crucify'd;  
Prevent the earliest dawn, and come  
To worship at the sacred tomb.  
Bring the sweet spices of your sighs,  
Your contrite hearts, and streaming eyes,  
Your sad complains, and humble fears;  
Come, and embalm him with your tears.  
While thus ye love your souls to employ,  
Your sorrows shall be turn'd to joy;  
Now let your sighing grief be o'er;  
Believe and ye shall weep no more.  
An earthquake hath the cavern shook,  
And burst the door, and rent the rock;  
The LORD hath sent his angel down,  
To roll away the ponderous stone.



As snow behold his garment white;  
His countenance as light'ning bright:  
He sits, and waves a flaming sword,  
And waits upon his rising LORD.

The body breathes, and lifts its head,  
The keepers sink, and fall as dead:  
The dead restor'd to life appear,  
The living quake, and die for fear.

The LORD of life is ris'n indeed,  
To death deliver'd in your stead;  
His life proclaims your sins forgiven,  
And shews the living way to heav'n.

Go, tell the follow'rs of your LORD,  
Their JESUS is to life restor'd:  
He lives, that they his life may find,  
He lives to quicken all mankind.

CCXLVIII. *The Resurrection and Ascension of*  
**CHRIST.**

xxviii.

**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup>, the LORD is ris'n to-day,  
Sons of men, and angels say;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal !  
 CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell ;  
 Death in vain forbids his rise,  
 CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious KING :  
 Where, O death is now thy sting ?  
 Once he died our souls to save,  
 Where thy victory, O grave ?

Join we now, where CHRIST has led,  
 Following our exalted Head :  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise ;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What though once we perish'd all,  
 Partners of our parents fall ;  
 Second life we now receive,  
 In our heav'nly *Adam* live.

Ris'n with him, we upward move,  
 Still we seek the things above ;  
 Still pursue, and kiss the Son,  
 Seated on his Father's throne.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,  
 Dead to all we leave below ;  
 Heav'n our aim, and lov'd abode,  
 Hid our life with CHRIST in GOD.

Hid, till CHRIST our life appear  
 Glorious in his members here ;  
 Join'd to Him we then shall shine  
 All immortal, all divine.

Hail,

Hail, the LORD of earth and heav'n!  
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n:  
 Thee we greet triumphant now,  
 Hail, the *Resurrection* Thou.

King of glory, soul of bliss!  
 Everlasting life is this,  
 Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,  
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

## CCXLIX. ANOTHER.

**T**REMBLING earth gave awful sign,  
 Flash'd from heav'n a form divine:  
 Quick the lightning of his look Hal.  
 Terror in the soldiers struck. Hal.

Angel, roll the stone away;  
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey:  
 See! He rises from the tomb,  
 Glowing with immortal bloom!

'Tis the SAVIOUR! Angel, raise  
 Fame's eternal trump of praise:  
 Let the world's remotest bound  
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Shout, ye saints, in rapt'rous song;  
 Let the strains be sweet and strong:  
 Shout the Son of GOD, this morn  
 From the sepulchre new-born.

hail, victorious JESUS, hail!  
In thy cloud of glory sail  
A long triumph through the sky,  
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Heav'n displays her portals wide;  
Glorious Hero, through them ride!  
King of Glory, mount the throne,  
Thy great Father's, and thy own!

Powers of heav'n, seraphic Fires,  
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres:  
Sons of men, in humbler strain  
Sing your mighty SAVIOUR's reign.

Every note with wonders swell,  
In o'er thrown, and captiv'd hell:  
There is hell's terrific king?  
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

MARK.

CCL. CHRIST *confessed by the Devils.*

i. 23, 24.

WILL then the black infernal troops  
In yonder den that growl,  
Their stubborn necks to JESUS bow,  
And yield to his controul?

Yes,

Yes, at his summons they must fly,  
 And to their chains return,  
 Where sheets of sulphur flaming high  
 Around their prison burn.

The softest whisper of a GOD  
 To fiends fresh torture brings;  
 Their breasts, before the face divine  
 Are pierc'd with thousand stings.

Conscious of his superior pow'r,  
 To him they quit their claim;  
 Though long blasphemers, yet with art  
 They speak th' incarnate Name.

How harsh the sound, to hear despair  
 Pronounce MESSIAH known!  
 Yet with that breath their scorched tongues  
 All hopes from him disown.

Well may they know his high descent!  
 Hell's gloom with howlings rung,  
 When at his birth angelic Hosts  
 Their sweetest anthems sung.

Of old they felt his potent arm  
 Inflict its vengeful blows,  
 When on the heav'n-usurping bands  
 MESSIAH godlike rose.

No wonder, they still roar aloud  
 At his approaching sight,  
 And dread a deeper plunge in woes  
 Of everlasting night.

r'd be that almighty hand  
 Which forg'd their bars so strong,  
 Screens each hour my naked head  
 From this malicious throng.

**CCLI. *The Paralytic healed.***

ii. 3—11.

**ONE SICK IN BODY, AND BURDENED IN  
 MIND.**

EE, LORD, the object of thy love:  
 And O! come quickly from above  
 The blessing to impart;  
 On to thyself by faith unite,  
 In large bloody letters write  
 Forgiveness on his heart.

ble and languishing in pain,  
 Only longs thy love to gain,  
 That med'cine of the soul.

SUS, thy pard'ning love reveal,  
 And give him now the balm to feel,  
 Which made our spirits whole.

! in the arms of faith and pray'r  
 Thee his sin-sick soul we bear,  
 And place beneath thine eye;  
 Pronounce the comfortable word,  
 And speak him now to health restor'd,  
 And freely justify.

Thou

Thou Son of Man, with equal ease  
 The body and the soul's disease  
 Canst in a moment heal;  
 Canst from his bed of sickness raise,  
 And by thine instantaneous grace  
 His present pardon seal.

But that the faithless world may know,  
 Thou canst forgive our sins below,  
 Before we reach the skies,  
 The double miracle repeat,  
 Absolve the sinner at thy feet,  
 And bid his body rise.

Body and soul at once restore,  
 And bid him testify the pow'r,  
 That shows his sins forgiv'n:  
 Bid him by faith take up his bed,  
 On which thy sacred limbs were laid,  
 And bear his cross to heav'n.

CCLII. *A Legion dispossessed.*

v. 2. 19.

**L**EGION was my name by nature,  
 Satan rag'd within my breast;  
 Never misery was greater,  
 Never sinner more possess'd.  
 Mischievous to all around me,  
 To myself the sorest foe;  
 Thus I was, when JESUS found me,  
 Fill'd with madness, sin, and woe.



in this forlorn condition  
When he came to set me free,  
ply'd to my Physician ;  
What have I to do with thee ?"  
he would not be prevented,  
 seiz'd the rebel 'gainst my will ;  
ongly urg'd, till I consented,  
Or I'd been a captive still.  
an, boast, he said, no longer ;  
Know, this soul is none of thine :  
n my holy arm the stronger,  
Now I challenge it for mine.  
ough it long has thee resembled,  
Henceforth it shall me obey ;"  
us he spoke, while satan trembled,  
Gnash'd his teeth, and fled away.  
us my frantic soul he healed,  
Bid my sins and sorrows cease ;  
ke, said he, thy pardon sealed  
I have sav'd thee, go in peace."  
ther take me, LORD, to heaven  
Now thy love and grace I know,  
ce thou hast my sins forgiven,  
Why should I remain below ?  
ve, he said, would sweeten labours :  
Thou must not rejoice alone ;  
o, and tell thy friends and neighbours,  
What my love for thee has done.  
ve to manifest my glory,  
Wait for heav'n a longer space ;  
ners, when they hear thy story,  
Struck with awe will seek my face."

## CCLIII. ANOTHER.

FOR ONE IN TEMPTATION.

**J**ESUS, the promise under thee  
 We plead, and touching this agree,  
 To ask it for our friend;  
 The help thou only canst bestow,  
 Deliv'rance from his cruel foe,  
 A swift deliv'rance send.

The virtue of thy saving Name  
 To day, as yesterday the same,  
 In his relief exert:  
 The fiend, who dares thy shrine invest,  
 No more permit him to molest,  
 But bid him now depart.

Thou canst with equal ease make whole  
 The body and the sin-sick soul,  
 Physician of mankind:  
 Thy patient, LORD, at once restore,  
 Fill'd with the spirit of love and pow'r,  
 And of an healthful mind.

Cloath'd with humility and grace,  
 Thy sav'd, thy happy servant place  
 Attentive at thy feet:  
 And never may he thence remove,  
 Till spotless in thy sight above  
 He finds his joy compleat.

IV. *Another, commanded to publish the Miracle.*

ver. 19, 20.

YESUS, at thy command I go,  
And to my friends the wonders show,  
Which thou to me hast shown :  
Thou hast thy pard'ning love reveal'd,  
The fiend out of my heart expell'd,  
And claim'd it for thine own.

While thus I testify of thee  
With genuine meek humility,  
Thy witness, LORD, inspire ;  
That all my friends may wake, and fear,  
And listen till thyself they hear,  
And catch the heav'nly fire.

Didst thou in me thyself reveal,  
That I thy goodness might conceal,  
Or boastingly proclaim ?  
No, but thou wilt my wisdom be,  
And give me true simplicity,  
To glorify thy Name.

Wherefore in confidence of grace  
tell to all the ransom'd race,  
What thou for me hast done ;  
That all the ransom'd race may find  
The present SAVIOUR of mankind,  
And praise my GOD alone.

CCLV. *The bloody Issue healed.*

v. 24—34.

## PART I.

**H**OW shall a sinner come to GOD?  
 A fountain of polluted blood  
 For years my plague has been;  
 From *Adam* the infection came,  
 My nature is with his the same,  
 The same with his my sin.

In me the stubborn evil reigns,  
 The poison spreads throughout my veins;  
 A loathsome sore disease,  
 Makes all my soul and life unclean;  
 My ev'ry word, work, thought is sin,  
 And desp'rate wickedness.

Long have I liv'd in grief and pain,  
 And suffer'd many things in vain,  
 And all physicians try'd;  
 Nor men, nor means my soul can heal,  
 The plague is still incurable,  
 The fountain is undry'd.

No help can I from these receive,  
 Nor men, nor means can e'er relieve,  
 Or give my spirit ease;  
 Still worse and worse my case I find;  
 Here then I cast them all behind,  
 From all my works I cease.

Use, but trust in means no more;  
 Give my self-saving labours o'er,  
 Th' unequal task forbear;  
 My strength is spent, my strife is past;  
 Hardly I give up all at last,  
 And yield to self-despair.

## PART II.

Find brought in a better hope,  
 Succour for me there is laid up,  
 For ev'ry helpless soul;  
 Salvation is in JESUS' Name,  
 Could I but touch his garment's hem,  
 E'en I should be made whole.

His body doth the cure dispense,  
 His garment is the ordinance,  
 In which he deigns t' appear:  
 The word, the pray'r, the broken bread—  
 Virtue from him doth here proceed,  
 And I shall find him here.

Follow'd with the thoughtless throng,  
 And press'd, and crouded him too long,  
 And weigh'd him down with sin:  
 But him I did not hope to touch;  
 Never us'd the means as such,  
 Or look'd to be made clean.

The spirit of an healthful mind,  
 Waited not in them to find,

The bread, that comes from heav'n:  
Beyond my form I did not go,  
The pow'r of godliness to know,  
And feel my sins forgiv'n.

But now I seek to touch my LORD,  
To hear his whisper in the word,  
To feel his Spirit blow;  
To catch the love of which I read,  
To taste him in the mystic bread,  
And all his sweetness know.

'Tis here, in hope my GOD to find,  
With humble awe I come behind,  
And wait his grace to prove:  
Before his face I dare not stand,  
But faith puts forth a trembling hand  
To apprehend his love.

Surely his healing pow'r is nigh—  
I touch him now—by faith ev'n I,  
My LORD, lay hold on thee;  
Thy pow'r is present now to heal,  
I feel, through all my soul I feel  
That JESUS died for me.

Issues from thee a purer flood;  
The poison'd fountain of my blood  
Is in a moment dry'd;  
The sov'reign antidote takes place,  
And I am freely sav'd by grace,  
And I am justify'd.

I glory in Redemption found:  
JESUS, my LORD and GOD, look round

The conscious sinner see :  
 'Tis I have touch'd thy cloaths, and own  
 The miracle thy grace has done  
 On such a worm as me.

Behold me prostrate at thy feet,  
 But hear me thankfully repeat  
 The mercies of my GOD :  
 Felt from thee the med'cine flow,  
 Tell thee all the truth, and show  
 The virtue of thy blood.

With lowly reverential fear  
 Testify that thou art near  
 To all that seek thy love ;  
 SAVIOUR of all I thee proclaim ;  
 The world may know thy healing name,  
 And all its wonders prove.

Speak then once more, and tell my soul,  
 Sinner, thy faith hath made thee whole,  
 Thy plague of sin is o'er :  
 From thy own works this moment cease,  
 Depart in everlasting peace,  
 " Depart, and sin no more."

CCLVI. *The Ruler's Daughter raised.*

v. 35—42.

COULD the creatures help or ease us,  
 Seldom should we think of pray'r ;  
 Few, if any, come to JESUS  
 Till reduc'd to self-despair.

P 3

Long



Long we slight or doubt his favor,  
 But when all the means we try,  
 Prove them vain without a SAVIOUR,  
 Then at last to him we cry.

Thus the Ruler, when his daughter  
 Suffer'd much though CHRIST was nigh,  
 Still deferr'd it, till he thought her  
 At the very point to die.

Though he mourn'd for her condition,  
 He did not entreat the LORD,  
 'Till he found, that no physician  
 But himself could help afford.

JESUS did not answer chiding  
 That he had no sooner come;  
 But consented at his bidding,  
 And vouchsaf'd t' attend him home,  
 Yet his faith was put to trial,  
 When his servants came and said;  
 " Though he gave thee no denial,  
 " 'Tis too late—the child is dead."

JESUS to prevent his grieving,  
 Kindly spoke, and eas'd his pain;  
 " Be not fearful, but believing,  
 " Thou shalt see her live again."  
 When he found the people weeping,  
 " Cease, he said, no longer mourn;  
 " For she is not dead, but sleeping;"  
 Then they laughed him to scorn.

O thou meek and lowly SAVIOUR,  
 How determin'd is thy love!  
 Not this rude unkind behaviour  
 Could thy gracious purpose move.

Soon as he the room had enter'd,  
Spoke, and took her by the hand,  
Death at once his prey surrender'd,  
Life return'd at his command.

Fear not then, distress'd believer,  
Venture on his mighty Name;  
CHRIST is able to deliver,  
His compassions are the same.  
Can his pity or his power  
Suffer thee to pray in vain?  
Wait but his appointed hour,  
Soon thy suit thou shalt obtain.

CCLVII. ANOTHER.

JESUS, I wait the Spirit's pow'r,  
Which ever doth from thee proceed,  
Which did the breathless maid restore,  
To raise my spirit from the dead:  
I look continually to prove  
The hidden life of faith and love.  
The life, by miracle restor'd,  
Must be by common means sustain'd:  
But quicken'd by my loving LORD  
The life which through his grace I gain'd,  
Each moment by his Grace is fed,  
And nourish'd with immortal bread.  
Whoe'er by thy command impart  
The childrens' bread, the strength'ning grace,  
Thou, LORD, both food and feeder art;  
Thy Spirit to our souls conveys  
Perceiv'd or unperceiv'd supplies  
Of heav'nly life that never dies.

CCLVIII. *The Deaf and Dumb Man* *reph*  
vii. 31—38.

**S**PIRITUALLY deaf and dumb,  
Pity, LORD, my hapless doom,  
Since thou visitest our coasts,  
From above yon angel hosts.  
Led this blessed day to thee,  
Lay thine healing hand on me;  
Let me the sweet season prove  
Of thy all-restoring love.

Take me from the crowd apart,  
From the world detach my heart;  
Put thy fingers in my ears,  
Sign, that Grace to me appears.  
SAVIOUR merciful and strong,  
Let thy spittle touch my tongue,  
Emblem of thy cleansing blood,  
Poured from the veins of GOD.

Now I look to heav'n benign,  
Taught by that blest look of thine:  
"LORD, with fervent soul I pray,  
"Sigh the pitying *Ephthatha*."  
Fled away is unbelief,  
Fatal cause of all my grief;  
Open'd ears and loosen'd tongue,  
Glad I sing the gospel song.

Multitudes amaz'd around  
Catch the life-inspiring sound,  
Join the angel choirs to tell,  
"JESUS hath done all things well."

"JESUS"

JESUS makes the deaf to hear,  
Makes the dumb his praise declare ;  
Join, ye blood-bought race, to tell,  
JESUS hath done all things well.

LIX. CHRIST's *compassion to the Multitude, in feeding them miraculously in the Wilderness.*

viii. 1—3.

JESUS, sinners Friend, receive us,  
Feeble, famishing, and faint ;  
O thou Bread of life, relieve us,  
Or we soon shall die for want.  
Lest we perish, LORD, for ever,  
Thou our sinking spirits stay,  
Give some token of thy favor,  
Empty send us not away.

We have in the desert tarried  
Long, and nothing have to eat ;  
Comfort us distress'd and wearied,  
Feed our souls with living meat.  
Still with bowels of compassion  
See thy helpless people, see ;  
Let us taste thy great Salvation,  
Let us feed by faith on thee.

CCLX. ANOTHER.

O Thou, whose bowels yearn'd to see  
The hungry crowd that follow'd thee,  
And nothing had to eat,  
Pity again the famish'd throng,  
Who have with thee continued long,  
And faint for want of meat.

P 5

JESUS.

JESUS, our outward wants relieve,  
 But oh! the food immortal give,  
 Our empty souls to fill:  
 Sustain us by thy strength'ning grace,  
 And bring us through this wilderness  
 To thy celestial hill.

CCLXI. CHRIST *casting out a dumb Spirit*  
 ix. 25—27.

**I**N strong array what countless foes  
 'Gainst mortals take the field!  
 What need with each returning morn  
 Our burnish'd arms to wield!

Man oft against himself must war,  
 And outward shocks sustain,  
 Nor may he hope to shun the rage  
 Of hell's invidious train.

See there its desp'rate spite display'd!  
 What one dumb fiend has done,  
 Where the sad father aid implores  
 For his afflicted son!

Ah imp accurs'd! scap'd from the gloom,  
 How durst he upward soar?  
 Why break the wide infernal ranks,  
 Or leave their mingled roar?

We mortals weary of their sway,  
 Now to MESSIAH yield,  
 Whose wing from their fierce shafts is spread  
 Our naked heads to shield.

How should they bear that mighty arm,  
Which hurl'd them from the sky,  
And o'er their rebel rout achiev'd  
A signal victory?

What tortures now the fiend repents!  
Hark! what a dismal cry!  
JESUS' frown dark horrors rage,  
Infuriate demons fly.

Neath the shelter of a GOD  
The saints delight to dwell;  
And stand unpierc'd by sharpest darts,  
Forg'd in the pit of hell.

Dore the hand which fix'd the bars  
To that infernal gate,  
Which slacks or draws their rattling chains,  
And curbs their fiercest hate.

LXII. CHRIST *taking little Children in his arms, and blessing them.*

x. 14—16.

SEE *Israel's* gentle Shepherd stand  
With all-engaging charms!  
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms!

Permit them to approach, he cries,  
Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The LORD of angels came.

We bring them, LORD, in thankful hands  
 And yield them up to thee ;  
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
 Thine let our offspring be.

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear,  
 Ye children, seek his face ;  
 And fly with transport to receive  
 The blessings of his grace.

If orphans they are left behind,  
 Thy guardian care we trust ;  
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts  
 If weeping o'er their dust.

CCLXIII. *The young Man going away sorrowful*  
 from CHRIST.

X. 21—22.

**M**UST all the charms of nature then  
 So hopeless to salvation prove ?  
 Can hell demand, can heav'n condemn  
 The man, whom JESUS deigns to love ?

The man, who sought the ways of truth,  
 The fairest reputation bore ;  
 A modest, sober, lovely youth,  
 Who thought he wanted nothing more.

But mark the change ; thus spake the LORD,  
 " Come part with earth for heav'n to day."  
 The youth, astonish'd at the word,  
 In silent sadness went away.



Poor virtues, though of specious show,  
 This test unable to endure !  
 Let CHRIST, and Grace, and Glory go,  
 To make his land and money sure !

Ah ! foolish choice of treasure here !  
 Ah ! fatal love of tempting gold !  
 Must this base world be bought so dear,  
 And life and heav'n so cheaply sold ?

In vain the charms of nature shine,  
 If this vile passion govern still ;  
 Transform my soul, O Love divine,  
 And crucify my selfish will.

CCLXIV. CHRIST *hastening to suffer.*

x. 32.

THE SAVIOUR ! what a noble flame  
 Was kindled in his breast,  
 When hastening to *Jerusalem*  
 He march'd before the rest !

Goodwill to men, and zeal for GOD  
 His ev'ry thought engross ;  
 He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,  
 He pants to reach the cross.

With all his suff'rings full in view,  
 And woes to us unknown,  
 Forth to the task his spirit flew ;  
 'Twas love that urg'd him on.

LORD,

LORD, we return thee what we can,  
 Our hearts shall sound abroad  
 Salvation to the dying man,  
 And to the rising GOD.

And while thy bleeding glories here  
 Engage our wond'ring eyes,  
 We learn our lighter crosses to bear,  
 And hasten to the skies.

CCLXV. CHRIST, *curfing the barren Fig-tree*  
 xi. 13, 14.

ONE awful word, that JESUS spoke,  
 Against the tree which bore no fruit,  
 More piercing than the light'ning's stroke,  
 Blasted, and dry'd it to the root.

But could a tree the LORD offend,  
 To make him show his anger thus?  
 No, but he surely did intend  
 A warning that should reach to us.

The fig-tree by its leaves was known,  
 But having nothing more to show,  
 It brought a heavy sentence down:  
 "No fruit hereafter on thee grow."

Thus numbers, who the gospel hear,  
 Whom satan blinds, and sin deceives,  
 We to this fig-tree may compare;  
 They yield no fruit, but only leaves.

Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,  
 Unless combin'd with faith and love,  
 And witness'd by a holy walk,  
 Will not a true profession prove.

Without the fruit the LORD expects,  
 Knowledge will make our state the worse;  
 The barren trees he still rejects,  
 And soon will blast them with his curse.

O LORD, unite our hearts in pray'r,  
 On us let heav'nly show'rs descend,  
 That we the fruits of grace may bear,  
 And find at last the Judge our Friend.

CCLXVI CHRIST *purging the Temple.*

xi. 15—17.

NOW JESUS treads the hallow'd floor,  
 The temple strictly views;  
 Each corner of those famed courts  
 To him pollution shews.

The impious band are swarming round,  
 Intent on lawless gain;  
 Extortion, fraud, and black deceit  
 The warm oblations stain.

How just the Master of the place  
 Should use his chaf'ning rod,  
 And teach those daring sons of shame  
 'Twas set apart for GOD!

This

This holy ground was ne'er inclos'd  
 For mercenary trade;  
 Sever'd from earth to heav'n alone  
 These walls were sacred made.

O LORD of glory, from above  
 Now deign to view my mind;  
 For in that temple rear'd to thee  
 Such buyers thou mayst find.

Nought but thine own almighty arm  
 Can these disturbers chase;  
 Though human pow'r should drive them on,  
 They still resume the place.

But let this long-polluted heart  
 Become thy hallow'd shrine,  
 And all my pow'rs to thee shall rise  
 A sacrifice divine.

#### CCLXVII. ANOTHER.

THY mansion is the christian's heart,  
 O LORD, thy dwelling-place secure;  
 Bid the unruly throng depart,  
 And leave the consecrated door.

Although the sacred Name it bear,  
 A thievish swarm frequents the place;  
 My comforts oft from me they tear,  
 And rob my SAVIOUR of his praise.

There too a sharp designing trade  
 Sin, satan, and the world maintain;  
 Nor cease to press me, and persuade  
 To part with ease, and purchase pain.

know them, and I hate their din,  
Am weary of the bustling crowd ;  
But while their voice is heard within,  
I cannot serve thee as I would.

Oh for the joy thy presence gives !  
What peace shall reign, when thou art here !  
Thy presence makes this den of thieves  
A calm delightful house of pray'r.  
And if thou make thy temple shine,  
Yet self-abas'd will I adore :  
The gold and silver are not mine,  
I give thee what was thine before.

CCLXVIII. CHRIST *appearing to* MARY  
MAGDALEN.

i. 9, 10, compared with Mat. xxviii. 9, and  
John xx. 16.

**H**APPY *Magdalen* ! to whom  
CHRIST the LORD vouchsaf'd t' appear !  
Newly risen from the tomb,  
Would he first be seen by her ?  
Her by spirits impure possess'd  
Till his word the fiends expell'd,  
Quench'd the hell within her breast,  
All her sins and sickness heal'd.

Yes, to her the Master came,  
First his welcome voice she hears ;  
JESUS calls her by her name,  
He the weeping sinner cheers.

Lets

Lets her the dear task repeat,  
While her eyes again run o'er,  
Lets her hold his bleeding feet,  
Kiss them, and with joy adore.

Highly favor'd soul! to her  
Farther still his grace extends:  
Raises the glad messenger,  
Sends her to his drooping friends,  
Tidings of their loving LORD  
First in her report they find,  
She must spread the gospel word,  
Teach the teachers of mankind.

Who can now presume to fear?  
Who despair his LORD to see?  
JESUS, wilt thou not appear?  
Shew thyself alive to me?  
Yes, my GOD, I dare not doubt,  
Thou shalt all my sins remove;  
Thou hast cast a legion out,  
Thou wilt perfect me in love.

Surely thou hast call'd me now,  
Now I hear the voice divine;  
At thy wounded feet I bow,  
Wounded for whose sins but mine?  
I have nail'd him to the tree,  
I have sent him to the grave;  
But the LORD is ris'n for me,  
Hold of him by faith I have.

Here for ever would I lie,  
Didst thou not thy servant raise?  
Send me forth to testify  
All the wonders of thy grace?

O! I at thy bidding go,  
Gladly to thy followers tell,  
They their risen GOD may know,  
They the life of CHRIST may feel.

Hear, ye brethren of the LORD,  
Such he you vouchsafes to call;  
Believe the gospel word,  
CHRIST both died and rose for all.  
Turn ye from your sins to GOD,  
Haste to *Galilee*, and see  
Him who bought you with his blood,  
Him who rose to set you free.

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LUKE.

LXIX. *The Salutation of the Virgin MARY.*

i. 26—33.

SWIFT as a sunbeam *Gabriel* flies  
To tell the gladsome news,  
And burns with pure seraphic flame  
The mist'ry to disclose.

Or less the blessed Virgin's joy  
To hear the wond'rous tale,  
Which this bright herald from above  
Is charged to reveal.

Hail!



Lets her the dear task repeat,  
 While her eyes again run o'er,  
 Lets her hold his bleeding feet,  
 Kifs them, and with joy adore.

Highly favor'd soul ! to her  
 Farther still his grace extends :  
 Raises the glad messenger,  
 Sends her to his drooping friends,  
 Tidings of their loving LORD  
 First in her report they find,  
 She must spread the gospel word,  
 Teach the teachers of mankind.

Who can now presume to fear ?  
 Who despair his LORD to see ?  
**JESUS**, wilt thou not appear ?

Shew thyself alive to me ?  
 Yes, my GOD, I dare not doubt,  
 Thou shalt all my sins remove ;  
 Thou hast cast a legion out,  
 Thou wilt perfect me in love.

Surely thou hast call'd me now,  
 Now I hear the voice divine ;  
 At thy wounded feet I bow,  
 Wounded for whose sins but mine ?  
 I have nail'd him to the tree,  
 I have sent him to the grave ;  
 But the LORD is ris'n for me,  
 Hold of him by faith I have.

Here for ever would I lie,  
 Didst thou not thy servant raise ?  
 Send me forth to testify  
 All the wonders of thy grace ?

O! I at thy bidding go,  
Gladly to thy followers tell,  
They their risen GOD may know,  
They the life of CHRIST may feel.

Hear, ye brethren of the LORD,  
Such he you vouchsafes to call;  
believe the gospel word,  
CHRIST both died and rose for all.  
Turn ye from your sins to GOD,  
Haste to *Galilee*, and see  
him who bought you with his blood,  
Him who rose to set you free.

LUKE.

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To tell the gladsome news,  
and burns with pure seraphic flame  
The mist'ry to disclose.

or less the blessed Virgin's joy  
To hear the wond'rous tale,  
Which this bright herald from above  
Is charged to reveal.

Hail!

Hail ! highly favor'd of the LORD !  
Thy bliss attracts the sky :  
Each fair along thy royal line  
Wish'd for this embassy.

Be glad, that envied lot is thine,  
Soon the blest Babe to bear,  
And dandled smiling on thy knees  
His infant-cries to hear.

Soon from thy teeming Virgin-womb,  
SALVATION shall be born,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Shall hail th' auspicious morn.

JESUS shall be his Name ador'd ;  
Heav'ns harps shall sound it high,  
And, " blessed be that wond'rous Name,"  
Unnumber'd tongues reply.

At that dear Name, that sweetest sound,  
Each suppliant knee shall bow ;  
And endless homage to their GOD  
The ransom'd nations vow.

Loud hallelujahs round his throne  
Enraptur'd hosts shall sing,  
And count eternity too short  
To praise this glorious King.

CLXX. *The Angels saluting the Shepherds.*

ii. 8—14.

SHEPHERDS on their flocks attending,  
 O Shepherds, who the night-time watch'd,  
 Saw the messenger descending,  
 From the court of heav'n dispatch'd.  
 Beams of glory deck'd his mission,  
 Bursting through the veil of night,  
 While they witness'd at the vision  
 Trembling awe, and sore affright.

Love-like meekness grac'd his visage,  
 Heav'nly radiance crown'd his head :  
 Soon he cheer'd them with his message,  
 Comfort flow'd from what he said :  
 Fear not, fav'rites of th' Almighty,  
 Joyful news to you I bring ;  
 Born this day, in *David's* city,  
 Comes a SAVIOUR, CHRIST the King.

Go, and find the royal Stranger  
 By these signs—a Babe you'll see ;  
 Weak and lying in a manger,  
 Meanly swathed—Lo ! 'tis he."  
 Strait an host of angels glorious  
 Round the heav'nly herald throng,  
 Uttering in harmonious chorus  
 Airs divine—and this the song.

Glory to our GOD in heaven  
 By our radiant hosts above,  
 Peace on earth to men forgiven,  
 Objects of redeeming Love."

Thus

Thus they sung with rapture, kindling  
 In the shepherds hearts a flame;  
 Joy and wonder sweetly mingling:  
 Still believers feel the same.

Lo! sweet Babe, we fall before thee,  
 With the shepherds glad adore;  
 Thine the kingdom, pow'r, and glory,  
 We proclaim for evermore.  
 "Glory to our GOD in heaven  
 "By the radiant hosts above,  
 "Peace on earth to men forgiven,  
 "Objects of redeeming love."

CCLXXI. *The Angel's rejoicing at the Birth*  
 CHRIST.

ii. 13, 14.

**M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
 And chaunt the sacred lay;  
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine  
 To hail th' auspicious day.

In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,  
 And sweet seraphic fire  
 Through all the shining legions ran,  
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.

Swift o'er the vast expanse it flew,  
 And loud the echo roll'd,  
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
 'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

own through the portals of the sky  
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;  
And angels flew with eager joy  
To bear the news to man.

rapt in the silence of the night  
Lay all the eastern world,  
When bursting glorious heav'nly light  
The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.

ark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song,  
Goodwill and peace are heard throughout  
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

for a glance of that pure love  
Our hearts and songs to raise,  
Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
And mingle with their lays !

With joy the chorus we repeat  
Glory to GOD on high,  
Goodwill and peace descend to greet  
The nations far and nigh.

ail, Prince of Life, for ever hail !  
REDEEMER, BROTHER, FRIEND !  
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

CCLXXII. SIMEON  *blessing*  CHRIST.

ii. 27—32.

**L**ORD, at thy temple I appear,  
 As happy *Simeon* came,  
 And hope to meet my SAVIOUR here;  
 My joys with his the same.

With what divine and pure delight  
 The good old man was fill'd,  
 When in his arms, transporting sight!  
 He clasp'd the holy Child.

“ ’Tis done according to thy word;

“ Behold, thy servant dies!

“ I’ve seen thy great salvation, LORD,

“ And close my peaceful eyes.

“ Hail! sweet auspicious light sprung up

“ To bless the *Gentile* lands!

“ Thine *Israel’s* glory, and their hope

“ To break their slavish bands.”

JESUS, the vision of thy face

Hath overpow’ring charms;

Scarce shall I feel death’s cold embrace,

If CHRIST be in my arms.

Then while ye hear my heart strings break

How sweet my minutes roll!

A mortal paleness on my cheek,

And glory in my soul.



## CCLXXIII. ANOTHER.

NOW may I peaceful close mine eyes  
On all below the sun,  
And take a glad farewell of life,  
Since mortal things are done.

Far travel'd in the ways of men  
I weary here to roam;  
My days of exile are expir'd,  
And I would venture home.

Long anxious have I ey'd the skies  
To welcome SHILOH down:  
Now these blest moments hast'ning by  
My ardent wishes crown.

O let the gladsome view suffice,  
My infant SAVIOUR's smiles;  
All objects here will now look dim,  
This, this their lustre spoils.

But ah! the fight has prov'd too strong  
For this long mould'ring clay:  
Heav'n, break the earthly cottage down,  
And let me 'scape away.

Calm and serene my soul I yield  
Into the arms divine,  
Who this blest hour thy sacred head  
Didst sweetly rest in mine.

CCLXXIV. ANNA *waiting in the Temple*  
 ii. 36—38.

**L**ONG did the pious *Anna* wait,  
 And sought the LORD for fourscore  
 Within the sacred temple gate

She watch'd with fastings and with tears  
 And never left the house of pray'r  
 Till JESUS deign'd to meet her there.

Now, LORD, on me bestow the pow'r,  
 And like that saint I'll look for thee:

Content to stay th' appointed hour,  
 Till thou shalt be reveal'd in me;  
 I'll wait within the house of pray'r,  
 And hope to meet my SAVIOUR there.

Soon as my SAVIOUR condescends  
 T' unveil his rapture-beaming face,  
 Then will I speak to all my friends  
 Of JESUS, and his pard'ning grace;  
 Invite them to the house of pray'r,  
 And they shall find redemption there.

CCLXXV. *The two last in one.*

**J**ESUS, GOD of our salvation,  
 Give us eyes thyself to see,  
 Waiting for the *Consolation*,  
 Longing to believe in thee.

Now vouchsafe the sacred power;  
 Now the faith divine impart;  
 Meet us at this solemn hour,  
 Shine in ev'ry drooping heart.

Maria-like, within the temple,  
 Simeon-like, we meekly stay;  
 Daily with thy saints assemble,  
 Nightly for thy coming pray;  
 While our souls are bow'd before thee,  
 While we humbly sue for grace,  
 Come, thy people's light and glory,  
 Show to all thy heav'nly face.

Send to us thy holy Spirit  
 Hath the promis'd grace reveal'd,  
 Let us through thy righteous merit  
 Now receive our pardon seal'd:  
 To eternal life appointed  
 Let us thy salvation see,  
 Now behold the LORD's Anointed,  
 Now obtain our heav'n in thee.

CLXXVI. PETER's Wife's Mother healed.

iv. 38, 39.

HELP, gracious LORD; my deep distress  
 To thee with anguish I reveal,  
 Tho ev'ry sickness and disease  
 Dost still among thy people heal.

O wouldst thou undertake for me;  
Exert thy healing art divine;  
My complicated misery  
Mocks ev'ry other help but thine.

A secret, slow, internal fire  
Consumes my soul with ling'ring pains,  
The restless fever-of desire  
Throughout my fallen nature reigns,

JESUS, this eagerness of praise,  
This raging thirst of creature-good,  
Allay with thy refreshing grace,  
Extinguish with thy balmy blood.

See the poor patient at thy feet,  
And now the gracious wonder show;  
I long thy healing touch to meet,  
I gasp thy pard'ning love to know.

Now, SAVIOUR, now the fever chide,  
(Physician of the soul thou art)  
The fierceness of desire and pride  
Rebuke, and bid my sin depart.

Soon as thy hand the balm applies,  
My dying soul, from sin set free,  
With instantaneous health shall rise,  
And gladly serve thy saints and thee.

The servant of thy church below,  
With all who know their sins forgiv'n,  
Pardon'd I in thy peace shall go,  
And walk, and run, and fly to heav'n.

CCLXXVII. PETER *casting the Net.*

v. 4.

WHEN *Peter* through the tedious night  
 Had often cast his net in vain,  
 Soon as his LORD appear'd in fight,  
 He gladly let it down again.

Once more the gospel net we cast,  
 Do thou, O LORD, the effort own;  
 We learn from disappointments past  
 To rest our hope on thee alone.

Upheld by thy supporting hand  
 We in thy house of pray'r appear,  
 And now we meet at thy command  
 To seek thy gracious presence here.

Be this a highly-favor'd hour  
 To souls in satan's bondage led;  
 O clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r,  
 To break the rocks, and raise the dead.

Have mercy on our num'rous youth,  
 Who early tread the paths of sin;  
 Give them to feel the force of truth,  
 And strike conviction deep within.

Then, by a SAVIOUR's dying love  
 To ev'ry wounded heart reveal'd,  
 Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,  
 And be thyself their sun, and shield.

To mourners speak a cheering word,  
 On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;  
 Let poor backsliders be restor'd,  
 And all thy saints in praises join.

## CCLXXVIII. ANOTHER.

FOR A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

UNCHANGABLE, almighty LORD,  
 In ev'ry age the same,  
 Intrusted with the gospel word  
 Thy promis'd help I claim.

To find thy presence still I look,  
 As when in ages past  
 Through thee the human fisher took  
 Three thousand at a cast.

Long the lost souls of men I sought  
 Through a dark legal night,  
 Yet nothing found, myself untaught  
 To throw the net aright.

But let the terrors of thy law,  
 The wrath, the curse remove,  
 While with the gospel-cords I draw,  
 Th' allurements of thy love.

Give me to catch them by thy grace  
 For ev'ry sinner free;  
 Incline their willing hearts t' embrace  
 Pardon and life in thee.

Speak but the word, the word of pow'r,  
 And lo ! at thy command  
 I draw them to the heav'nly shore,  
 The blest IMMANUEL's land,

CLXXIX. CHRIST *healing the withered Hand.*

vi. 10.

WHAT ceaseless havoc dire disease  
 O'er human kind has spread,  
 Since that dark hour fair innocence  
 From these low regions fled !

From this wide hospital of earth  
 What mingling groans resound !  
 In cells of grief on ev'ry side  
 Heart-rending sighs abound.

Beneath MESSIAH's healing touch  
 What numbers suppliant lie !  
 Here one with a long-wither'd limb  
 For his kind aid draws nigh.

No wonder a deep-pensive air  
 Sits on his haggard brow,  
 Since o'er his lifeless blighted hand  
 Death printed that sad hue.

Useless and motionless it hangs—  
 Nor could those fingers stretch  
 To grasp a bright imperial crown  
 Though plac'd within his reach.

Q. 4

But



But at MESSIAH's royal word  
 New-circling vigour flows,  
 Loos'd from its long arrest the pulse  
 Its wonted circuit knows.

How wise to mark his sov'reign nod,  
 And to his sceptre bend,  
 On whose blest lips both health and pain,  
 And life and death depend !

CCLXXX: CHRIST *praying all Night on a  
 Mountain.*

vi. 12.

JESUS, guard thy gather'd sheep,  
 Who thy voice begin to know ;  
 Day and night in safety keep,  
 Help us after thee to go.  
 Eying thee with fix'd regard,  
 By thy word and spirit led,  
 Walk we in the works prepar'd,  
 Close in all thy footsteps tread.

In thy pilgrimage with men,  
 Objects of thy constant care,  
 Thou didst all their griefs sustain,  
 Lab'ring, watching unto pray'r.  
 Thou whole nights in pray'r didst spend,  
 On the mount for us employ'd ;  
 Prompt the helpless to defend,  
 Prevalent with man and GOD.

By no private wants compell'd,  
 Only love inspir'd thy breast,  
 Love thy steady hands upheld,  
 Love inforc'd the kind request.

And shall we refuse to join,  
 We, who all the good receive,  
 Reap the fruit of toil divine,  
 By the pray'r of JESUS live?

Nay, but in thy strength we rise,  
 Nightly to the mountain go,  
 Breathe our wishes to the skies  
 For the sleeping crowd below.  
 Pray, my watchful brethren, pray,  
 Full of wants, and sins, and fears;  
 Wrestle till the break of day,  
 Till the saving grace appears.

JESUS, hear our midnight cry,  
 Execute thy love's design,  
 Bring thy great Salvation nigh,  
 Claim a ransom'd world for thine:  
 Take the purchase of thy blood,  
 Blood that speaks our sins forgiv'n;  
 Let it bring us near to GOD,  
 Let it pray us up to heav'n.

LXXXI. CHRIST *healing the Centurion's Servant*.  
 vii. 2.

**H**OW oft we count e'en life a load,  
 Beneath its burden droop!  
 While ailments with each beating pulse  
 Make human Vigor stoop!  
 From nature's shocks there's no defence;  
 Here youth's declining bloom,  
 Tost by the last convulsive throes,  
 Views death's approaching gloom.

Yet JESUS soon fresh hope inspires,  
Where death had aim'd his dart;  
To this *Centurion's* servant deigns  
New vigor to impart.

The maladies, begot by sin,  
His sov'reign word obey;  
He bids the troop but once decamp,  
They instant march away.

He stays the circling streams that roll  
Through all the boiling veins,  
He bids the mingled humors part,  
And cools the heated veins.

The fever by his presence aw'd  
Its raging ferment stops,  
And through the skin's ten thousand door  
Exude the balmy drops.

The fumes that rack'd the dizzy brain  
No more attempt to rise;  
Scuds pour afresh through deafen'd ears,  
And rays through op'ning eyes.

Such was thy pity, LORD, of old  
Towards our wretched race;  
Let equal love and care be shown  
In the new world of grace.

CCLXXXII. *The Widow's Son raised.*

vii. 11.

WHAT blasts frail mortals must abide  
Ere life's rough sea is crost!  
'Twixt waves of hope, and gulfs of fear  
Our feeble bark is tost.

How thin our comforts here are sown !

But thick our crosses grow,  
Whose op'ning buds, as they disclose,  
To leaves of sorrow blow.

At *Nain* see a mournful fair,  
Deep, deep in sables clad,  
All-doleful weeping for her mate,  
Now wrapt in death's cold shade !

Far worse, she stays the sinking head  
Of her dear hopeless boy ;  
That well-belov'd remaining pledge  
Of all their nuptial joy.

But ah ! the deep-resounding groan  
Decides the doubtful strife ;  
The quiv'ring Lamp at last expires ;  
He bids farewell to life.

The corpse comes forth to view—and lo !  
Stretch'd on the bier it lies :  
The mother joins the fun'ral train,  
And vents despairing cries.

JESUS dispels grief's low'ring clouds,  
Spreads round a sky serene ;  
Godlike at this sad season comes,  
And brightens all the scene.

He touch'd the bier, and while they stood,  
“ Young man he said, arise,”

The dead sat up and spoke, restor'd  
To bless a parent's eyes.

He calls, the universe resounds,  
And echoes back his voice ;  
Death's bars asunder instant burst,  
Earth's mourners all rejoice.

## CCLXXXIII. MARY MAGDALEN.

vii. 36—50.

O Might I take my humble seat,  
 Like *Magdalen*, at JESUS feet;  
 Like hers my tears should plenteous flow,  
 And pensive silence speak my woe.

When CHRIST to dine with *Simon* came,  
 The blushing damsel, fill'd with shame,  
 The SAVIOUR follow'd, and went in  
 To *Simon's* house, to mourn her sin.

Awhile the LORD her streaming tears  
 To bathe his feet indulgent bears,  
 To wipe them with her flowing hair,  
 And all her silent love declare.

Permits her farther still to go,  
 To kiss, and to anoint them too;  
 While unsuspecting of her pain  
*Simon* beheld her with disdain.

He wonder'd, why the holy LORD  
 Suffer'd a wretch so much abhorr'd  
 To touch his feet, and doubtful thought,  
 If CHRIST a prophet were or not.

'Twas then IMMANUEL kindly show'd  
 How sinners are receiv'd of GOD;  
 Mov'd by his grace and love to save  
 An harlot from th' infernal grave.

“ See'st thou this woman? JESUS cries,  
 “ On *Simon* while he turn'd his eyes;  
 “ Behold what care and heart-felt love  
 “ Her penitential sorrows prove.

“ See'st

" But nought of all this gracious toil,  
 " No kifs, no water, and no oil  
 " Hast thou bestow'd, nor from thy heart  
 " Perform'd, like her, the loving part.

" Wherefore her num'rous fins and great,  
 " (Nor less her gratitude though late,)  
 " Are all most graciously forgiv'n,  
 " Rise, go in peace, thou child of heav'n.

Dear JESUS, Master, let thine eye  
 Regard my helpless misery;  
 Remit my sin, conceal my shame,  
 And much my soul shall love thy Name.

## CCLXXXIV. ANOTHER.

ONCE a woman silent stood,  
 While JESUS sat at meat,  
 From her eyes she pour'd a flood  
 To wash his sacred feet.

Shame and wonder, joy and love  
 Variously possess'd her mind,  
 That she once so vile could prove,  
 Yet now forgiveness find.

" How came this vile woman here?

" Will JESUS notice such?

" Sure if he a prophet were,

" He would disdain her touch.

Simon thus with scornful heart

Slighted one, whom JESUS lov'd;

But the SAVIOUR took her part,

And thus his pride reprov'd:

" If



- " If two persons ow'd at once  
 " One less, the other more,  
 " Fifty or five hundred \* pence,  
 " And both alike were poor ;  
 " Should the lender both forgive  
 " Thus insolvent and distress'd,  
 " Which of them, wouldst thou believe,  
 " Engag'd to love him best ?  
 " Surely he who most did owe,"  
     The *Pharisee* reply'd :  
 Then our LORD ; " by judging so,  
 " Thou dost for her decide :  
 " *Simon*, if like her thou knew,  
 " How much thou dost pardon need,  
 " Thou like her hadst acted too,  
 " And welcom'd me indeed."  
 " When the load of sin is felt,  
 " And much forgiveness known,  
 " Then the heart will kindly melt,  
 " Though hard before as stone ;  
 " Blame not then her love and tears ;  
 " Greatly she in debt has been ;  
 " But I have remov'd her fears,  
 " And pardon'd all her sin.

When I read this woman's case,  
 Her love and humble zeal,  
 I with conscious shame confess,  
 My heart is made of steel :

\* Properly Denarius, Roman pence ; the Denarius  
 worth, seven shillings and three farthings.



Much has been to me forgiv'n,  
 JESUS paid my heavy score;  
 But alas! how far from heav'n!  
 How strange I love no more!

## CCLXXXV. ANOTHER.

47, 48.

LOVE through eternal ages lives,  
 And reigns Supreme in heav'n,  
 Love dwells on earth, and most forgives  
 Where's most to be forgiv'n.

Her favor'd lot be mine, I pray,  
 Who wept at JESUS feet;  
 To see him smile, and hear him say,  
 "I all thy sins remit."

Then JESUS' name and JESUS' love  
 Shall all my hours prolong,  
 And ev'ry heart shall then approve  
 The burden of my song.

Love through eternal ages lives,  
 And reigns Supreme in heav'n;  
 Love dwells on earth, and most forgives  
 Where's most to be forgiv'n.

CCLXXXVI. CHRIST *stilling the Tempest.*

viii. 23, 24.

IF he, who rides the bridled winds,  
 Once from their wings alight,  
 How quick they sweep along the plain,  
 And spread a gen'ral fright!

The

The slumb'ring sea, stirr'd by their breath,  
Now mounts its billows high,  
And proudly aims with briny foam  
To lash the distant sky.

Bold was the tempest thus to rage  
O'er the *Tiberian* deep,  
Ere JESUS on his homely couch  
Awoke from peaceful sleep.

Half-dead with fear th' astonish'd crew  
Lift up their piteous cry,  
Soon as on mountain-surges borne  
They view destruction nigh.

See how the madd'ning waves arise,  
For prey still roar aloud !  
Though millions by their rage devour'd  
Lie bosom'd in the flood.

But ah ! how soon their pride abates  
When JESUS looks around !  
Instant the wind retires ashamed  
Thus boistrous to be found.

Behold, my soul, the watry world  
Obeys th' almighty nod !  
And blush, if thy rebellious heart  
Forget a speaking GOD.

With JESUS sail o'er life's rough sea,  
Thy breast his peaceful feat ;  
So shalt thou weather out each storm,  
And find a safe retreat.

CLXXXVII. *The Devils entry into the Herd of Swine, which perished in the Waters.*

viii. 31—33.

OF all the wonders JESUS show'd  
Long as he sojourn'd here,  
But two in righteous justice wrought  
Among the rest appear.

The fig-tree, which no fruit produc'd,  
Was blasted at his word,  
The swine, that perish'd in the lake,  
A second proof afford.

Yet could not those foul fiends abhorr'd  
To wreck their malice dare  
Against that herd, which on the mount  
At ease were feeding there :

Of CHRIST permission they must ask ;  
Nor had it been allow'd,  
But that the Jews by that abuse  
Infring'd the Law of GOD.

Down to the deep thus satan drives  
Th' infatuated crew ;  
But they must go, whom he impels,  
Though ruin sure ensue.

Strong is thy hand, almighty LORD,  
To save as to destroy :  
Stop our blind haste of death, and snatch  
From each forbidden joy.

CCLXXXVIII.

CCLXXXVIII. *The recovered Demonic.*

viii. 35.

**J**ESUS, we own thy saving pow'r,  
 And thy victorious hand;  
 Hell's legions tremble at thy look,  
 And fly at thy command.

Though long by passion's uproar fill'd  
 With anarchy unknown,  
 Men's nobler pow'rs, by thee restor'd,  
 Ascend their peaceful throne.

No more they rend their clothing oft,  
 No more their wounds repeat,  
 But gentle and compos'd they wait,  
 Attentive at thy feet.

O'er thousands more, where satan rules,  
 Such triumphs let us see,  
 And be, their rescued souls, as ours,  
 Devoted, LORD, to thee.

CCLXXXIX. *CHRIST's Embassy on Earth.*

ix. 52—56.

**M**ESSIAH's errand to our world  
 How worthy of a GOD!  
 To lift us from the brink of woe  
 He left his bright abode.

Unnumber'd ranks around the throne  
Saw pensive his descent,  
As he to crush a guilty world  
From heav'n express were sent.

They fear'd that from creation's map  
He meant this earth to blot,  
Beneath a deluge of his wrath  
T' o'erwhelm the puny spot.

But oh! what joyous sparkling beams  
Spoon darted from each eye,  
When bid to tune their golden harps,  
And sing Salvation high!

To deal destruction's mighty blow  
How far from his intent!  
To snatch from hell the human prey  
His ardent soul was bent.

All thy blest acts, O JESUS, prove  
Thou can'st not to destroy;  
To sprinkle mercy's show'rs around  
Was thy belov'd employ.

Who saw the light'ning's horrid blaze  
Once at thy bidding fly;  
E'en when \* attendants warm with zeal  
Did loud for vengeance cry?

Not men's rude outrages heap'd up  
Did once thy wrath provoke;  
No day perceiv'd thy sword unsheath'd  
T' inflict the vengeful stroke.

\* James and John, Luke ix. 5.

When

When did thy trembling foes expire  
 Beneath thy bruising hand?  
 Though oft thy blessed footsteps trod  
 Amid th' insulting band.

## CCXC. MARTHA and MARY.

x. 38—42.

**M**ARTHA her love and joy express'd  
 By care to entertain her Guest,  
 While *Mary* sat to hear her LORD,  
 And dwelt on ev'ry sacred word.

The principle in both the same  
 Produc'd in each a diff'rent aim;  
 The one to feast the LORD was led,  
 The other waited to be fed.

But *Mary* chose the better part,  
 Her SAVIOUR's words refresh'd her heart;  
 While *Martha*, though not ill employ'd,  
 With needless cumber was annoy'd.

With warmth she to her sister spoke,  
 But brought upon herself rebuke;  
 "One thing is needful," CHRIST declares,  
 "What means this multitude of cares?"

How oft are we, like *Martha*, vex'd,  
 Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd?  
 While trifles so engross our thought,  
 The one thing needful is forgot.

LORD, teach us this one thing to choose,  
 Which well repays whate'er we loose;

Sufficient

Sufficient in itself alone,  
And needful were the world our own.

Let grov'ling hearts the world admire,  
Thy love is all that I require :  
Gladly the rest I now resign,  
So JESUS and his love be mine.

## CCXCI. ANOTHER.

**L**O! I come with joy to do  
The *Master's* blessed will,  
Him in outward works pursue,  
And serve his pleasure still.  
Faithful to my LORD's commands  
I still would choose the better part ;  
Serve with careful *Martha's* hands,  
And loving *Mary's* heart.

Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my happy toil ;  
Kept in peace by JESUS' name,  
Supported by his smile ;  
Joyful thus my faith to show,  
I find his service my reward ;  
Ev'ry work I do below,  
I do it to the LORD.

Thou, O LORD, in tender love  
Dost all my burdens bear,  
Lift my heart to things above,  
And fix it ever there :

Calm



Calm on tumult's wheel I fit;  
 Midst busy multitudes alone,  
 Sweetly waiting at thy feet,  
 Till all thy will be done.

Thou, O LORD, my portion art,  
 Before I hence remove;  
 Now my treasure and my heart  
 Are all laid up above.  
 Far above all earthly things,  
 While yet my hands are here employ'd,  
 Sees my soul the *King of kings*,  
 And freely talks with GOD

O that all the art might know  
 Of living thus to thee;  
 Find their heav'n begun below,  
 And here thy glory see.  
 Walk in all the works prepar'd  
 By thee to exercise their grace,  
 Till they gain their full reward,  
 And view thy glorious face.

CCXCII. *The Woman cured of her Infirmary.*  
 xiii. 11—16.

O LORD, behold with pitying eye  
 My pining grief and misery,  
 My sore distress and pain;  
 In all the impotence of sin  
 My fallen soul for years has been,  
 And bound with satan's chain.

My strong propensity to ill,  
My carnal mind, my crooked will,  
To only evil prone,  
My downward appetite I find,  
My spirit, soul, and flesh inclin'd  
To earth, and earth alone.

Myself, alas ! I cannot raise,  
Or lift my heart in pray'r or praise,  
Or rectify my will ;  
I own, cut off from human hope,  
To lift a fallen spirit up  
With men impossible.

But oh ! thou see'st my desp'rate case ;  
Pronounce the word of pard'ning grace,  
And call me, LORD, to thee ;  
Inspeak the pow'r into my heart,  
And say this moment, " Loos'd thou art  
" From thine infirmity."

Lay but thy hand upon my soul,  
And instantaneously made whole  
My soul by faith shall rise ;  
Shall rise by faith, and upright stand,  
And answer all thy just command  
In all its faculties.

Straight as the rule, the written word,  
My soul in righteousness restor'd  
Thine image shall retrieve :  
That ancient rectitude divine,  
And in a land of darkness shine,  
And to thy glory live.

A child

A child of faithful *Abr'ham*, I  
 On thy redeeming love rely,  
 To make me truly free;  
 And *ought* I not the grace t' obtain,  
 Releas'd from sin and satan's chain,  
 Who trust alone in thee?

Thine, JESUS, thine alone I am;  
 And *ought* I not my LORD to claim  
 With all thy righteousness?  
 I ought; and do thy love receive;  
 And now thou dost my sins forgive,  
 And bid my bondage cease.

The sabbath of my soul I see,  
 The day of Gospel liberty,  
 No more enthrall'd, oppress'd;  
 And lo! in holiness I rise,  
 To claim the rest of Paradise,  
 And heav'n's eternal rest.

CCXCIII. *The ten Lepers healed.*

xvii. 12—18.

THE LORD devoutly we intreat,  
 When prest with need we go to meet  
 And cry to him aloud:  
 "Dear JESUS, Master, mercy have;"  
 So did ten lepers healing crave,  
 As afar off they stood.  
 Our wants thou quickly dost relieve;  
 But we forget alas! to give

The praise, O LORD, to thee  
Thy children largely taste thy love,  
Yet strangers to thy cov'nant prove  
More thankful oft than we.

Where are the nine? the SAVIOUR cry'd,

When those ten lepers purify'd

From their dire plague were freed:

See man's ingratitude, and mourn!

But one did back with thanks return

T' announce the blessed deed.

JESUS, by whom redeem'd I live,

With joyful lips to thee I give

The glory of thy grace;

And on the wings of angels borne

Shall soon triumphantly return

To bow before thy face!

CXXCIV. *Blind BARTIMEUS.*

xviii. 35—43.

WHEN JESUS earth's low region trod,

His wond'rous works proclaim'd the GOD:

He seek the lost was his employ,

And grief supplant by heav'nly joy.

Jericho (whose various fate

The sacred oracles relate)

The SAVIOUR came, and by the way

And Bartimeus begging lay.

Heard who pass'd, and cry'd aloud,

Though forbidden by the crowd;

R

" Mercy

- “ Mercy, thou Son of David, have,  
 “ And deign an helpless wretch to save.”

He stood, (attention fix'd his ear,)  
 And bade them bring the suppliant near;  
 Then ask'd with sweet compassion, — why

- “ He rais'd that sadly-doleful cry.”

- “ Mine eyes, he said, are wrapt in night;  
 “ Fain would I now receive my sight;  
 “ That I may praise the man, whose fame  
 “ Spreads all abroad his saving name.

Soon as the great REDEEMER spoke,  
 Light on his eye-lids instant broke;  
 And on his heart a beam of love,  
 Such as transports the saints above,

What joy appears! what raptures raise  
 The soul to his kind Healer's praise!  
 Th' attending crowds, who round him throng,  
 Astonish'd join the grateful song.

Thus, LORD, one ray of light transmit,  
 To guide a sinner to thy feet;  
 Where begging I may sweetly prove  
 The heights and depths of heav'nly love.

# CCXCV. ANOTHER.

**G**REAT SAVIOUR, born of David's race,  
 O look with pity, look this way:  
 An helpless wretch implores thy grace,  
 Implores thy mercy's healing ray.

JESUS

JESUS, thou LORD of life divine,  
To whom the sons of men complain,  
Is not unbounded mercy thine?  
And can I ask, and ask in vain?

Did ever supplicating sigh  
In vain to thee its grief impart?  
Or mournful object meet thine eye,  
That did not meet thy melting heart?

Around thee crowd a plaintive throng—  
I hear their importuning cries;  
And now from ev'ry thankful tongue  
I hear the glad hosannahs rise.

O look with pity, look on me  
Wrapt in the dismal shades of night;  
My hope depends alone on thee;  
Speak, LORD, thy word shall give me light.

'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore;  
Speak, LORD, thy humble suppliant raise;  
Then shall my heart thy grace adore,  
Then shall my tongue resound thy praise.

CCXCVI. ZACCHEUS.

xix. 1—9.

ONCE as the SAVIOUR pass'd along,  
Zaccheus fain the LORD would see,  
Of stature small, to shun the throng,  
He ran before and climb'd a tree.



As the omniscient LORD drew nigh,  
 Upward he look'd, and him descry'd;  
 "Zaccheus, haste come down, for I  
 "Must at thy house this day abide."

He heard, and from the tree with speed  
 Descends the LORD to entertain,  
 And while he mourns each fraudulent deed,  
 Vows to refund his ill-got gain.

"To-day," replies the SAVIOUR mild,  
 "Salvation to this house is come;  
 "He too a Son of *Abr'ham* styl'd,  
 "Is snatch'd from his impending doom."

LORD, look on souls that gaze around,  
 To ev'ry list'ning sinner speak,  
 Now may thine ancient love abound,  
 Now from each seat a captive take.

Sinners, make haste your GOD to meet,  
 From your high-tow'ring thoughts descend,  
 And deeply humbled at his feet  
 Embrace with joy the sinner's Friend.

LORD, wilt thou stoop to be my guest?  
 Dost thou invite thee to my home?  
 Welcome, dear SAVIOUR, to my breast,  
 To day let thy Salvation come!

#### CCXCVII. ANOTHER.

**Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree  
 Where JESUS meant to pass,  
 And sought with zeal to see  
 The SAVIOUR, who he was:

But



But what surprise till then unknown  
He felt when JESUS call'd him down!

Nor only bade come down,

But call'd him too by name;

As he the man had known,

And publish'd all his shame:

Nay more, "to day, he said, provide,"

"I must beneath thy roof abide."

Does JESUS know my case?

(These thoughts possess'd his breast,)

And will he of his grace

Vouchsafe to be my guest?

"LORD, half my goods I give the poor,

"And fourfold to the wrong'd restore."

Thus where the truth is preach'd,

And sinners come to hear,

The hearts of some are reach'd

Before they are aware.

The word directly speaks to them,

At once to challenge and condemn.

"Tis curiosity

Oft brings them in the way,

Only the man to see,

And hear what he can say:

But how the sinner starts to find

The preacher knows his inmost mind!

His long forgotten faults

Are brought again in view,

And conscience her assaults

Doth forcibly renew;

Though compass'd with a crowd about,  
The searching word has found him out.

While thus distressing pain  
And sorrow fill his heart,  
He hears a voice again,  
That bids his fears depart:  
Then, like *Zacchaeus*, he is blest,  
And JESUS deigns to be his guest.

CCXCVIII. CHRIST *wiping* over JERUSALEM

xix. 41, 42.

**W**HAT venerable fight appears?  
The Son of GOD dissolv'd in tears!  
Trace, O my soul, with sad surprize  
The sorrows of a SAVIOUR's eyes.

For whom, blest JESUS, we would know  
Doth such a sacred torrent flow?  
What brother, or what friend of thine  
Is grac'd, and mourn'd with drops divine?  
Nor brother there, nor friend I see,  
But sons of pride and cruelty;  
Who like rapacious tigers stood,  
Insatiate panting for thy blood.

Dear LORD, and did thy gushing eyes  
Stream o'er relentless enemies?  
And can thy tenderness forget  
The sinner humbled at thy feet?

With

With deep remorse our bowels move,  
That we have wrong'd such matchless love;  
Thy gentle pity, LORD, display,  
And smile these trembling fears away.

Give us to shine before thy face  
Eternal trophies of thy grace,  
Where songs of praise thy saints employ,  
And mingle with a SAVIOUR's joy.

## CCXCIX. ANOTHER.

**Y**E angel-forms, look down and see  
A scene of strange distress below!  
Behold divine humanity  
Dissolv'd in sympathetic woe!

Lo! on high *Olives* he stands;  
*Salem's* proud tow'rs in prospect rise;  
His bowels yearn, he spreads his hands,  
Compassion gushing from his eyes.

O *Salem*, my prophetic view  
"Thy mighty miseries surveys;  
Vengeance to thy rebellions due,  
"Unknown in past or future days.

What labors have I shunn'd for thee?  
"What pow'rs of suasion left untry'd,  
Thy children to allure to me,  
"And in a SAVIOUR's shadow hide?

- " So when the Falcon sails above,  
 " The parent hen, with tender cry,  
 " Under her guardian wing of love  
 " Collects her infant progeny.  
 " But ah! ye would not, O ye blind!  
 " (He said, and heav'd a deeper sigh)  
 " Your temple is to flames consign'd,  
 " The dark predestin'd hour is nigh."

Blest JESUS, in thy feeling heart  
 For me a sinner spare one place:  
 I would be thine—to me impart  
 A portion in thy richest grace.

CCC. *The Widow's two Mites.*

xxi. 1.—4.

**M**IDST the off'rings ample store  
 Which the wealthy largely gave,  
 Lo! a certain widow poor  
 Would not of her pittance save.

She into the treas'ry cast  
 Two small mites, 'twas all she had:  
 JESUS, viewing what had past,  
 Hence this striking comment made.

- " See, this woman of her want  
 " More than all the rest hath giv'n!  
 " Since not *what*, but *how* we grant,  
 " Gains alone the smile of heav'n.

Teach us, gracious LORD, to place  
 Life and substance at thy feet;  
 Conscious nought that we possess  
 Is for thee an offering meet.

Then, at charity's loud call,  
 When the poor our mite receive,  
 Back to thee, the LORD of all,  
 Only of thine own we give.

CCCI. *The Women following* CHRIST, *weeping.*

xxiii. 27.

SACRAMENTAL.

**H**APPY, O LORD, who follow'd thee,  
 Weeping along the dol'rous road!  
 Happy, who underneath the tree  
 Unmoveable in sorrow stood!

When nature felt the deadly blow,  
 By which thy soul to GOD was driv'n,  
 Which shook with sympathetic woe  
 Temple and graves, and earth and heav'n.

O what a time for off'ring up  
 Their souls upon thy sacrifice!  
 Who would not with thy burden stoop,  
 And bow the head, when JESUS dies?

Not all the days before or since  
 An hour so solemn could afford,  
 For suff'ring with our bleeding Prince,  
 For dying with our slaughter'd LORD.

R. 5

Yet

Yet in this ordinance divine  
 We still the sacred load may bear;  
 And now we in thy offering join,  
 Thy sacramental passion share.

We cast our sins into that fire  
 Which did thy sacrifice consume;  
 And ev'ry base and vain desire  
 To instant crucifixion doom.

Thou art with all thy members here  
 In this tremendous mystery;  
 We now before our GOD appear,  
 To offer up ourselves with thee.

True followers of the bleeding LAMB  
 Now on thy daily cross we die,  
 And mingled in a common flame,  
 Ascend triumphant to the sky.

CCCII. CHRIST *praying for his Enemies.*  
 xxiii. 34.

**A**LOUD I sing the wond'rous grace  
 CHRIST to his murd'ers bare,  
 Which made the tottering cross its throne,  
 And hung its trophies there.

"Father, forgive," his mercy cry'd  
 With his expiring breath,  
 And drew eternal blessings down  
 On those who wrought his death.

The



Then may I hope for pardon too,  
Though I have pierc'd the LORD;  
Bless JESUS, in my favor speak  
That all-prevailing word.

I knew not what my madness did,  
While I remain'd thy foe;  
Soon as I saw the wounds were thine,  
My tears began to flow.

Melted by goodness so divine,  
I would its footsteps trace;  
And while beneath thy cross I stand,  
My fiercest foes embrace.

CCCIII. *The dying Thief converted.*  
xxiii. 42.

AS on the cross the SAVIOUR hung,  
And wept and bled, and died,  
He pour'd salvation on a wretch  
That languish'd at his side.

His crimes with inward grief and shame  
The penitent confess'd,  
Then turn'd his dying eyes to CHRIST,  
And thus his pray'r address'd.

JESUS, thou Son and Heir of heav'n,  
"Thou spotless LAMB of GOD,  
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,  
"And welt'ring in thy blood.



" Yet quickly from these scenes of woe  
 " In triumph thou shalt rise,  
 " Burst through the gloomy shades of death,  
 " And shine above the skies ;  
 " Amid the glories of that world,  
 " Dear LORD, remember me,  
 " And let me in the purchas'd bliss  
 " An humble sharer be.

His pray'r the dying SAVIOUR hears,  
 And instantly replies ;  
 " To-day thy parting soul shall be  
 " With me in Paradise."

So when death seals my closing eyes  
 To scenes of time and sense,  
 Heav'n open on my ravish'd soul,  
 And brighter day dispense.

CCCIV. *The People and Women beholding the  
 Crucifixion, then smiting their breasts, and re-  
 turning.*

xxiii. 48, 49.

**A**H! give me, LORD, my sins to mourn,  
 My sins which have thy body torn ;  
 Give me with broken heart to see  
 Thy last tremendous agony :  
 To weep o'er an expiring GOD,  
 And mix my sorrows with thy blood.

O could I gain the mountain's height,  
 And look upon that piteous fight !

O that

O that with *Salem's* daughters I  
Might stand and see my SAVIOUR die !  
Smite on my breast, and inly mourn,  
But never from thy cross return !

CCCV. CHRIST *taken down from the Cross.*

xxiii. 53.

**N**OW in the bed of honor spread,  
In death's cold arms he sleeps ;  
Nature beholds, and wrings her hands,  
And all in fables weeps.

See from the tree the corpse let down !  
Its gaping wounds appear !  
While legions from the upper world  
Astonish'd view the bier.

No wonder earth should reel aghast,  
And wide her bosom rend,  
While seraphs in new mourning clad  
Around their LORD descend.

That bed of all disgrace is stript—  
'Tis glorious now to die ;  
For He, who gave all nature birth,  
Breath'd an expiring cry.

Ye friends of JESUS, shrink no more  
At the grim face of death ;  
Sure 'tis high honor, like your GOD,  
To yield your vital breath.

The

The foe's dread lance has left its point  
 In JESUS' bleeding side;  
 Then fear not, when with blunted spear  
 He makes his latest stride.

CCCVI. CHRIST *wrapped in Linen, and borne  
 to the Sepulchre.*

xxiii. 53.

EARTH may unfold her finest web  
 To wrap his lifeless hands,  
 Who o'er her wide-extended sphere  
 The azure sheet expands.

And must those eyes be cover'd up  
 In bandages of death,  
 Which only love and pity look'd  
 On dying men beneath?

But see! the corpse, solemn and slow,  
 Moves through the heedless throng!  
 Just *Joseph* with his faithful friends  
 Escort the bier along.

Strange sight! a burial from the skies!  
 And yet the fun'ral thin!  
 The hosts above (if it could be)  
 Might strive that post to win.

Oft would I tread the sacred ground  
 Mid tributary tears,  
 To JESUS' tomb at midnight step,  
 And bury all my fears.

This is the walk, though lone and still,  
Where wisdom's sons retire;  
Where their deep-pensive spirits muse,  
And catch celestial fire.

Ye sons of pleasure, send your thought  
To view this awful spot;  
No more you'll grasp at shadows here,  
Or on earth's trifles doat.

CCVII. *The two Disciples going to* EMMAUS.

xxiv. 13—31.

SACRAMENTAL.

**O**BJECT of all our knowledge here,  
Our one Desire and Hope below,  
JESUS, the Crucified, draw near,  
And with thy sad disciples go:  
Our thoughts and words to thee are known,  
We commune of thyself alone.

How can it be, our reason cries,  
That GOD should leave his throne above?  
Is it for man th' Immortal dies?  
For man who tramples on his love?  
For man who nail'd him to the tree?  
O Love, O GOD, he died for me.

Why then, if thou for me hast died,  
Dost thou not yet thyself impart?  
We hope to feel thy blood apply'd,  
To find thee risen in our heart;

Redeem'd

Redeem'd from ev'ry sinful stain,  
Made meet in heav'nly life to reign.

Make not as thou would'st farther go,  
Our Friend, and Counsellor, and Guide  
But stay the path of life to show,  
Still with our souls vouchsafe t' abide;  
Constrain'd by thy own mercy stay,  
Nor leave us at our close of day.

Come in with thy disciples sit,  
Nor suffer us to ask in vain;  
Nourish us, LORD, with living meat,  
Our souls with heav'nly food sustain;  
Break to us now the mystic bread,  
And bid us on thy body feed.

Honour the means ordain'd by thee,  
The great unbloody sacrifice,  
The deep tremendous mystery:  
Thyself in our enlighten'd eyes  
Now in the broken bread make known,  
And show us thou art all our own.

### CCCVIII. ANOTHER.

#### SACRAMENTAL.

**O** Thou, who this mysterious bread  
In *Emmaus* didst break,  
Return herewith our souls to feed,  
And to thy followers speak.

Unseal the volume of thy grace,  
 Apply the gospel word;  
 Open our eyes to see thy face,  
 Our hearts to know the LORD.

Of thee we commune still and mourn,  
 Till thou the veil remove;  
 Talk with us, and our hearts shall burn  
 With flames of fervent love.

Enkindle now the holy fire  
 Which heav'nward still ascends;  
 And let our waiting souls aspire  
 To bliss that never ends.

CCCIX. *The Gospel first preached at*  
**JERUSALEM.**

xxiv. 47.

**G**O' (saith the LORD,) proclaim my grace  
 To all the sons of Adam's race,  
 Pardon in my great name for sin,  
 And at Jerusalem begin.

There, where my blood in torrents flow'd  
 To reconcile the world to GOD;  
 That blood shall purge away their guilt,  
 By whom so lately it was spilt.

Now let the daring rebels turn,  
 And o'er their bleeding Sov'reign mourn;  
 Their bleeding Sov'reign shall forgive,  
 And bid the rebels look and live.

Is

Is this thy voice, all-gracious LORD!  
 And did the rebels hear thy word?  
 And did they fall beneath thy feet  
 Vanquish'd, and free forgiveness meet!

Then may I hope for mercy too;  
 Such love can my hard heart subdue,  
 And give this guilty soul a place  
 Among these captives of thy grace.

Here be it daily mine employ  
 To bathe thy wounds with tears of joy,  
 Till in the *new Jerusalem*  
 Thy dying love is all our theme.

CCCX. *The Ascension of CHRIST.*

xxiv. 50, 51, compared with Acts, i. 1-9-11

**H**AIL the day that sees him rise  
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!  
 CHRIST, awhile to mortals giv'n,  
 Reascends his nature heav'n.

There the pompous triumph waits;  
 Lift your heads, eternal gates;  
 Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
 Take the King of glory in.

Circled round with angel-Pow'rs,  
 Their triumphant LORD and ours,  
 Conqu'ror o'er death, hell, and sin,  
 Take the King of glory in.

Him though highest heav'n receives,  
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;  
 Though returning to his throne,  
 Still he calls mankind his own.



See! he lifts his hands above!  
 See! he shows the prints of love!  
 Hark! his gracious lips bestow  
 Blessings on his church below!  
 Still for us he interceeds,  
 Prevalent his death he pleads;  
 Next himself prepares our place,  
 Harbinger of human race.

Master, (will we ever say)  
 Taken from our head to day,  
 See thy faithful servants, see  
 Ever gazing up to thee!  
 Grant, though parted from our sight  
 High above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Following thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,  
 Wafted on the wings of love,  
 Looking when our LORD shall come,  
 Longing, gasping after home:  
 There we shall with thee remain,  
 Partners of thine endless reign;  
 There thy face unclouded see,  
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.



JOHN.

## JOHN.

CCCXI. JOHN *Baptist's Answer to the Emb*  
*the Jews.*

i. 19—27.

**H**UMILITY, how fair it shines!  
For JESUS off'ring meet,  
Where the slain will itself resigns  
A victim at his feet.

Thus shone with undissembled grace  
The *Baptist* in his day;  
CHRIST's messenger, before his face  
Sent to prepare the way.

The Jews an embassy dispatch,  
To ask him,—“who he is;”  
But he, still keeping humble watch,  
Makes no reply but this:

“I am the voice of one, who cries  
“The wilderness abroad.”  
Then the prophetic page applies,  
“Make strait the way of GOD.”

But not content to shun applause,  
And human praise decline,  
He boldly pleads MESSIAH's cause,  
And shews him all divine:

Lo! one among you stands unknown,  
A greater far than I,  
Who am not worthy to stoop down  
His sandals to untie.

In homely form to human eyes  
He veils his bright attire,  
But he will soon his church baptize  
With pure celestial fire."

What an impressive pattern here  
For those, who preach the word,  
Gladly, like *John*, to disappear  
Before their rising LORD!

Life then, resplendent Sun of Grace,  
To full meridian day,  
While all our hope and joy we place  
To catch thy healing ray.

XII. *Behold the Lamb of GOD, on a View of  
CHRIST's sufferings through the stages of his  
eternal life.*

i. 29.

EACH eye, behold the LAMB of GOD!  
His footsteps learn to trace,  
Through ev'ry stage of his abode  
On earth admire his grace.

Come, meet him at life's early porch,  
And hear his infant cry;  
A pattern for his suffering church  
Of suffering piety!

While

While smiling harmless on the breast  
 O piteous sight ! he hung,  
 Into his cup, by heav'n's behest,  
 Some bitter drops were wrung.

Ye angels of celestial race,  
 Who breathe a purer air,  
 Who through the vast empyrial space  
 On errands high repair ;

Through the wide rounds, wherein ye move  
 Have ye perceiv'd such woe,  
 As did the man of sorrows prove  
 While sojourning below ?

O'er all his paths with evils fraught  
 Dark clouds each morn were spread ;  
 Mid troubles far beyond our thought  
 He made his joyless bed.

Stern justice frown'd, yea, mercy mild  
 Her smiles from JESUS turn'd ;  
 And mortals, 'gainst his kindness steel'd,  
 Their dear REDEEMER spurn'd.

Soon as he enter'd life's sad scene,  
 Affliction thrill'd each vein ;  
 Unceasing woes then usher'd in  
 His last tremendous pain.

CXIII. NATHANIEL *invited to* CHRIST  
by PHILIP.

i. 45—51.

NATHANIEL's prejudice at first  
For truth had left but little room,  
Who ask'd, when some had found the CHRIST,  
Can ought that's good from *Naz'reth* come?"  
But hid by Philip, "come and see."  
His causeless scruples soon depart,  
Nor needs the LORD another plea—  
Than shew he knew his inmost heart.  
Behold an *Israelite* indeed,  
(He cries,) "in whom no guile is found;"  
Does th' omniscient SAVIOUR read  
Each bosom, and each conscience found.  
Nathaniel says, "Whence know'st thou me?"  
To whom indulgent he replies:  
Saw thee under yonder tree,  
Ere Philip call'd thee to arise."  
Thou art the Son of GOD confest,"  
The pious convert glad exclaims,  
Thou art the King of *Israel* blest."  
While all his soul with ardor flames.  
At greater things than these he saw,  
And all, who faith like him obtain,  
Shall see heav'n ope with raptur'd awe,  
And angels serve the Son of Man.

LORD,

LORD, to this honour we aspire,  
 To hear thy call, and follow thee;  
 Kindle in us the heav'nly fire,  
 And let us now both taste and see.

CCCXIV. *The Marriage in Cana.*

ii. i. — ii.

**I**N *Cana*, lo! the rural band  
 Salute the nuptial hour,  
 While in melodious airs around  
 The festive mirth they pour!

Well may the concert swell most sweet

When CHRIST himself attends!  
 'And heav'n, to grace the bridal feast,

Its royal Monarch sends!

Prize high your lot, ye happy pair,

Who hail this wond'rous Guest,

And fresh from his unfailing spring

The sacred blessing taste.

Why did the grape so niggard prove

Of its enliv'ning juice?

Well might the vine strain all its tubes

For the blest Former's use.

But he has nature's stores at will,

Her treasures can command;

Whose currents at his bidding flow,

Whose keys are in his hand.

'Tis he, that bids the purple stream  
Flow from the fruitful vine;  
Or, if he take a speedier course,  
See water chang'd to wine!

Here sickly nature creeps but slow,  
At feeble efforts strains;  
But in the beams of life's blest source  
Her progress nought detains.

Thus grov'ling mortals, dim of sight,  
Oft stint the pow'r divine  
To nature's low imperfect aims,  
And nature's GOD confine.

O LORD, enlarge our scanty thoughts  
To reach thy wond'rous deeds;  
But when they stretch their widest grasp,  
Thy goodness far exceeds.

### CCCXV. ANOTHER.

FOR A WEDDING.

COME, thou everlasting LORD,

By our trembling hearts ador'd;

Come, thou heav'n-descended Guest,

Bidden to our marriage feast.

JESUS, in the midst appear,

Present with thy followers here;

Grant us the peculiar grace,

Shew us all thy smiling face.

Now the veil of sin withdraw,

Fill our souls with sacred awe;

S

Awe,



Awe, that dares not speak or move,  
 Deepest awe of humble love.  
 Love, that doth its LORD descry,  
 Ever intimately nigh,  
 Sees th' Invisible in thee,  
 Fulness of the Deity.

Here let thy good Spirit rest,  
 Enter each devoted breast;  
 Still with thy disciples fit,  
 Still thy works of grace repeat.  
 Now the former wonder show,  
 Manifest thy pow'r below;  
 Earthly souls exalt, refine,  
 Turn the water into wine.

Stop the hurrying spirit's haste,  
 Change the soul's ignoble taste;  
 Nature into grace improve,  
 Earthly into heav'nly love.  
 Raise our hearts to things on high,  
 To our Bridegroom in the sky;  
 Heav'n our hope, and highest aim,  
 Mystic marriage of the LAMB.

O might each obtain a share  
 Of the pure enjoyments there;  
 Now in rapturous surprize  
 Drink the wine of Paradise.  
 Cry, amidst the rich repast,  
 "Thou hast giv'n the best at last;  
 "Such as cheers the host above,  
 "The best wine of perfect love."

CCCXVI. *The Woman of SAMARIA.*

iv. 5—29.

JESUS, to what didst thou submit  
To save thy dear-bought flock from hell?  
Like a poor trav'ler see him sit  
Athirst, and weary by the well!

The woman, who for water came,  
[What great events on small depend!]  
Then learnt the glory of his name,  
The Well of life, the sinners' Friend.

Taught from her birth to hate the *Jews*,  
And fill'd with party-pride at first,  
Her zeal induc'd her to refuse  
Water, to quench the SAVIOUR's thirst.

But soon she knew the gift of GOD,  
And JESUS, whom she scorn'd before,  
Unask'd that drink on her bestow'd,  
Which whoso tastes shall thirst no more.

His words her prejudice remov'd,  
Her sin she felt, relief she found;  
She saw, and heard, believ'd, and lov'd,  
And ran to tell her neighbours round.

O come, this wond'rous Man behold!  
"The promis'd SAVIOUR! this is he!"  
Whom ancient prophecies foretold,  
And righteous men desir'd to see.

Like her, in ignorance content  
 I worship'd long I knew not what;  
 Like her, on other objects bent,  
 I found him when I sought him not.  
 He told me all that e'er I did,  
 And told me, all was pardon'd too;  
 And now like her, as he has bid,  
 I live to point him out to you.

## CCCXVII. ANOTHER.

**A**T *Jacob's* well a stranger sought  
 His drooping frame to cheer;  
*Samaria's* daughter little thought  
 The Well of life so near.

This had she known, her panting mind  
 For living draughts had sigh'd;  
 Nor had MESSIAH ever kind  
 Those living draughts deny'd.

This story, like a mirror true,  
*Britannia's* image shows;  
 MESSIAH travels *Britain* through,  
 But who the stranger knows?

Yet *Britain* must the stranger know,  
 Or soon her loss deplore;  
 Behold the living waters flow!  
 Here drink, and thirst no more!

CCCXVIII. *The Nobleman's Son healed.*

iv. 46—53.

*Applied to a Father praying for a sick Child.*

JESUS, the Friend of human kind,  
Who dost our sorrows bear,  
Let an afflicted parent find  
An answer to his pray'r.

I look for help in thee above,  
To thee for succour fly;  
My son is sick, my darling son,  
And at the point to die.

By deep distress a suppliant made,  
By agony of grief,  
Most justly might thy love upbraid  
My ling'ring unbelief.

But thou art ready still to run,  
And grant our heart's desire:  
LORD, in thy healing pow'r come down  
Before my child expire.

Surely if thou pronounce the word,  
If thou the answer give,  
My dying son shall be restor'd,  
And to thy glory live.

Rebuke the fever in this hour,  
Command it to depart:  
Now by thy life-inspiring pow'r,  
Relieve my aching heart.

O save the father in the son,  
Reverse the sad decree;  
My heart the miracle shall own,  
And give him back to thee.

Nay more, I would obey thy word,  
To thee my all resign;  
I and my house will serve the LORD,  
And live for ever thine.

CCCXIX. *The Pool of* BETHESDA.

JOH. 5. 2—14.

**B**ESIDE the gospel pool  
Appointed for the poor,  
From year to year my helpless soul  
Has waited for a cure.

How often have I seen  
The healing waters move,  
And others round me stepping in  
Their efficacy prove!

But my complaints remain:  
I feel alas! the same;  
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,  
As when at first I came.

O would the LORD appear  
My malady to heal!  
He knows how long I've languish'd here,  
And what distress I feel.

How often have I thought,  
 'Tis surely now too late;  
 In vain have I for mercy fought,  
 Why should I longer wait?

But whither can I go?  
 There is no other pool,  
 Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow  
 To make a sinner whole.

Here then from day to day  
 I'll wait, and hope, and pray;  
 Can JESUS hear a sinner pray,  
 Yet suffer him to die?

No, he is full of grace,  
 He never will permit  
 A soul, that fain would see his face,  
 To perish at his feet.

## CCCXX. ANOTHER.

JESUS, take my sins away,  
 And make me know thy name;  
 Thou art now, as yesterday,  
 And evermore the same.  
 Thou my true *Bethesda* be:  
 I know within thine arms is room;  
 All may freely unto thee,  
 Their house of mercy, come.

See me lying at the pool,  
 And waiting for thy grace,  
 O come down into my soul,  
 Disclose thy angel-face.

If to me thy bowels move,  
If now thou dost my sickness feel,  
Let the Spirit of thy love  
The helpless sinner heal.

Persons thou dost not respect;  
Whoe'er for mercy call,  
Thou in no wise wilt reject,  
Thy mercy is for all.  
Thou wouldst freely all restore,  
Did all the gracious season know,  
Fill with peace, and love, and pow'r,  
And all thy goodness show.

Mercy then there is for me,  
[Away my doubts and fears!]  
Plagu'd with an infirmity  
For more than thirty years.  
JESUS, cast a pitying eye,  
Thou long hast known my desp'rate case;  
Poor and helpless here I lie,  
And wait thy healing grace.

Sin is now my fore disease;  
But, though I would be free,  
When the water troubled is,  
No help appears for me.  
Others find a cure, not I;  
In thee they wash away their sin;  
I alas! have no one nigh  
The pool to put me in.

Pain and sickness at thy word  
Depart, and sorrow flies;  
Speak to me, almighty LORD,  
And bid my spirit rise.



Bid me take my burden up,  
The bed, on which thyself didst lie,  
When on *Calvary's* steep top  
My JESUS deign'd to die.

Bid me bear the hallow'd cross  
Which thou hast borne before,  
Walk in all thy righteous laws,  
And go, and sin no more :  
Sin no more, lest something worse  
Hereafter should to me ensue,  
Lest I fall beneath the curse  
To vile apostates due.

CCCXXI. *The Disciples at Sea.*

vi. 16—21.

CONSTRAIN'D by their LORD to embark,  
And venture without him to sea,  
The season tempestuous and dark,  
How griev'd the disciples must be !  
But though he remain'd on the shore,  
He spent the night for them in pray'r ;  
They still were as safe as before,  
And equally under his care.

They strove though in vain for a while  
The force of the waves to withstand ;  
But when they were wearied with toil,  
They saw their dear SAVIOUR at hand.  
They gladly receiv'd him on board,  
His presence their spirits reviv'd ;  
The sea became calm at his word,  
And soon at their port they arriv'd.

We, like the disciples, are tost  
 By storms on a perilous deep,  
 Yet cannot we fear to be lost,  
 While JESUS has charge of the ship.  
 Though billows and winds are engag'd,  
 And threaten to make us their sport,  
 This Pilot his word has engag'd  
 To bring us in safety to port.

If sometimes we struggle alone,  
 And he is withdrawn from our view,  
 It makes us more willing to own,  
 We nothing without him can do.  
 Then satan our hopes would assail;  
 But JESUS is still within call,  
 And when our poor efforts once fail,  
 He comes in good time, and does all.

Yet, LORD, we are ready to shrink,  
 Unless we thy presence perceive;  
 "O save us," we cry, "or we sink,"  
 We would, but we cannot believe.  
 The night has been long and severe,  
 The winds and the seas are still high;  
 Dear SAVIOUR, this moment appear,  
 And say to our souls, "It is I."

### CCCXXII. ANOTHER.

**I**F in danger's blackest hour  
 Thou O LORD, for us appear,  
 Guarded by almighty power  
 Joyful to our port we steer.

O'er the raging billows sailing  
 With our all-protecting Guide,  
 By thy mercy never-failing,  
 We shall all the storms out-ride.

Join'd to thee by closest union,  
 And to thy companions dear ;

By that happy sweet communion  
 Thou wilt banish ev'ry fear.

Calm the world's tempestuous ocean,  
 And conduct us safely o'er,

Bid the fierce unruly motion  
 Land us on th' eternal shore.

CCXXIII. *Circumstances previous to the Resur-*  
*rection of LAZARUS.*

APPLIED TO A BACKSLIDER.

xi.

**M**ASTER, come, no more delay,  
 From thine own no longer stay ;

One thou lov'st is sick of pride,  
 Sick, for whom thyself hast died.

See the soul, whose fall we weep ;  
 Come, and wake him out of sleep,  
 Lull'd in false security,  
 Halting 'twixt the world and thee.

Hear our faith's effectual pray'r,  
 Snatch him from the fatal snare ;  
 Now thy ready help supply,  
 Come before our brother die.

Ask, thyself hast said, and have ;  
 Save him then, in mercy save ;  
 Grant the grace for him we claim,  
 Life we ask in JESUS' name.

S 6

JESUS

JESUS, call to mind thy word,  
Give him to our faith restor'd ;  
Freely his backslidings heal,  
On his heart the pardon seal.

Make him as the troubled sea,  
Till he find his rest in thee ;  
Bind, and then his soul release,  
Bid him, LORD, depart in peace.

CCCXXIV. *The Resurrection of LAZARUS*  
xi.

JESUS, Son of GOD, draw near,  
Hasten to my sepulchre ;  
Stay not yet four days away,  
Come, my LORD, without delay.

In this seasonable hour  
Show thy Resurrection's pow'r :  
Help, where dead in sin I lie,  
Save, or I for ever die.

Let no favor of the grave  
Stop thy pow'r to help or save ;  
Call me forth to life restor'd,  
Quicken'd by my dying LORD.

By thine all-atoning blood  
Raise, and bring me now to GOD ;  
Now pronounce my sins forgiv'n,  
Loose, and let me go to heaven.

## CCCXXV. ANOTHER.

WHILE many a *Lazarus* is rais'd  
 Out of their graves of sin and death,  
 While, mighty SAVIOUR, thou art prais'd  
 By all, who feel thy quick'ning breath;

Buried in sin thy voice I hear,  
 And burst the barriers of my tomb;  
 In all the marks of death appear,  
 Forth at thy call, though bound, I come.

Give me, oh! give me fully, LORD,  
 Thy resurrection's pow'r to know;  
 Free me indeed, repeat the word,  
 And loose my bands, and let me go.

So shall my wond'ring friends, who see  
 The glorious miracle, believe;  
 And gladly haste themselves to thee,  
 And henceforth to thy glory live.

CCCXXVI. JESUS *washing his Disciples Feet.*

xiii. 5.

JESUS, by highest heav'n ador'd,  
 The Church's glorious Head,  
 With humble joy I call thee LORD,  
 And in thy footsteps tread.

Emptied of all thy greatness here  
 While in the body seen,  
 Thou would'st the least of all appear,  
 And minister to men.

A servant

A servant to thy servants thou  
 In thy debas'd estate,  
 How meekly did thy goodness bow  
 To wash thy followers feet!

And shall a worm refuse to stoop?  
 His fellow-worms disdain?  
 I give my vain distinctions up,  
 Since GOD did wait on men.

At charity's almighty call  
 I lay my greatness by,  
 The least of saints, I wait on all,  
 The chief of sinners I.

Happy, if I their grief may cheer,  
 And mitigate their pain,  
 And wait upon the servants here,  
 Till with the LORD I reign.

CCCXXVII. JOHN *the Disciple whom JESUS  
 loved, and who leaned on his Breast.*

xiii. 23.

THRICE happy *John*, whom JESUS lov'd  
 And call'd to follow him in youth;  
 By him embrac'd, by him approv'd,  
 And taught to walk in heav'nly truth!  
 In humble silence at his feet  
 With open eye, and ear, and heart,  
 See the belov'd Disciple sit,  
 To hear what JESUS might impart!

Anon reclin'd upon his breast  
This honour'd happy servant lay;  
Partaking there a double feast  
On the last sacred festal day.

When with his brethren round the board  
He ate the bread, and drank the wine,  
The words, the smile of his dear LORD  
Fill'd all his soul with joys divine.

And now from earth to heav'n remov'd,  
Distinguish'd there in his embrace,  
*John*, the Disciple whom he lov'd,  
Leads the sweet anthems to his praise.

My soul aspires, like *John*, to be,  
JESUS, an object of thy love;  
My soul, which counts a place near thee  
Its heav'n on earth, its heav'n above.

CCXXVIII. PILATE saith to them,—"Behold  
the Man!"  
xix. 5.

BEHOLD, my soul, the Man! pursue  
His steps through life's sad race,  
Still more enamour'd at each view  
Of that disfigur'd face!

Behold him in the garden sweat  
Blood issuing through each pore,  
And all his sacred body wet  
With drops of clotted gore!

Behold



Behold him step with placid mien  
 That son of guile to meet,  
 And as his friend he still had been,  
 The miscreant traitor greet!

See Heav'n's Ador'd all patient bear  
 The Rulers • proud disdain;  
 That Name, which angel-hosts revere,  
 Is scorn'd by lips profane.

Behold him in mock purple clad,  
 Condemn'd at *Pilate's* bar,  
 Brought forth to public gaze, and made  
 A crown of thorns to wear!

But oh! attend the closing scene,  
 See countless wonders rise,  
 If thou canst bear the piercing din  
 Of thy Creator's cries!

Behold him, where the tempest low'rs,  
 With crimson deeply-stain'd,  
 And all his quick high-feeling pow'rs  
 With rending tortures pain'd!

Behold him after this sad night  
 Emerge to brightest day,  
 And gaze transported at the sight  
 While ages roll away!

• King Herod and his men of war.

CXXIX. *The Meekness and Patience of CHRIST,*  
*exemplified in several Instances.*

xviii. 22, 23. xix. 2. Luke xxiii. 34. and  
 Matt. xxvi. 53.

**D**OES justice thunder o'er his head ?  
 See JESUS all-serene !  
 How, like a GOD, he stands the shock,  
 And dauntless views the scene !

Unbridled tempests storm'd around  
 His calm unruffled soul ;  
 No rising waves of discontent  
 Through his pure bosom roll.

No ear or human or divine  
 Heard him affronts return,  
 Nor did his breast mid causeless wrongs  
 With vengeful rancor burn.

When once his cheek from impious hands  
 Receiv'd the spiteful blow,  
 He knew not to retort the ill  
 On his injurious foe.

When purple streams gush'd from his brow,  
 Sluic'd by the thorny crown,  
 All-gracious pity from his heart  
 That hour ran faster down.

When guards celestial in amaze  
 Their weapons brandish'd high,  
 Just ready at their Sov'reign's beck  
 To let their vengeance fly ;

Lo !

Lo! with an eye on heav'n full-fixt

How warmly he implores

Forgiveness on relentless foes

From mercy's boundless stores!

How meek, when last convulsive throes

His deep-prest bosom rend!

Beneath our load of guilt and woe.

His tragic moments end.

CCOXXX. JESUS bearing his Cross.

xix. 17.

WHAT object there salutes mine eye  
Without Jerus'lem's gates,  
That fills my mind with strange surprise,  
And heart-felt grief creates?

Ah! who is he, that groans beneath  
A cross of massy wood?

His soul o'erwhelm'd with pains of death,  
His body bath'd in blood?

Is this the Man, by heav'n's decree,  
The Prophets have foretold,  
Should with transgressors\* number'd be,  
And priz'd † and basely sold?

Yes, 'tis the woman's promis'd seed,  
GOD's own peculiar Son,  
Wrapt in mortality to bleed  
For crimes that I have done.

\* Isaiah liii. 12.

† Zech. xi. 13.

O blessed Man ! O lovely Form !  
 Though bow'd beneath that tree !  
 I'll creep beside him as a worm,  
 And see him die for me.

I'll view that dear disfigur'd face,  
 And never lose the sight,  
 Till near him I shall take my place  
 With all the saints in light.

CCXXXI. JESUS *commending his Mother to*  
 JOHN, *as they stood by the Cross.*

xix. 25—27.

HOW awful to surround the cross,  
 Where all that did your hearts engross  
 In tort'ring anguish hung !  
 O gaze upon that piteous sight,  
 Whence angels gather new delight,  
 And all our hopes have sprung.

While the rude multitude assails,  
 What kind affection still prevails  
 In accents mild address'd !  
 Not all our pond'rous load of guilt,  
 Nor Father's frown severely felt,  
 His filial love repress'd.

Woman, behold thy Son," he cries  
 To his blest mother, ere he lies  
 In the cold arms of death :  
 Son, there behold thy Mother dear,"  
 To John he says, " whom I revere,  
 " And now to thee bequeath."

Obsequious

Obsequious to her Son and LORD,  
She fail'd not to observe his word:

Ah! who the grace can tell?  
And after one last parting look  
*John* his lov'd Master's parent took  
At his own home to dwell.

O JESUS, let me hear thy voice,  
Appoint my place, direct my choice  
By thine enlight'ning Grace:  
I court no other bliss below  
Than at thy call to come or go,  
Till caught to thine embrace.

CCCXXXII. *When JESUS had received  
Vinegar, he said, "It is finished."*

xix. 30.

**N**OW the dread task is almost o'er,  
The labour of the skies;  
And man's eternal bliss t'ensure,  
"I thirst," the SAVIOUR cries.  
The deadly draught by sin mix'd up  
E'en to the dregs he drains:  
" 'Tis finish'd ;"—of that bitter cup  
Not one small drop remains.  
"Father, beneath thy stroke I lie,  
(Thus groan'd his dying Son)  
"Till thou proclaim to choirs on high,  
"Redemption's work is done."  
"I utter not my final groans,  
"Nor bow my sinking head,  
"Till to the bright angelic thrones  
"The cancel'd deed is spread.

'Tis finish'd—and the deed made void.  
 Is nailed to this tree,  
 That from hell's empire now destroy'd  
 The ransom'd may go free."

CCCXXXIII. *Weeping* MARY.

xx. 11—16.

MARY to her SAVIOUR's tomb  
 Hastened at the early dawn:  
 Once she brought and sweet perfume;  
 But the LORD she lov'd was gone.  
 For a while she weeping stood  
 Struck with sadness and surprise,  
 Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,  
 From her sorrow-streaming eyes.

JESUS, who is always near,  
 Though too often unperceiv'd,  
 Came his drooping child to cheer,  
 Kindly asked, why she griev'd?  
 Though at first she knew him not,  
 When he call'd her by her name,  
 Then her griefs were all forgot,  
 Then she found him still the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled,  
 When she heard his welcome voice;  
 Just before she thought him dead,  
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.  
 What a change his word can make,  
 Calling darkness into day!  
 You, that weep for JESUS' sake,  
 Soon he'll wipe your tears away.

He,

He, who came to comfort her,  
 When she thought her all was lost,  
 Will for your relief appear,  
 Though you now are tempest-tost.  
 On his word your burden cast,  
 On his love your thoughts employ,  
 Weeping for a night may last,  
 With the morning comes your joy.

CCCXXXIV. *The Disciples' Joy at CHRIST'S  
 Appearance.*

xx. 19, 20.

**C**OME, our indulgent SAVIOUR, come  
 Illustrious Conqu'romo'er the tomb;  
 Here thine assembled servants bless,  
 And fill our hearts with sacred peace.  
 O come thyself, most gracious LORD,  
 With all the joy thy smiles afford;  
 Reveal the lustre of thy face,  
 And let us feel thy vital grace,  
 With rapture kneeling down we greet  
 Thy pierced hands, thy wounded feet;  
 And from the scar, that mark'd thy side,  
 We see our life's warm torrent glide.  
 Enter our hearts, REDEEMER blest,  
 Enter thou ever-honor'd Guest,  
 Not for one transient hour alone,  
 But there to fix thy lasting throne.  
 Own this mean dwelling as thy home,  
 And when our final hour is come,  
 Let us but die as in thy sight,  
 And death shall vanish in delight.

CCCXXXV



## CCXXXV. ANOTHER.

SEE, JESUS, thy Disciples see,  
The promis'd blessing give :  
Met in thy Name we look to thee,  
Expecting to receive.

Thee we expect; our faithful LORD;  
Who in thy name are join'd;  
We wait according to thy word,  
Thee in the midst to find.

With us thou art assembled here;  
But oh! thyself reveal :  
Son of the living GOD, appear,  
Let us thy presence feel.

Breathe on us, LORD, in this our day,  
And these dry bones shall live;  
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,  
"The Holy Ghost receive."

Whom now we seek, O might we meet,  
JESUS the crucify'd;

Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,  
Thou, who for us hast died,

Cause us thy record to receive,  
Speak, and the tokens show;

O be not faithless, but believe—  
"In me who died for you."

CCCXXXVI.

CCCXXXVI. THOMAS *convinced,*

xx. 24—29.

THOMAS was absent from his friends  
 When JESUS first to them appear'd;  
 But they, in part to make amends,  
 To him the wond'rous news declar'd.

"No," he reply'd, "I'll not believe,  
 "Till I his hands and side shall view,  
 "Mark'd with those prints which ca'n't deceive  
 "Nor only see, but feel them too."

Soon as another week is o'er,  
 See the Disciples meet again!  
 When JESUS comes as heretofore,  
 Nor is the interview in vain.

"Come hither, *Thomas*," soon he cry'd,  
 "Thy finger reach, my wounds behold;  
 "And thrust thy hand into my side,  
 "That unbelief may stand control'd."

*Thomas* convinc'd, with joy exclaim'd;  
 "My LORD, my GOD, I doubt no more,  
 "Of all that I have said asham'd,  
 "I see, admire, believe, adore."

*Thomas* had faith, because his LORD  
 He clearly saw to life receiv'd;  
 "But rather blessed, says the word,  
 "Who have not seen and yet believ'd,"

LORD,

LORD, let this blessing now be mine,  
 I never have beheld thy face,  
 Yet my whole soul to thee resign,  
 And trust entirely to thy grace.

CCXXXVII. CHRIST's third Appearance to  
 his Disciples after his Resurrection.

xxi. 1—14.

WHEN the third time our SAVIOUR shew'd  
 Himself to his selected few,  
 On the sea-shore unknown he stood,  
 And quickly their attention drew.

On toiling they had pass'd the night,  
 And all their labour prov'd in vain;  
 But when they saw the morning light,  
 They saw reliev'd their fruitless pain.

For JESUS thus his friends address'd:  
 "My children, have ye any meat?"  
 They answer'd, "no;" but soon were blest'd  
 With a new store exceeding great.

Scarce had they dragg'd the boat to land,  
 When lo! a fire of coals prepar'd,  
 And food made ready to their hand!

Then with their bounteous LORD they shar'd.  
 Yet mean and homely was the fare;  
 No luscious dainties, costly wine;  
 But happy banquet! CHRIST was there,  
 Inviting them to come and dine.

T

While

While none presum'd to ask the LORD,  
 Knowing 'twas CHRIST, their risen Head;  
 He gracious bless'd the cover'd board,  
 Then took, and gave both fish and bread,  
 Still, LORD, the living Manna deal,  
 Let angels food to us be giv'n;  
 So will we of thy kindness tell,  
 Till call'd to feast with thee in heav'n.

CCCXXXVIII. PETER and JOHN following  
 their Master.

xxi. 18—20.

**B**LEST men, who stretch their willing hands  
 Submissive to their LORD's commands,  
 And yield their liberty and breath  
 To him that lov'd their souls in death!

Lead me to suffer and to die,  
 If thou, my gracious LORD, art nigh;  
 One smile from thee my heart shall fire,  
 And teach me smiling to expire.

If nature at the trial shake,  
 And from the cross or flames draw back,  
 Grace can its feeble courage raise,  
 And turn its tremblings into praise.

While scarce I dare with Peter say,  
 "I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;"  
 Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move  
 With humble hope, and silent love.



CCCXXXIX.

## CCCXXXIX. CHRIST's whole Process.

**J**ESUS, behold, the Wise from far,  
 Led to thy cradle by a star,  
 Bring gifts to thee, their GOD and KING !  
 O guide us by thy light, that we  
 The way may find, and still to thee  
 Our hearts, our all for tribute bring.

**J**ESUS, the pure, the spotless LAMB,  
 Who to the temple humbly came,  
 Dutious the legal rights to pay :  
 O make our proud, our stubborn will  
 All thy wise gracious laws fulfill,  
 Whate'er rebellious nature say.

**J**ESUS, who on the fatal wood  
 Didst pour thy life's last drop of blood,  
 Nail'd to the shameful cursed cross :  
 O may we bless thy name, and be  
 Ready, dear LORD, to bear for thee  
 All shame and grief, all pain and loss.

**J**ESUS, who by thy love wast slain,  
 By thy own pow'r to life again,  
 A Conqu'ror from the grave, didst rise :  
 O may thy death our souls revive,  
 New life thy resurrection give,  
 A glorious life that never dies.

**J**ESUS, who to thy heav'n again  
 In triumph didst return to reign,  
 Of men and angels sov'reign KING :  
 O may our parting souls take flight  
 Up to that land of joy and light,  
 And there for ever grateful sing.

All glory to the sacred THREE,  
One undivided DEITY,

All honour, pow'r, and love, and praise  
Still may thy blessed Name shine bright  
In beams of uncreated light,  
Crown'd with its own immortal rays.

CCCXL. ANOTHER.

**T**HOU Son of GOD, fair virtue's Friend  
With glory crown'd in worlds on high  
Ne'er shall thy vast dominion end,  
Till time, and death and nature die.

Terrestrial Thrones, celestial Pow'rs  
Obey thy all-commanding nod;  
Hell trembles, and indignant cow'rs  
Beneath the terror of thy rod.

A mortal once 'mong mortals born,  
A lowly virgin gave thee birth:  
No palace did thy birth adorn,  
No festal welcome thee on earth.

Thy infant limbs the manger knew,  
Thy youth was in a cottage train'd,  
Thy youth despis'd to manhood grew,  
In manhood poor, a man disdain'd.

In perils oft, in toils and grief  
Thy days were spent to bless mankind;  
To give the wounded heart relief,  
And freedom to the captive mind.

To call the wand'ring from the road:  
Of ignorance, and sin and death;  
To charm them back to peace and GOD  
Employ'd the moments of thy breath.

At length to finish heav'n's great plan,  
In duty to thy Father's will,  
Thou diedst; and thus apostate man  
Didst ransom, and his doom repeal.

Loud anthems hail'd thee to thy throne,  
Virtue still occupies thy care:  
Let the whole earth thy sceptre own,  
Let the whole earth thy blessings share.

CXLI. *The Divinity, Works, and Offices of the  
Holy Ghost.*

**JEHOVAH, HOLY GHOST, the third**

In order of the **THREE!**

While Father, Son and Spirit shew,

The source, the stream, the sea.

He, dove-like brooding o'er th' abyss:

Of dark chaotic earth,

Inform'd the sluggish mass, and hatch'd

Creation into birth.

He too in organized dust,

By heav'n's supreme decree,

Inbreath'd at first a living soul

Intelligent and free.



But in redemption's nobler plan  
 A different wonder shews;  
 And *Gabriel* from on high brings down  
 The bliss-inspiring news.

The great MESSIAH, fram'd beneath  
 By his o'ershadowing pow'r,  
 Fruit of a virgin womb is born;  
 In most auspicious hour.

Nor less the miracle of grace  
 Wrought by his heav'nly art,  
 Oft as in human breasts is form'd  
 The new and tender heart.

*The promise of the Father* known,  
 On earth he still descends,  
 To comfort whom the SAVIOUR calls  
 His brethren and his friends;

To harmonize the living stones  
 Into a beauteous frame,  
 Then consecrate the temple fair  
 To sound IMMANUEL's fame.



## A C T S.

EXLII. *The Disciples assembled at JERUSALEM,*

i. 4—14.

COME, LORD, with thy Disciples sit  
Assembled in thy name ;

Here let us kiss thy bleeding feet,  
And all thy love proclaim.

Is this the time? say, JESUS, say ;

Wilt thou O LORD, restore  
The kingdom to our souls to day,  
And bid us sin no more ?

Now wilt thou make an end of sin ?

The kingdom of thy peace,  
The joy unspeakable bring in,  
Th' eternal Righteousness ?

We wait, till thou the gift impart,

The unction from above ;  
Come quickly, LORD, in ev'ry heart  
Set up thy throne of love.

Or, (for it is not ours to know

The times by GOD assign'd)

Give us, till thou thyself bestow,  
An humble patient mind.

Thou let us praise with one accord,  
And in thy temple stay,  
Wait for the coming of our LORD,  
And without ceasing pray.

Still at *Jerusalem* \* abide  
In prospect of thy peace,  
Till thou shalt in our hearts reside,  
And sin for ever cease.

Give when thou wilt, the blessing give,  
The kingdom from above ;  
But let us all at last receive  
The pow'r of perfect love.

CCCXLIII. *The Day of Pentecost,*  
ii.

PART I.

**W**HEN CHRIST had left his flock below  
The loss his faithful flock deplor'd ;  
Him in the flesh no more they know,  
And languish for their absent LORD.

Not long,—for He, gone up on high  
Gifts to receive, and claim his crown,  
Beheld them sorrowing from the sky,  
And pour'd the mighty blessing down.

He, for the presence of his flesh,  
The Spirit's sev'nfold gifts imparts ;  
And living streams, their souls refresh,  
And joy divine o'erflows their hearts.

\* Jerusalem the vision of peace.

While

While all in sweet devotion join'd  
Humbly to wait for GOD retire,  
The promis'd grace in rushing wind  
Descends, and cloven tongues of fire.

God's mighty Spirit fill'd the dome,  
The feeble dome beneath them shook;  
Trembled the crowd to feel him come,  
Soon as the sons of thunder spoke.

## PART II.

FATHER, if justly still we claim  
To us and ours the promise made,  
To us be graciously the same,  
And crown with living fire our head.

On all the earth thy Spirit show'r,  
The earth in righteousness renew,  
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpow'r,  
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

Like mighty wind, or torrents fierce  
Let it opposers all o'er-run;  
And ev'ry law of sin reverse,  
That faith and love may make all one.

Yea, let thy Spirit in ev'ry place  
Its richer energy declare,  
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,  
The kingdom of thy CHRIST prepare.

Grant this, O holy GOD and true,  
The ancient Seers thou didst inspire,  
To us perform the promise due,  
Descend and crown us now with fire.

## CCCXLIV. ANOTHER.

## PART I.

**C**OME, gracious Spirit, raise our songs  
 To reach the wonders of this day,  
 When with thy fiery cloven tongues  
 Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

O 'twas a most auspicious hour,  
 Season of grace and sweet delight,  
 When thou didst come with mighty pow'r,  
 And light of truth divinely bright:

By this the blest Disciples knew  
 Their risen Head had enter'd heav'n;  
 Had now obtain'd the *promise* due,  
 Fully by GOD the Father giv'n.

Fir'd with the pure baptismal flame,  
 They publish swift the gospel-word;  
 Pardon and life in JESUS' name,  
 And high extol their SAVIOUR LORD.

The gazing multitudes enquir'd  
 With contrite hearts, "what must we do?"  
 But soon obtain'd what they desir'd,  
 And gladly practis'd what they knew.

Three thousand on that day baptiz'd  
 Believ'd with joyfulness of heart;  
 The SAVIOUR's Name and precepts priz'd  
 And in his precious love had part.

## PART II.

**L**ORD, we believe to us and ours  
 The apostolic *promise* giv'n;  
 We wait the pentecostal pow'rs,  
 The Holy Ghost sent down from heav'n.

Ah! leave us not to mourn below,  
 Or long for thy return to pine;  
 Now, LORD, the Comforter bestow,  
 And fix in us the Guest divine.

Assembled here with one accord,  
 Calmly we wait the promis'd grace,  
 The purchase of our dying LORD;  
 Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

If ev'ry one that asks may find,  
 If still thou dost on sinners fall,  
 Come as a mighty rushing wind;  
 Great Grace be now upon us all.

Behold, to thee our souls aspire,  
 And languish thy descent to meet;  
 Kindle in each the living fire,  
 And fix in ev'ry heart thy seat.

Wisdom divine to thee belongs,  
 Sweetly within our bosoms move;  
 Now let us speak with other tongues  
 The new strange language of thy love.

Spirit of faith, within us live,  
 And strike the crowd with fixt amaze;  
 Open our mouths, and ut'rance give,  
 To publish the REDEEMER's praise.

To testify the Grace of GOD,  
 To day as yesterday the same;  
 And spread through all the earth abroad  
 The wonders wrought in JESUS' Name.

CCCXLV. *Another, or the Mission of the Holy Ghost, the Accomplishment of Prophecy and of the Levitical Rites.*

**W**ILL our great Patron leave his own  
 As orphans without aid?  
 Who to retrieve them from despair  
 The costly ransom paid.

Does he not ever-mindful stand  
 Before th' eternal throne,  
 Suits to prefer from our low world,  
 And send free pardon down?

Hence love's grand mystery unfolds,  
 The COMFORTER is giv'n;  
 Behold a nation born at once!  
 See earth allied with heav'n!

What means this strange phenomenon?  
 Will GOD with mortals dwell?  
 The records of fair truth consult,  
 Those oracles can tell.

Was not the Spirit promis'd long  
 As streaming from on high?  
 And millions lifting wishful eyes  
 To view the blessing nigh?

Were



Were legal cleansings made of old  
 By water, and by fire?  
 Or did they ask the sprinkled blood,  
 Or hallowing oil require?

Lo! their full virtues center deep  
 In the celestial DOVE;  
 While wash'd and purify'd and cleans'd;  
 The saints his unction prove.

Blest Source of grace, on human kind,  
 Thy sev'n-fold gifts bestow,  
 Till streams, like those on Zion's hill,  
 This wilderness o'erflow.

CCXLVI. *The Character of the first Christians.*

ii. 41—47.

THE word pronounc'd, the gospel word  
 The crowd with various hearts receiv'd;  
 In many a soul the Spirit stirr'd,  
 Three thousand yielded, and believ'd.

These by th' apostles counsels led  
 With them in mighty pray'r combin'd,  
 Broke the commemorative bread,  
 And all in fellowship were join'd.

GOD from above with ready grace  
 And deeds of wonder keeps his flock;  
 Trembles the world before their face,  
 By JESUS aw'd, their guardian Rock.

The

The happy band, whom CHRIST redeem,  
 One only will, one judgment know;  
 None this contentious earth esteems,  
 Distinctions or delights below.

The men of worldly wealth possess,  
 Touch'd by the magnet from above,  
 Sell and divide it to the rest,  
 And buy the blessedness of love.

Thus in the presence of their GOD,  
 JESUS their life, and heav'n their care,  
 With single heart they took their food,  
 Heighten'd by \* eucharist and pray'r.

GOD in their ev'ry work was prais'd;  
 The people blest'd the law benign:  
 Daily the church, his arm had rais'd,  
 Receiv'd the Sons of mercy in.

So may the first pure flame revive  
 Of christian love, and fervent zeal,  
 Till Jews, as from the dead alive,  
 With Gentiles, in one kingdom dwell.

CCCXLVII. *The lame Man healed at the beautiful Gate of the Temple.*

iii. 2—10.

LAME from my mother's womb I lie  
 Before the temple's beauteous gate,  
 The temple of the LORD Most High,  
 Asking an alms importunate.

\* The act of thanksgiving, and frequently, as here, the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

Not

Not gold or silver, sordid dust;  
I seek, my mis'ry to relieve;  
But in the loving SAVIOUR trust,  
And hope expecting to receive.

Yes, at my LORD's command I look,  
And fix on him my steadfast eyes;  
Unwilling by his grace to brook  
Delay, or utter fruitless sighs.

O that the pow'rful word to me,  
"Rise up and walk," might seal my peace;  
O might I now a witness be  
That his great name salvation is.

From all its impotence made sound  
My soul shall in the temple stand;  
Walking and leaping shall be found,  
And praise the marvels of his hand.

Then shall the people wond'ring see  
The miracle by JESUS done;  
And magnify his pow'r in me,  
And glory give to GOD alone.

CCXLVIII. *The Death of ANANIAS and SAPPHIRA.*

v. 1—10.

**H**OW futile is our best device  
To shun GOD's searching eye!  
His wrath will surely strike who dare  
To his omniscience lie.

O impious

O impious heav'n-offending-pair!  
 Whose hearts by satan fill'd  
 Dealt most perversely, while to GOD  
 They seem'd respect to yield.

Pretending the full price to bring  
 Of their possession sold,  
 And place it at th' apostles' feet,  
 A part they still withhold.

Such vain oblations he abhors,  
 Hypocrisy detects;  
 Nor can the man his favor hope,  
 Who thus his love suspects.

Struck down with instantaneous death  
 They met their just desert,  
 Who dar'd the Holy Ghost to tempt,  
 And GOD's designs pervert.

To thee, O LORD, may I present  
 An undivided heart;  
 Into thy hands my all resign,  
 Whose love disdains a part.

CCCXLIX. *The Death of STEPHEN.*

vii, 54—60.

**A**S some tall rock amidst the waves  
 The fury of the tempest braves,  
 While the fierce billows tossing high  
 Break at its foot, and murm'ring die.

Thus

Thus they, who in the LORD confide,  
Though foes assault on ev'ry side,  
The mortal combat firm endure,  
Of JESUS' guardian love secure.

So faithful *Stephen* undismay'd  
The malice of the Jews survey'd;  
The holy joy, which fill'd his breast,  
A lustre on his face impress'd.

Behold! he said, the world of light  
Is open'd to my strengthen'd fight;  
My glorious LORD appears in view,  
That JESUS, whom ye lately slew!

With such a friend and witness near  
No form of death could make him fear;  
Calm amidst show'rs of stones he kneels,  
And only for his murd'ers feels.

May we by faith perceive thee thus,  
Dear SAVIOUR, ever near to us;  
Then thy sweet peace our minds shall keep,  
And death be fear'd no more than sleep.

CCL. *Devout Men lamenting at STEPHEN'S  
Funeral.*

viii. 2.

FROM their bleeding bosom rent  
Might they not a saint lament?  
From the flock by violence torn  
Might they not a shepherd mourn?

Free

Free from nature's fond excess,  
 Thus may we our grief express;  
 Thus a parted friend deplore,  
 Grieve for them that grieve no more.

Chiefly when the LORD of all  
 Doth his instruments recal;  
 Miss we our instructors here,  
 Mourn a ravish'd minister?

Deeply, justly sensible  
 Then the gen'ral loss we feel;  
 Testify our grateful love,  
 Weep for One who sings above.

CCCLI. *The Conversion of the Ethiopian Eunuch*

viii. 26—40.

PART I.

**I**S Philip by an angel bid  
 To rise and southward go;  
 He hastens forth, nor doth his zeal  
 A ling'ring moment know.

When lo I an *Ethiopian* lord  
 Pursues his homeward way,  
 And sitting in his chariot reads  
*Isaiah's* sacred lay.

From *Salem's* courts, where pious rites  
 Had call'd him, he returns;  
 And now the holy book admires,  
 And now his ign'rance mourns.

See *Philip* by divine command  
The waiting car ascend !  
See him the sacred page unfold  
To his enquiring friend !

The suffering CHRIST the Eunuch learns,  
He views the slaughter'd LAMB :  
Then the baptismal pool demands,  
And trusts in JESUS' Name.

But the Evangelist afar  
Is sudden rapt away :  
Happy his SAVIOUR GOD to serve,  
His glories to display !

PART II.

THE holy Eunuch, now baptiz'd  
Went on his way with joy :  
And who can tell what rapt'rous thoughts  
Did then his mind employ ?

Is that most glorious SAVIOUR mine,  
Of whom I lately read,  
Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,  
" Was number'd with the dead ?

Is he, who, bursting from the grave,  
" Now reigns above the sky,  
My Advocate before the throne,  
" My Portion when I die ?

Have I profess'd his holy Name ?  
" Do I his gospel bear  
To *Ethiopia's* scorched lands ?  
" And shall I spread it there ?

" Blest



- " Blest pool ! in whose baptismal wave,  
 " I left my fears behind ;  
 " What an unworthy wretch am I !  
 " And GOD profusely kind !  
 " Fair emblem of that precious blood  
 " Which satisfy'd for sin,  
 " And of that renovating grace  
 " Which makes the conscience clean !

This pattern, LORD, with sacred joy  
 Help us to keep in view ;  
 The same our faith, the same be found  
 Our consolation too.

CCCLII. *The Conversion of SAUL.*

ix.

**A** S *Saul* with bloody rage pursu'd  
 The SAVIOUR's little flock,  
 A sudden light from heav'n he view'd,  
 Which all his nature shook.

A voice too thunder'd in his ears  
 When fallen to the ground,  
 Divinely sent to rouse his fears,  
 His projects to confound.

Nor only rous'd, but broke his heart  
 With penitential grief,  
 Till the dear hand, that caus'd his smart,  
 Appear'd to his relief.

○ wond'rous

O wond'rous fight ! who could have thought  
To see the rebel bow  
To him, whom late he madly fought  
In his poor saints below ?

Now, docile as a little child,  
He asks ; " what shall I do ?  
Go," says the LORD, " my witness styl'd,  
" And all my wonders show.

Such, mighty GOD, are thy exploits  
Of rich and sov'reign grace ;  
Justice with mercy still unites  
To save a rebel race.

All-gracious LORD, deal thus with me,  
Now strike me to the dust ;  
Make blind to all things but to thee,  
In whom is all my trust.

Ne'er let me persecute again  
Thy life within my breast,  
Nor cause the *Just One* to be slain,  
Who seeks to make me blest.

## CCCLIII. ANOTHER.

WHAT sudden change did once appear  
In *Saul* replete with hellish wrath,  
When to *Damascus* he drew near  
To drag the saints to bonds and death !

To him the LORD reveals his Name,  
And (oh ! the strange excess of love !)  
Transforms the lion to a lamb  
By voice and vision from above.

His

His heart through mercy reconcil'd  
 Now yields subjection full and sweet:  
 The rebel is become a child,  
 And humbly bows at JESUS' feet.

The faith he labour'd to destroy  
 Is now his most delightful theme;  
 And pray'r and praise those lips employ  
 So late accustom'd to blaspheme.

In us, O LORD, like pow'r exert  
 At once to humble and to raise;  
 Devotion then shall form our heart,  
 And all our future life be praise.

CCCLIV. TABITHA *raised from the Dead.*

ix. 36—42:

NOT *Tabitha's* rare zeal, express  
 In deeds of love from day to day,  
 Could the dire hand of death arrest,  
 Or move him to ungrasp his prey.

Yet more it could—what time the same  
 Of her decease was spread abroad,  
 And messengers to *Peter* came,  
 Inviting there the Man of GOD.

Fill'd with concern he hastes to go  
 Where the departed widow lay;  
 The garments she had made they shew,  
 Her recent virtues to display.

But Peter, kneeling down in faith,  
 Prays to the LORD with steadfast hope;  
 And turning to the body, saith:  
 "Tabitha, rise"—the dead sat up.

Then holding forth his hand, he rais'd  
 The blessed saint to life receiv'd,  
 And shew'd her to her friends amaz'd,  
 While numbers in the LORD believ'd.

Thus ev'ry christian death survives  
 In the good deeds he here performs;  
 The odour of his virtues lives,  
 When the pale corpse is food for worms.

O LORD, most gladly we agree  
 To drop these tenements of clay,  
 So our mean names are known to thee,  
 Embalm'd in everlasting day.

# CCLV. *The Conversion of* CORNELIUS.

x.

WHAT various shades appear  
 In those first acts of grace,  
 When JESUS brought salvation near,  
 To bless our ruin'd race!

In Saul the bitter foe,  
 And in the Eunuch's case,  
 We see what sov'reign grace can do,  
 And its great Author praise.

Here

Here a just man is found,  
 Devout, and kind to men:  
 And yet to him must grace abound,  
 If he in life shall reign.

By vision warn'd of GOD  
*Peter* to call from far,  
 That life's blest myst'ry might be show'd  
 By words he should declare.

With hope and ardour fill'd  
*Cornelius* soon obeys;  
 Mean time to *Peter* is reveal'd  
 The secret, as he prays.

Hence furnish'd for th' event  
 The message he receiv'd;  
 Then, where the LORD directed, went;  
*Cornelius* now believ'd.

Nay more, his house and friends  
 Embrace the gospel call;  
 The Holy Ghost the word attends  
 Shed forth upon them all.

Thus, LORD, thou dost regard  
 The souls, that righteous live;  
 But for thyself to be prepar'd  
 They must in thee believe.

LORD, we renounce with shame  
 Ourselves and all our deeds,  
 And witness mercy in thy Name  
 Which all our sins exceeds.

CCLVI. *The Disciples called Christians,\* first  
at ANTIOCH.*

xi. 26.

**H**APPY the men, who first partook  
The name and nature of their LORD!  
They all unrighteousness forsook,  
And GOD in spirit and truth ador'd.  
What they were call'd they were indeed,  
Anointed richly from above,  
GOD's children, by his spirit led;  
They walk'd with him in faith and love.  
But millions now with lips profane  
The venerable Name assume,  
And dead in sins confess in vain,  
That JESUS in the flesh is come.  
The form of godliness they have,  
The pow'r, the unction they deny;  
And will not let the SAVIOUR save,  
But heathens live, and heathens die.  
O LORD, the christian world awake,  
And reconvert them by thy grace,  
Again for thy own people take,  
Acknowledg'd for a chosen race.  
Then shall the worthy name no more  
By Jews or Gentiles be blasphem'd;  
While all MESSIAH LORD adore  
Alike by heav'n and earth esteem'd.

\* The original word *Χριστιανισμός*, rendered, called in  
translation, signifies, that they were called Christians  
divine appointment.

CCCLVII. PETER *releas'd from Prison.*

xii. 5—8.

**F**ERVENT persevering pray'rs  
Are faith's assur'd resource;  
Brazen gates, and iron bars  
In vain withstand their force.

*Peter*, when in prison cast,  
Though by soldiers kept with care,  
Though the doors were bolted fast,  
Was soon releas'd by pray'r.

While he slept, an Angel came,  
And spread a light around;  
Touch'd and call'd him by his name,  
And rais'd him from the ground.  
All his chains asunder burst,  
Ev'ry door wide open flew;  
*Peter* thought, he dream'd at first,  
But found the vision true.

Thus the LORD can make a way  
To bring his saints relief;  
'Tis their part to wait and pray  
In spite of unbelief.

He can break through walls of stone,  
Sink the mountain to a plain;  
They, to whom his name is known,  
Can never pray in vain.

Thus in chains of guilt and sin  
Poor sinners sleeping lie;  
No alarm is felt within,  
Although condemn'd to die;



Till descending from above  
 (Mercy smiling in his eyes)  
 JESUS with a voice of love  
 Awakes, and bids them rise.

Glad the summons they obey,  
 And liberty desire;  
 Strait their fetters melt away,  
 Like wax before the fire.  
 By the word of Him, who died  
 Guilty pris'ners to release,  
 Ev'ry door flies open wide,  
 They rise, and go in peace.

CCCLVIII. HEROD *smitten by an Angel.*  
 xii. 23.

**A**DOR'D by the acclaiming crowd,  
 He falls a man, and not a GOD;  
 He falls, no sooner deify'd  
 Than smote, a sacrifice to pride:  
 Anticipates the fatal hour,  
 And worms their fellow-worm devour.

The man, who praise from men receives,  
 Nor to his GOD the glory gives,  
 In him the just reward we see  
 Of sacrilegious vanity:  
 And all, which nature call'd her own,  
 We now refer to GOD alone.

But chiefly, LORD, the gift of Grace  
 To thy sole glory we confess;

Afraid to rob thee of thy right,  
And arrogate with vain delight,  
Or take the homage of the throng,  
Which only doth to thee belong.

Whoe'er like *Lucifer* aspire,  
And suffer men their grace t' admire,  
Most humbled, when exalted most,  
Of CHRIST alone we make our boast,  
And own, if we perfection name,  
Perfection is with CHRIST the same.

CCCLIX. *The Behaviour of the Men of LYSTRA*  
to PAUL and BARNABAS.

xiv. 11—19.

WHO can the sudden turns explain,  
Or trust the various hearts of men?  
This hour they cry with sacred fear,  
“The gods in human shape appear;”

The next they contradict the word,  
And persecute whom they ador'd:  
Curses instead of praises give,  
And stone them as unfit to live.

And can a messenger be proud  
Extol'd by the admiring crowd?  
Honours divine with joy receive,  
Which sinners blasphemously give?

Ah no! the praise, which comes from men,  
Exchanging for reproach and pain,  
He would for JESUS be decry'd,  
And rather slain than deify'd,

CCCLXI.

CCCLX. *The Conversion of* LYDIA.

xvi. 14, 15.

**T**O me, almighty SAVIOUR, give  
 Thy servants sayings to receive;  
 The true simplicity impart,  
 The nobleness of *Lydia's* heart.  
 Of ev'ry heart thou hast the key,  
 Command, that mine may yield to thee;  
 May hear thy whisper in thy word,  
 And op'ning now admit its LORD.

Baptiz'd into the christian name,  
 O may I feel the heav'nly flame  
 Enlarge my soul with tend'rest love,  
 And all its sacred ardors prove.  
 Ready the joyful news to tell  
 Of thy rich grace unsearchable,  
 I would not from the task desist,  
 Till my whole house in thee are blest.

But if I faithful am esteem'd  
 To thee, who hast my soul redeem'd,  
 Let me thy messengers of grace  
 With some peculiar love embrace;  
 Constrain them, by the world deny'd,  
 Beneath my peaceful roof t' abide;  
 Assur'd the LORD mine own to make,  
 Who lodge the servants for thy sake.

CCCLXI. *The trembling Jailor.*

xvi. 25—34.

**A** Believer, free from care,  
 May in chains or dungeons sing,  
 If the LORD be with him there,  
 Happier than an earthly king.  
*Paul and Silas thus confin'd,*  
 Though their backs were torn by stripes,  
 Yet, possessing peace of mind,  
 Sung his praise with joyful lips.

By a sudden earthquake shook,  
 Open flew the prison doors;  
 Lo! the jailor, terror-struck,  
 From his captives help implores:  
 Trembling at their feet he fell:  
 "Tell me, Sirs, what must I do,  
 "To be sav'd from guilt and hell?  
 "Whither shall a sinner go?

"Look to JESUS," they reply'd,  
 "If on him thou canst believe,  
 "By the death, which he has died,  
 "Thou salvation shalt receive."  
 While the living word he heard,  
 Faith sprung up within his heart;  
 Soon releas'd from all he fear'd  
 In their joy his soul had part.

Sinners, Grace doth still abound:  
 Yield to salutary fears;  
 Then the SAVIOUR's Name shall sound  
 Sweet as music in your ears.

JESUS

JESUS rescues satan's slaves,  
His dear wounds still plead, "forgive;"  
JESUS to the utmost saves;  
Sinners, look to him, and live.

CCCLXII. PAUL at ATHENS.

xvii. 16—32.

WHEN blessed *Paul* to *Athens* came,  
The seat of learning and of fame;  
The place he view'd with pitying eye  
Immerst in gross idolatry.

Zealous the errors to refute  
Of those with whom he held dispute,  
The proud Philosophers he dar'd,  
Who for the task themselves prepar'd.

Some cry'd, "what will this babbler say?"  
Others, "he would strange gods display:"  
Then to the senate *Paul* they brought,  
To know what novelties he taught.

For all th' *Athenians* curious race!  
And strangers frequenting the place,  
Spent their whole time, themselves t' amuse  
In telling or in hearing news.

Then *Paul*, as in the midst he stood;  
"An altar, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD,  
"I found inscrib'd: Him I declare  
"Whom ignorantly ye revere."

U 4

"GOD,

" GOD, who made all things, and commands,  
 " Dwells not in temples made with hands;  
 " Nor ought that we can offer needs.  
 " From whom our ev'ry good proceeds.

" Unlike to gods of gold or stone  
 " He self-sufficient reigns alone;  
 " Yet, bearing with those darker times,  
 " Seem'd to connive at human crimes.

" But now repentance he enjoins,  
 " Far as the glorious gospel shines,  
 " Since One, who triumph'd o'er the tomb,  
 " To judge the world shall surely come."

But see in philosophic minds  
 What cold neglect the gospel finds;  
 While either with contempt they hear,  
 Or carelessly supine appear!

LORD, from thy truth we would not swerve  
 O let thy Grace our minds preserve  
 From science false, that baneful tree;  
 Our light and life are both from thee.

CCCLXIII. *The Exorcists.*

xix. 13—16.

WHILE the Apostle wonders wrought,  
 And heal'd the sick in JESUS' Name,  
 The sons of *Scæva* vainly thought,  
 By equal deeds to raise their fame.

On one possess'd they try'd their art,  
 And naming JESUS preach'd by *Paul*,  
 They charg'd the spirit to depart,  
 Submits to their imperious call.

The spirit answer'd with a taunt,  
 "JESUS I know, and *Paul* I know,  
 Names which our boldest legions daunt,  
 "But who are ye, that bid me go?"

With fury then the man he fill'd,  
 Who on the poor pretenders flew;  
 Naked and wounded, almost kill'd,  
 They fled in all the people's view.

JESUS that name! pronounc'd by faith  
 Is full of wonder-working pow'r;  
 It conquers satan, sin, and death,  
 And cheers in trouble's darkest hour.

But they, who are not born again,  
 Know nothing but the outward sound;  
 Thy do but take his Name in vain,  
 When most their zeal and pains abound.

Satan their vain attempts derides,  
 Whether they talk, or pray, or preach;  
 Long as the love of sin abides,  
 His pow'r is safe beyond their reach.

But you Believers, may rejoice;  
 Satan well knows your conqu'ring Head,  
 He trembles at your SAVIOUR's Voice,  
 And flies confounded and dismay'd.



CCCLXIV. PAUL *parting from his Friends.*  
xx. 36, 37.

WHEN *Paul* was parted from his friends  
It was a weeping day ;  
But JESUS made them all amends,  
And wip'd their tears away :  
In heav'n they met again with joy,  
(Secure no more to part)  
Where praises ev'ry tongue employ,  
And pleasure fills each heart.  
Thus all the heralds of his grace  
Their children soon shall meet ;  
Together see their SAVIOUR's face,  
And worship at his feet.  
But they, who heard the word in vain,  
Though oft and plainly warn'd,  
Will tremble, when they meet again  
The ministers they scorn'd.  
What terrors then their souls will seize !  
What vengeance will befall !  
While JESUS' faithful witnesses  
Shall stand approv'd by all.  
Yet, LORD, to save themselves alone,  
Is not their utmost aim :  
Be mercy on their hearers shown,  
We pray for thy great Name.

CCCLXV. FELIX *trembling*.

xxiv. 24, 25.

SEE *Felix* cloth'd with pomp and state,  
 See his resplendent bride,  
 Attend to hear a pris'ner preach,  
 Who scorn'd the truth to hide!

He shews the awful rights of heav'n,  
 The law of righteousness;  
 And next on temperance descants  
 With energy and grace:

Then the great day of doom he paints,  
 The righteous *Judge* at hand;  
 Vengeance to pour on all his foes  
 Who now his calls withstand.

*Felix* upstarts, and trembling cries,  
 "Go, for this time away;  
 I'll hear thee on those high points discuss  
 "On some convenient day."

Attention to the word of life  
 Let *Felix* thus adjourn;  
 LORD, let us make those solemn truths  
 Our first and chief concern.

## CCCLXVI. ANOTHER.

GREAT Sov'reign of the human heart,  
 Thy mighty energy impart,  
 Which darts at once through breasts of steel,  
 And makes the nether millstone feel.

Let sinners tremble at thy word,  
 Struck by the terrors of the LORD;  
 And while they tremble, let them flee,  
 And seek their help, their life from thee.  
 O let them seize the present day,  
 Nor risk salvation by delay:  
 To-morrow, LORD, to thee belongs;  
 This night may vindicate thy wrongs.  
 This night may stop their fleeting breath,  
 And seal them to eternal death;  
 May veil redemption from their sight,  
 And give them flames instead of light.  
 Or should succeeding years remain,  
 Years with their mercies all in vain.  
 Before their darken'd eyes may roll,  
 Nor bring them nearer to the goal.  
 Great SAVIOUR, let thy pity rise,  
 And make the wretched triflers wise;  
 Lest pangs and tremblings, felt in vain,  
 Hasten, and feed immortal pain.

## CCCLXVII. PAUL's Voyage.

xxvii.

**I**F Paul in Cesar's court must stand,  
 He need not fear the sea,  
 Secur'd from harm on ev'ry hand  
 By heav'n's all-wise decree.  
 Although the ship, in which he sail'd,  
 By dreadful storms was tost,  
 The promise over all prevail'd,  
 And not a life was lost.

JESUS.

JESUS, the GOD whom *Paul* ador'd,  
 Who saves in time of need,  
 Was then confess'd by all on board  
 A present help indeed.

Though neither sun nor stars were seen,  
*Paul* knew the LORD was near;  
 And faith preserv'd his soul serene,  
 When others shook for fear.

Believers thus are tost about  
 On life's tempestuous main,  
 But sav'd by grace they cannot doubt  
 The port of peace to gain.

With joy they shall appear one day  
 Before their SAVIOUR's throne,  
 The storms that rise his pow'r display,  
 And make his mercy known.

Their passage lies across the brink  
 Of many a threat'ning wave;  
 The world expects to see them sink,  
 But JESUS lives to save.

Though LORD, we are but feeble worms,  
 Yet since thy word is past,  
 We'll venture through a thousand storms  
 To see thy face at last.

CCCLXVIII. PAUL *shaking the Viper off his*  
*Hand unburnt.*  
 xxviii. 1—6.

WHEN by providential care  
 Paul from threat'ning storms and war  
 Found a safe asylum, where  
 Malta's \* strand the ocean laves;  
 Still to succour in his straits  
 Strangers op'd their friendly gates.  
 While from present rain and cold  
 Some to make a fire incline,  
 Paul would not his hand with-hold  
 Gath'ring sticks with like design;  
 As the fire its heat imparts,  
 Thence, behold! a viper darts.  
 In the rude barbarians eyes  
 See it fastens on his hand!  
 But what wonder and surprize  
 Doth the miracle command,  
 When the viper off he shakes,  
 And no smallest damage takes!  
 Him at first a murd'rer sure  
 They with confidence declare,  
 Whom although from storms secure,  
 Yet just vengeance will not spare:  
 Then with stedfast look they wait  
 For his swift-approaching fate.

\* Formerly called Melita.

But when long they look'd in vain,  
 And perceiv'd no harm befall,  
 Presently they chang'd their strain,  
 And a god confess'd in Paul:  
 But in both alike they err'd;  
 GOD through him they should have fear'd.

In this instance we may view

Mens opinions light as air:  
 But the mighty GOD and true  
 From presumption as despair  
 Fails not to preserve his own,  
 Bears them faultless to his throne.

## ROMANS.

CCCLXIX. *The Groans of the Creation.*

viii. 19—22.

**H**OW beauteous in its Maker's eye

This earthly fabric stood,  
 When he beheld it from on high,  
 And first pronounc'd it good!

But subjected through Adam's sin  
 To vanity and pain,

How sadly chang'd, alas! the scene,  
 How wide diffus'd the stain!

Hark!

I. THESSALONIANS.

Hark ! the unfinish'd groan resounds,  
In ev'ry list'ning ear,  
While all within creation's bounds  
The mark of bondage wear.

But nature shall not always pine,  
Or heave th' unanswer'd sigh ;  
Already we behold the sign  
Of restoration nigh.

When openly reveal'd on earth  
The sons of GOD shall stand,  
Nature shall wake to second birth  
Beneath his forming hand.

Haste, LORD, the long-expected hour  
Of liberty and peace ;  
On all thy works thy Spirit pour  
To renovate and bless.

## II. CORINTHIANS.

CCCLXX. PAUL's *Thorn in the Flesh.*

xii. 7—9.

JESUS exalts his Fav'rites high,  
And lifts their souls above,  
When drest in smiles, approaching nigh,  
He shows his pard'ning love.



But let him send a pungent thorn  
To humble and to prove,  
How soon they deem themselves forlorn,  
Devoid of peace and love!

Or should the pow'rs of darkness rage,  
While JESUS hides his face,  
With hell they tremble to engage,  
And fear again takes place.

Now they complain, how light their minds,  
Their unbelief how strong!  
Satan in chains their spirits binds,  
And silent is their song.

Convinc'd at length their pow'r is small,  
They cry for aid from heav'n;  
The GOD of mercy hears their call,  
And grace again is giv'n.

Thus *Paul* endur'd the grieving thorn  
Which pain'd his feeling heart,  
While by the angel • satan torn  
He pray'd it might depart.

But JESUS spake reviving words  
To cheer the drooping saint;  
My grace sufficient strength affords,  
Though nature's pow'rs may faint.

Mark then th' Apostle's blessed choice:  
Beneath the cross I bow,  
And in infirmities rejoice  
The pow'r of CHRIST to know.

\* That is the exact meaning of the original word.

## I. THESSALONIANS.

# I. THESSALONIANS.

CCCLXXI. *The Second coming of CHRIST.*

iv. 15—18.

**J**ESUS, faithful to his word,  
Shall with a shout descend;  
All heav'n's host their glorious LORD  
Shall pompously attend:  
CHRIST shall come with dreadful noise,  
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud,  
With the great Archangel's voice,  
And with the tramp of GOD.

First the dead in CHRIST shall rise;  
Then we, that yet remain,  
Caught up to the middle skies,  
Shall see our LORD again.  
We shall meet him in the air,  
All rapt up to heav'n shall be;  
Find, and love, and praise him there  
To all eternity.

Who can tell the happiness  
This glorious hope affords?  
Joy unutter'd we possess  
In these reviving words.  
Happy, while on earth we breathe,  
Mightier joys obtain'd to know;  
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,  
To the third heav'n we go.

CCCLXXI

CCCLXXII. *Another, or a Prospect of the  
Resurrection.*

**F**AR, far retire the scatt'ring shades,  
The dawn of heav'n appears;  
The sweet immortal morning spreads  
Its blushes round the spheres.

Behold the LORD of glory come,  
And flaming guards around!  
The skies divide to make him room,  
The trumpet shakes the ground.

A voice proclaims, "Ye dead, arise,"  
And lo! the graves obey;  
The waking saints with joyful eyes  
Salute th' expected day:

They leave the dust, and on the wing  
Rise to the middle air;  
In shining garments hail their King,  
And low adore him there.

With them caught up to meet the LORD  
The living saints are seen,  
Transform'd by his all-quick'ning word  
With him in bliss to reign.

O may my humble spirit stand  
Amongst them cloth'd in white;  
The meanest place at his right hand  
Is infinite delight.

How

How will our joy and wonder rise,  
 When our exalted *King*  
 Shall bear us homeward through the skies  
 On love's triumphant wing!

# I. TIMOTHY.

CCCLXXIII. CHRIST *seen of Angels.*  
 iii. 16.

**O** Ye immortal throng  
 Of angels round the throne,  
 Join with our feeble song  
 To make the SAVIOUR known:  
 On earth his matchless love ye knew,  
 In heav'n his beauteous form ye view.  
 Ye saw the heav'n-born child  
 In human flesh array'd,  
 Benevolent and mild  
 While in the manger laid;  
 And praise to GOD with peace on earth  
 Aloud proclaim'd for such a birth.  
 Ye in the wilderness  
 Beheld the tempter spoil'd,  
 Well known in ev'ry dress,  
 In ev'ry combat foil'd;  
 And join'd the Victor's brows to crown,  
 When satan fled before his frown.

Around the bloody tree  
Ye press'd with strong desire,  
That wond'rous sight to see,  
The LORD of Life expire :  
And could your eyes have known a tear,  
Had sympathetic dropt it there.

Around his sacred tomb  
A willing watch ye held,  
Till the blest hour was come  
When death his prey must yield ;  
Then roll'd the stone, and all ador'd  
With transports your new-risen LORD.

When all array'd in light  
The shining Conqu'ror rode,  
Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight  
Up to the throne of GOD :  
And wav'd your golden wings around,  
And struck your harps of sweetest sound,  
The warbling notes pursue,  
And louder anthems raise,  
While mortals sing with you  
Their own REDEEMER's Praise :  
And thou, with equal flame, my heart,  
Mid all the Blest perform thy part.

## CCCLXXIV. ANOTHER.

ANGELS, rejoice in JESUS' Grace,  
And vie with man's more favor'd race ;  
The blood that did for us atone,  
Conferr'd on you some grace unknown :  
Through

Through JESUS' pains your joy abounds,  
 Ye triumph by his glorious wounds,  
 Or stablish'd and confirm'd by him,  
 Who did our fallen race redeem,  
 Secure ye keep your blest estate,  
 Firm on an everlasting feat;  
 Or rais'd above yourselves aspire,  
 In bliss improv'd, in glory higher.

Him ye beheld, our conqu'ring GOD,  
 Return'd with garments roll'd in blood;  
 Ye saw, and kindled at the sight,  
 And fill'd with shouts the realms of light,  
 With loudest hallelujahs met,  
 And fell, and kiss'd his bleeding feet.

Ye saw him in the courts above  
 With all his recent prints of love:  
 The wounds, the blood, ye heard its voice  
 That heighten'd all your highest joys;  
 Ye felt it sprinkled through the skies,  
 And shar'd that better sacrifice.

But who of all your hosts can tell  
 The mighty bliss unspeakable,  
 The joy, that issued from his side,  
 And how the pure is purified,  
 The grace supreme by JESUS giv'n,  
 When heav'n itself was double heav'n?

Nor angel-tongues can e'er express  
 Th' unutterable happiness,  
 Nor human hearts can e'er conceive  
 The bliss, wherein through CHRIST ye live  
 But all your heav'n, ye glorious Pow'rs,  
 And all your GOD is doubly ours.

PHILEMON

## PHILEMON.

ECLXXV. ONESIMUS *after running away*  
*from his Master, converted by St. PAUL, and*  
*sent back.*

ONESIMUS, poor fugitive!  
 Had discontented fled  
 To Rome without his Master's leave,  
 By sense and passion led.

There holy Paul the vagrant met  
 While far from righteousness,  
 And brought subdu'd to JESUS' feet,  
 Then sent him back in peace.

What depths of wisdom and of grace  
 In JESUS do we find,  
 Reflecting on his wond'rous ways  
 And dealings with mankind!

He marks our unavailing pain  
 While far from him we rove,  
 And carries on the secret plan  
 Of his mysterious love.

Left to myself in paths of vice  
 I scarce began to run,  
 When JESUS did my soul surprize,  
 And claim me for his own.

With



With pity mov'd he came unfought  
 True freedom to impart,  
 And in the arms of mercy caught  
 My poor unsettled heart.

SAVIOUR, with thankful awe I see  
 Thy mercy's wise design,  
 Which let me swerve a while from thee  
 To make me always thine.

A servant and a son restor'd  
 Thou kindly dost receive;  
 And happy with my heav'nly LORD  
 I shall for ever live.

## HEBREWS.

CCCLXXVI. *The Ministry of Angels.*

i. 13.

**H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light  
 The King of glory spreads his seat,  
 And troops of angels stretch'd for flight  
 Stand waiting round his sacred feet.

- " Go, faith the LORD, my *Gabriel*, go,  
 " Salute the virgin in my Name:  
 " Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,  
 " With songs the SAVIOUR's birth proclaim

Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,  
And thick around *Elisba* stands ;  
Anon a heav'nly warrior flies,  
And breaks the chains from *Peter's* hands.

Thy winged troops, O LORD of Hosts,  
Wait on thy wand'ring church below ;  
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,  
Let angels be our convoy too.

Are they not all thy servants, LORD ?  
At thy command they go and come,  
With chearful haste obey thy word,  
And guide thy journeying children home.

CCCLXXVII. *Men honoured above Angels.*

ii. 16.

WHEN human and angelic frames  
Were wreck'd on yonder shore,  
And billows of eternal wrath  
Approach'd with hideous roar ;

IMMANUEL from his radiant throne  
Beheld with piteous eye,  
And from th' unmeasur'd eminence  
To rescue them drew nigh.

Angelic armies in suspense  
But guess'd his high intent ;  
To dive in quest of heav'n's lost gems  
They hop'd his course was bent.

X

What

What wonder rose when those bright stars  
He pass'd unnotic'd by !  
And yet to snatch mens' shipwreck'd souls  
On love's swift wings did fly.

To waft these objects of his love  
To safety's distant land,  
Himself the fiery flood must wade,  
Himself the shock must stand.

O whence could spring that strange excess  
Of Love, which flam'd so high,  
When he plung'd deep for worms of earth,  
And let lost angels lie ?

In scales of true intrinsic worth  
Their natures weightiest prove ;  
Not so he weigh'd—but hung the beam  
Of pure, of sov'reign love.

O man ! O man ! high prized man !  
That wond'rous hour review :  
To him, who sav'd our worthless race,  
Say what from thee is due.

Sure 'tis unmeet such matchless grace  
Should be repaid with scorn :  
See angels cast, and JESUS deign  
To be of woman born !

CCCLXXVIII. *The Intercession of CHRIST.*

vii. 24, 25.

SEE JESUS nigh th' eternal throne  
Our Friend and Patron stand !  
He rears aloft his god-like brow,  
And waves his mighty hand.

His lips with choicest myrrh distil,  
There sweet persuasion dwells ;  
The church in loud responsive strains  
The ceaseless anthem swells.

His speaking wounds yet plead aloud,  
And still the nail-prints show ;  
E'en justice listens to those notes  
Which in soft numbers flow.

Each glorious scar can find a voice  
In that attentive ear,  
These all prove advocates for man,  
And cry, " those rebels spare."

Till blood divine shall cease to speak,  
And heav'n condemn its sound,  
Let no despair for human deeds  
In human hearts be found.

CCCLXXIX. ANOTHER.

ARISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears ;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears ;

X 2

Before

Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above  
For me to intercede,  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead ;  
His blood aton'd for all the race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds he bears  
Receiv'd on *Calvary*,  
They pour effectual pray'rs,  
They strongly speak for me :  
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,  
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."

The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One :  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his *Son* ;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me, I am born of GOD.

My GOD is reconcil'd,  
His pard'ning voice I hear ;  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear :  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father cry.



# REVELATION.

CCCLXXX. CHRIST *coming to reign.*

i. 7.

**L**O! he comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favor'd sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Hallelujah,  
GOD appears on earth to reign.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold him  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;  
Those, who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true MESSIAH see.

The dear tokens of his passion  
Still his dazzling body bears,  
Cause of endless exultation  
To his ransom'd worshippers:  
With what rapture,  
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, amen; let all adore thee  
High on thine eternal throne;  
SAVIOUR, take the pow'r and glory,  
Claim the kingdom for thine own;  
JAH, JEHOVAH,  
Everlasting GOD, come down.

CCCLXXXI. CHRIST's *glorified Person*.  
i. 10—18.

SAY, which of you would see the LORD?  
Ye all may now obtain the grace,  
Behold him in the written word,  
Where *John* unveils the SAVIOUR's face

Clear as the trumpet's voice he speaks  
To ev'ry soul that turns his ear;  
Amidst the golden candlesticks  
He walks; and lo! he now is here!

Present to all believing souls  
They see him with an eagle's eye;  
Down to his feet a garment rolls,  
Stain'd with a glorious crimson dye.

A golden girdle binds his breast,  
Whence streams of consolation flow;  
Milk for his new-born babes, who rest  
In him, nor other comfort know.

His form is as the Son of Man,  
His eyes are as a flame of fire;  
'They dart a fin-consuming pain,  
And life and joy divine inspire.

His spotless purity of soul  
We by a lovely emblem know;  
His head and hairs are white as wool,  
White as the mountain's driven snow.

Glitter



Glitter his feet, like polish'd brass,  
That long hath in the furnace shone;  
Brighter than light'ning is his face,  
Brighter than the meridian sun.

As many waters sounds his word;  
Sev'n stars he holds in his right-hand;  
Out of his mouth a two-edg'd sword  
Goes forth: before it who can stand?

LORD, at thy feet we fall as dead;  
Lay thy right-hand upon our soul;  
Scatter our fears, thy Spirit shed,  
And all our unbelief controul.

Tell us: "I am the *First and Last*,  
"He who now lives, though dead before;  
"And lo! my bitter death is past,  
"And lo! I live for evermore.

"I have the keys of death and hell."  
Amen, thy record we receive;  
And wait, till thou our spirits seal,  
And all in all for ever live.

CCCLXXXII. *A Vision of the Throne.*

iv.

PART I.

SINNERS, look up, by grace forgiv'n,  
Behold an open door in heav'n:  
Attend, ye souls in JESUS sound,  
The SAVIOUR's Voice, the trumpet's sound;  
Hither come up, he cries, and see  
The secrets of eternity.

Rise in the Spirit's rapture, rise,  
 To yon bright Throne above the skies;  
 'To him who sits sublime thereon,  
 In colour, like a *Sardine* stone,  
 And scatters, as the *Jasper's* rays,  
 The glories of his dreadful face.

Tremble, yet O! with love draw near,  
 The radiant bow forbids your fear;  
 The throne it quite incircles round,  
 And grace on ev'ry side is found;  
 In colour like an *Em'rald* seen,  
 Delightful and eternal green.

Turn as he will, the Eyes divine  
 Must ever meet that sacred sign;  
 Sign of his covenanted grace,  
 Confirm'd to all the ransom'd race,  
 Who sing the great REDEEMER's love,  
 Triumphant with that Host above.

Near the Most High on either hand  
 Behold a venerable band!  
 Twenty and four on seats behold,  
 Inrob'd in white, and crown'd with gold!  
 With JESUS' joy supremely blest,  
 Inthron'd in everlasting rest.

GOD over all his state maintains,  
 And high amidst his ancients reigns;  
 Voices are heard, and thunders roar,  
 And loud proclaim his awful pow'r;  
 And waving flames of light'ning shine,  
 Thick-flashing from the throne divine.

Burning before the sov'reign Sire  
 Are seven lamps of living fire ;  
 His ministerial Spirits they,  
 Who ever in his presence stay ;  
 The purest essences above,  
 The brightest flames of heav'nly love.

Fronting the throne a crystal sea  
 Rolls on its perfect purity :  
 Laver of sanctifying grace,  
 It justly holds the middle place ;  
 For none approach the holy GOD,  
 Till thoroughly wash'd in JESUS' blood.

## PART II.

**B**ETWEEN the saints and Holy One,  
 Around his throne, and plac'd thereon,  
 Four emblematic creatures shine,  
 Replete with eyes, and pow'rs divine,  
 And all the various virtues show  
 Of JESUS' ministers below.

The lion bold their heart displays ;  
 The lab'ring ox their strength of grace,  
 The man their mind discreet, humane,  
 The eagle doth their speed explain,  
 Where-with they soar aloft to gaze  
 On the bright *Sun of Righteousness*.

Spangled with eyes before, behind,  
 (Fit emblem of a watchful mind)  
 The six-wing'd Messengers appear,  
 And full of inward eyes severe

Themselves with strictest search to scan,  
Till model'd by the perfect plan.

GOD they extol above the sky,  
And holy, holy, holy cry,  
Who was, and is, and still shall be,  
In essence One, in persons Three,  
By all incessantly ador'd,  
Omnipotent, eternal LORD.

Soon as in hymns the mystic four  
The everlasting GOD adore,  
The elders prostrate at his feet  
The glorious attributes repeat;  
The source of all their blessings own,  
And cast their crowns before his throne.

Honour and might, and majesty,  
Who gavest all that is, to be,  
Thou, LORD, art worthy to receive;  
And lo! for this in heav'n we live,  
With all thy creatures to commend  
Our source, support, and glorious end.

CCCLXXXIII. *Another, or a Sight of Heaven.*

**H**ASTEN, hasten, sweetest Dove,  
Sacred Sanctifier,  
Breathe the soul-abasing love,  
Form the true desire.  
Clear the gloomy mists away,  
Tune the heart to harmony,  
Then we'll sing, and then we'll pray  
With celestial energy.

Bear me on thy rapid wing,  
 Everlasting Spirit,  
 Where cherubic armies sing,  
 And the saints inherit.  
 Flutt'ring round the flaming throne,  
 Joys, eternally their own ;  
 This the cry of ev'ry one,  
 "Glory to th' incarnate Son."

Burst, ye em'rald gates, and bring  
 To my raptur'd vision  
 All th' extatic joys, that spring  
 Round the bright Elysian.  
 Lo! we lift our longing eyes ;  
 Break, ye intervening skies ;  
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
 Ope the gates of Paradise.

See, th' exalted Son of GOD  
 Pours the intercession !  
 Mark the sin-atoning blood !  
 Bend in adoration !  
 Endless Glory is secur'd,  
 True felicity restor'd ;  
 Saints, rejoice, and rest assur'd,  
 All is yours in CHRIST the LORD.

Floods of everlasting light  
 Brightly flash before him ;  
 Myriads with supreme delight  
 Instantly adore him.  
 Angel-trumps resound his fame ;  
 Lutes of softest tone proclaim  
 All the music of his Name,  
 Heaven ecchoing the theme.

Hark ! the thrilling symphonies  
 Seem methinks to seize us !  
 Join we too the solemn lays ;  
**JESUS ! JESUS ! JESUS !**  
 Sweetest sound in seraphs song !  
 Sweetest note on mortals tongue !  
 Sweetest carol ever sung !  
**JESUS ! JESUS !** flow along.

Four and twenty elders rise  
 From their princely station ;  
 Shout his glorious victories,  
 Sing the great salvation.  
 Cast their crowns before his throne,  
 Cry in reverential tone,  
 " Holy, Holy, Holy One,  
 " Endless praise to thee alone."

High ascend the mingling throngs,  
 Fill'd with heav'nly fire ;  
 Raise, Believers, raise your songs,  
 Join the sacred choir :  
 Soon in yonder glorious plain  
 Ye shall laud in rapt'rous strain  
**JESUS** once for sinners slain,  
 Triumph in his blissful reign.

## CCCLXXXIV. ANOTHER.

**O** When shall we, supremely blest,  
 Enter the rapturous unrest ?  
 Partake the triumph of the sky,  
 And holy, holy, holy cry ?

We render thanks with one accord  
To our almighty GOD and LORD,  
Who was, and is, and is to come,  
Of excellence the perfect sum.

Let his whole prostrate church adore,  
The elders, and the living four :  
Worship divine to GOD be giv'n  
By ev'ry citizen of heav'n.

With all that angel host, with all  
Those blessed saints, we long to fall,  
And sing in extacies unknown,  
And praise him on his dazzling throne.

Honour, and majesty, and pow'r,  
And thanks, and blessing evermore,  
Thou, LORD, art worthy to receive,  
Who dost through endless ages live.

For thou badst all things to exist,  
Which for thy pleasure still subsist :  
From thee they come, to thee they tend,  
Their gracious source, their glorious end.

CCCLXXXV. *A Vision of the LAMB.*

v. 6—9.

**A**LL mortal vanities, be gone,  
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears ;  
Behold amidst th' eternal throne  
A vision of the Lamb appears !

Glory



Glory his fleecy robe adorns  
Mark'd by the bloody death he bore;  
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,  
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.

Lo ! he receives a sev'n-seal'd book  
From him that sits upon the throne ;  
JESUS my LORD prevails to look  
On dark decrees, and things unknown.

All the assembling saints around  
Fall worshipping before the LAMB,  
And in songs of gospel sound  
Address their honours to his Name.

The joy, the shout, the harmony  
Flies o'er the everlasting hills ;  
" Worthy art thou alone," they cry,  
" To read the book, to loose the seals."

Our voices join the heav'nly strain,  
And with transporting pleasures sing,  
" Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,  
" To be our Teacher, and our King."

His words of prophecy reveal  
Eternal counsels, deep designs :  
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil  
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

He hath redeem'd our souls from hell,  
Hath bought them with his precious blood  
And wretches that did once rebel,  
Are now made fav'rites of their GOD.

Worthy

Worthy for ever is the LORD,  
That died for treasons not his own,  
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,  
And reign upon his Father's throne.

CCLXXXVI. *A Vision of the Souls under the Altar.*

vi. 9—11.

SEE countless crowds of martyrs, slain  
By the dire hands of bloody men,  
Lodg'd in the temple of the sky,  
Whose souls beneath the altar cry :

How long, most holy LORD and true,  
Who rend'rest unto all their due,  
Shall finners triumph o'er the just,  
And truth lie trampled in the dust ?

When wilt thou rise to judge our cause,  
And vengeance take on all our foes ?  
How long shall sin and finners reign,  
Or hell a growing empire gain ?

'Twas answer'd from the sacred throne :  
Your hallow'd blood flow'd not alone ;  
Millions of fellow-suff'ers more  
Must reach through blood the heav'nly shore.

Your brethren born in future times,  
And nurs'd in antichristian climes,  
Who dare in JESUS' Name to stand,  
Like you must bleed in ev'ry land.

“ Then

" Then when their number is fulfill'd,  
 " And CHRIST's last witnesses are kill'd,  
 " In barb'rous triumph all the day  
 " Their murd'ring foes will sport and play,  
 " But from on high a righteous GOD  
 " Will inquisition make for blood;  
 " Avenge your cause, his right maintain,  
 " And glorious with his ancients reign.  
 " Meantime your dust shall rest in peace,  
 " Your souls from sin and suff'ring cease;  
 " While cloth'd in white with CHRIST you dwell  
 " Above the rage of earth and hell.

## CCCLXXXVII. ANOTHER.

**H**APPY souls, whose course is run!  
 Who the fight of faith have won!  
 Parted by an earlier death,  
 Think ye of your friends beneath?  
 Have ye your own flesh forgot,  
 By a common ransom bought?  
 Can death's interposing tide,  
 Spirits one in CHRIST divide?

No, for us ye ever wait,  
 Till we make your bliss complete;  
 Till your fellow-servants come,  
 Till your brethren hasten home.  
 Now in paradise remain  
 For your testimony slain,  
 Who for JESUS nobly stood,  
 Boldly seal'd the truth with blood.

Ever now your speaking cries  
From beneath the altar rise;  
Loudly call for vengeance due,  
"Come, thou holy GOD and true;  
"LORD, how long dost thou delay?  
"Come to judgment, come away;  
"Hasten, LORD, the gen'ral doom,  
"Come away, to judgment come."

Wait ye righteous Spirits, wait,  
Soon arrives your glorious state;  
Rob'd in white a season rest,  
Blest, if not supremely blest.  
When the number is fulfill'd,  
When the witnesses are kill'd,  
When we all from earth are driv'n,  
Then with us ye mount to heav'n.

JESUS, hear, and bow the skies:  
Hark! we all unite our cries;  
"Take us to thy heav'nly home,  
"Quickly let thy kingdom come.  
"JESUS, come, the Spirit cries,  
"JESUS, come, the Bride replies,  
"One triumphant Church above,  
"Join us all in perfect love."

CCLXXXVIII. *The Palm-bearing Multitude.*

vii. 9—12.

PART I.

**L**IFT your eyes of faith, and see  
Saints and angels join'd in one;  
What a countless company  
Stands before yon dazzling throne!

Each

Each before his SAVIOUR stands,  
All in milk-white robes array'd;  
Palms they carry in their hands,  
Crowns of glory on their head.

Saints, begin the endless song,  
Cry aloud in heav'nly lays;  
"Glory doth to GOD belong,  
"GOD, the glorious SAVIOUR praise,"  
Sing, "from him salvation came,"  
Him who reigns enthron'd on high;  
"Glory to the bleeding LAMB,"  
Let the morning-stars reply.

Angel-pow'rs the throne surround,  
Next the saints in bright array;  
Lull'd with the transporting sound  
They their silent homage pay.  
Prostrate on their face before  
GOD and his MESSIAH fall,  
Then in hymns of praise adore,  
Shout the LAMB that died for all.

"Be it so," they all reply,  
"Him let all our Orders praise,  
"Him that did for sinners die,  
"SAVIOUR of the favour'd race.  
"Render to our GOD his right  
"Glory, wisdom, thanks, and pow'r,  
"Honour, majesty and might;  
"Praise him, praise him evermore.

PART II.

**W**HAT are these array'd in white,  
 Brighter than the noon-day sun,  
 Foremost of the sons of light,  
 Nearest the eternal throne?  
 These are they, that bore the cross,  
 Nobly for their Master stood,  
 Sufferers in his righteous cause,  
 Followers of the dying GOD.

Out of great distress they came,  
 Wash'd their robes by faith below  
 In the blood of yonder LAMB,  
 Blood, that washes white as snow.  
 Therefore are they next the throne,  
 Serve their Maker day and night;  
 God resides among his own,  
 GOD doth in his saints delight.

More than conquerors at last,  
 Here they find their trials o'er;  
 All their mortal sufferings past,  
 Hunger now and thirst no more:  
 No excessive heat thy feel  
 From the sun's directer ray;  
 In a milder clime they dwell,  
 Region of eternal day.

He, that on the throne doth reign,  
 Them the LAMB shall always feed,  
 With the tree of life sustain,  
 To the living fountains lead;

GOD

GOD shall all their sorrows chase,  
 All their wants at once remove,  
 Wipe the tears from ev'ry face,  
 Fill up ev'ry soul with love.

## CCCLXXXIX. ANOTHER.

**I** Saw, and lo ! a countless throng,  
 Th' elect of every land and tongue  
 Assembled round the throne,  
 In robes of spotless white array'd,  
 And palms of victory display'd,  
 Who cry'd in lofty tone :

“ Salvation to the blessed Name  
 “ Of GOD, and the co-equal LAMB,  
 “ By all our tribes be giv'n.”  
 So sung the saints—th' angelic train  
 Re-echoed back a loud amen,  
 And fill'd the vault of heav'n.

These in an outer circle stood,  
 (While the blest saints were nearest GOD)  
 And fell before the throne,  
 Their faces hiding with their wings ;  
 And thus address'd the King of kings,  
 The glorious Holy One.

“ Blessing and glory, thanks and praise,  
 “ Ancient of everlasting days,  
 “ And pow'r, and might be thine ;  
 “ Wisdom and highest honour, too  
 “ Are thy supreme and endless due,  
 “ And worship all divine.

While



While I beheld th' amazing fight,  
 One pointing to the saints in white  
 Inform'd me, whence they came;  
 Lo! these are they, whose lot below  
 Was persecution, pain, and woe  
 Endur'd for JESUS' Name.

These are the chosen purchas'd flock,  
 Firm-founded on their guardian Rock,  
 Free from all guilt and blame;  
 Redeem'd from ev'ry stain of sin,  
 They wash'd their garments white and clean  
 In blood of yonder LAMB.

Sav'd by his rich free grace alone,  
 Spotless they stand before the throne,  
 And in his temple wait;  
 Himself among them deigns to dwell,  
 And all his glorious love reveal,  
 To make their bliss complete.

Hunger and thirst, as heretofore,  
 And scorching heat they feel no more,  
 In heav'n's immortal day:  
 The LAMB enthron'd his saints shall feed,  
 To streams of joy perennial lead,  
 And wipe all tears away.

CCCXC. *The little Book.*

x. 10.

WHEN the belov'd Disciple took  
 The angel's little open book,  
 Which by the LORD's command he ate,  
 It tasted bitter after sweet.

Thus,

Thus, when the gospel is embrac'd,  
At first 'tis sweeter to the taste  
Than honey, or the honey comb,  
But there's a bitterness to come.

What sweetness does the promise yield,  
When by the holy Spirit seal'd !  
The longing soul is fill'd with good,  
Nor feels a wish for other food.

By these inviting gifts allur'd  
We pass to what must be endur'd :  
For soon we find, it is decreed,  
That bitter must to sweet succeed.

When sin revives, and shows its pow'r,  
When satan threatens to devour,  
When GOD afflicts, and men revile,  
We drag our steps with pain and toil.

When thus deserted, tempest-tost,  
The sense of former sweetness lost,  
We tremble, lest we were deceiv'd,  
In thinking that we once believ'd.

The LORD first makes the sweetness known  
To win and fix us for his own ;  
And though we now some bitter meet,  
We hope for everlasting sweet.

CCCXCI. *The Sounding of the seventh Trumpet.*

xi. 15.

PART I.

**H**E comes, he comes, the Judge severe !  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;  
His light'nings flash, his thunders roll,  
How welcome to the faithful soul !

From

From heav'n angelic voices found :  
See the almighty JESUS crown'd !  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the SAVIOUR's face.

Descending from his azure throne  
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant LORD.

Shout, all the people of the sky,  
And all the saints of the Most High !  
Our LORD, who now his right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns.

PART II.

17, 18.

**A**LMIGHTY GOD, thy pow'r assume,  
Who wast, and art, and art to come :  
JESUS, the LAMB, who once wast slain,  
For ever live, for ever reign.

The angry nations loudly roar,  
And slaughter spread from shore to shore ;  
On wings of vengeance flies our GOD  
To pay the long arrears of blood.

Now must the rising dead appear,  
Now the decisive sentence hear ;  
While those, who shall be found prepar'd,  
Prophets and saints, receive reward.

CCCXCII. MICHAEL's *War with the Dragon*  
 xii. 7—12.

**L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing  
 The wars of heav'n, when *Michael* stood  
 Chief Gen'ral of th' eternal King,  
 And fought the battles of our GOD.

Against the dragon and his host  
 The armies of the LORD prevail;  
 In vain they rage, in vain they boast,  
 Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

Down to the earth was satan thrown,  
 And with him all his legions fell;  
 Then was the trump of vict'ry blown,  
 Which shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

Now is the hour of darkness past,  
 CHRIST has assum'd his regal pow'r:  
 Behold the great accuser cast  
 From those fair seats to rise no more.

'Tis by thy blood, immortal LAMB,  
 Thine armies trod the tempter down;  
 'Twas by thy Word and pow'rful Name  
 They gain'd the battle and renown.

Rejoice, ye heav'ns, let ev'ry star  
 Shine with new glories round the sky;  
 Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,  
 Raise your Deliv'rer's trophies high.

CCCXCIII. *The blessed Dead.*

xiv. 13.

**H**ARK! from heav'n a voice I hear,  
Sweet it vibrates in my ear;  
Joyful news to mortals brings  
From th' immortal King of kings.

Blessed are the dead, who rest  
On the dear REDEEMER's breast,  
Peaceful in his arms they lie,  
Happy in their LORD they die.

Death, an harbinger of peace,  
Brings to them a sweet release:  
Wash'd in CHRIST's atoning blood,  
Straight they mount, they fly to GOD.

Angels bear them on their wing,  
While the heav'nly convoy sing;  
Welcome to the promis'd rest,  
Of our endless joys possess."

Salem opes her pearly gates,  
Where the Mediator waits;  
Waits to clasp them to his heart,  
Waits a kingdom to impart.

Now they walk the golden street,  
Where their once lov'd friends they greet;  
Palms they all triumphant bear,  
Emblems of their vict'ry here.

Y

Glorious

Glorious as the sun they shine,  
 Deckt with garments all divine ;  
 Crowns of gold their heads adorn,  
 Brighter than the blushing morn.

Now the storm of life is o'er,  
 Now they've gain'd the blissful shore,  
 Where throughout the happy plains  
 Peace uninterrupted reigns.

More than conquerors through the LAMB  
 They his vict'ries now proclaim,  
 Cast their crowns before the Throne,  
 Sav'd by GOD's free grace alone.

Lost in wonder now they gaze  
 On the dear IMMANUEL's face ;  
 While, as ages roll along,  
 JESUS still is all their song.

CCCXCIV. *Magnificent Description of CHRIST*

xix. 11—16.

COME, thou Conqueror of the nations,  
 On thy great white horse appear ;  
 Earthquakes, dearths, and desolations  
 Signify thy coming near :

True and faithful,  
 Stablish thy dominion here.

Thine the kingdom, pow'r, and glory,  
 Thine the ransom'd nations are :  
 Let the heathen fall before thee,  
 Let the isles thy Name declare.

Judge and conquer  
 All mankind in righteous war.

Thee let all mankind admire,  
 Object of our joy and dread ;  
 Flame thine eyes with heav'nly fire,  
 Many crowns upon thine head :  
 But thine essence  
 None except thyself can read.

Yet we know our Mediator,  
 By the Father's grace bestow'd,  
 Meanly cloth'd in human nature,  
 Thee we call the WORD OF GOD ;  
 Flesh thy vesture,  
 Dipt in thy own sacred blood.

Follow'd by the Host of heaven,  
 (White their robes, their coursers white)  
 Come, and let the word be given,  
 Let thy word the nations smite ;  
 With thy judgments,  
 With thine iron sceptre fight.

*Captain*, GOD of our salvation,  
 Thou, who dost the wine-press tread,  
 Wreak th' Almighty's indignation,  
 And in fiercest wrath proceed ;  
 Forth to battle  
 Thy victorious armies lead.

On thy thigh and vesture written  
 Shew the world thy heav'nly Name,  
 That with loving wonder smitten  
 All may glorify the LAMB :  
 All adore thee,  
 All the LORD of lords proclaim.



Honour, glory, and salvation  
 To the LORD our GOD we give;  
 Pow'r and endless adoration  
 Thou art worthy to receive;  
 Reign triumphant,  
 KING of kings, for ever live.

CCCXCV. *The blessed Millennium.*

xx. 2. 3. xix. 7, 8. and xi. 15—17.

SOON will our SAVIOUR LORD appear;  
 Behold the day at hand!  
 The signs, that speak his coming near,  
 Wonder and awe command.

He comes, he comes with pow'r to reign  
 A thousand years below,  
 JESUS, the LAMB of GOD once slain,  
 Shall here his glory show.

The pow'rs of darkness he shall bind,  
 Their lofty seats dethrone;  
 And satan in th' abyss confin'd  
 His godlike arm shall own.

The dead, who suffer'd for his Name,  
 And kept his faithful word,  
 Shall rise in glory, and proclaim  
 The triumph of their LORD.

When he appears, their hidden life,  
 Illustrious they shall shine;  
 Behold the bride, the LAMB's lov'd wife,  
 Array'd in robes divine!

The living saints a holy rest  
On earth renew'd shall know :  
While blessings, not to be exprest,  
In tides of joy o'erflow.

Pass then these scenes of sin and woe,  
On swiftest wings away ;  
Ye saints, to meet the Bridegroom go,  
And hail his glorious day.

CCCXCVI. ANOTHER.

**T**HOUGH JESUS be mounted on high,  
He left us a promise below,  
Once more to descend from the sky  
His second appearance to show.  
His coming again is to reign,  
To govern the race of mankind ;  
While iatan, held fast in his chain,  
Shall in the abyss be confin'd.

Our SAVIOUR shall publish his laws,  
That earth may revere and obey ;  
The sceptre, he wields in his cause,  
Shall bow the whole world to his sway.  
His ministers then shall agree,  
Contentions no longer be known ;  
Believers united shall be  
As CHRIST and his Father are one.

Then all the MESSIAH shall know,  
All people his gospel receive ;  
His statutes delightfully do,  
His promises fully believe :

This happy millennial year  
To glad us is now on the wing,  
When nature in smiles shall appear,  
And mountains and vallies shall sing.

See wars and destructions subside !  
The trumpet no longer is heard ;  
All nations in safety abide,  
Nor terrors or dangers are fear'd.  
The earth her increase doth produce,  
With plenty all regions are fill'd ;  
Enjoyment without its abuse  
Doth pleasures abundantly yield.

The creatures once savage are mild,  
And those, that were hardest to tame,  
Submit to be led by a child,  
The leopard lies down with the lamb.  
The glory of GOD overflows  
As a stream all-enriching around ;  
Each knee to IMMANUEL bows,  
And dances each heart to the sound.

O why does the blessing delay ?  
These halcyon days to appear ?  
Come, JESUS, thy banner display,  
Proclaim the acceptable year.  
Like a swift-bounding roe, or a hart  
On mountains of spices descend ;  
The joy of thy presence impart,  
A joy without measure or end.

CCCXCVII. *The Books opened.*

XX. 12.

**B**EHOLD, the Judge in dread array,  
Upon his great white throne appear !  
From whose bright face flee far away  
The heav'n and earth, dissolv'd with fear.

The last tremendous day is come :  
Hark ! the all quick'ning trumpet's sound  
Pervades the globe, rends ev'ry tomb,  
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

The mighty deep gives up her trust,  
Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;  
Both small and great now quit their dust,  
And round the grand tribunal stand.

Behold the awful books display'd,  
Big with th' important fates of men !  
Each word and deed now public made,  
As writ by heav'n's unerring pen.

To ev'ry soul the books assign  
The joyous or the dread reward ;  
Sinners in vain lament and pine,  
No pleas the Judge will then regard.

LORD, when these solemn leaves unfold,  
May life's fair Book my work approve ;  
There may I read my name enroll'd,  
And triumph in redeeming Love.

CCCXCVIII. *The New Jerusalem.*

xxi. 1—6.

**O** What a sight our eyes behold!  
 The heav'n and earth are pass'd away;  
 The new-made world succeeds the old,  
 As darkness yields to rising day.

The GOD, who form'd the globe at first,  
 With ten-fold lustre hath renew'd;  
 Made it a dwelling for the just,  
 And once again pronounc'd it good.

Behold the city of our GOD  
 Descending from the highest heav'n!  
 He comes to fix his blest abode  
 With men, to whom that grace is giv'n.

They shall his holy people be,  
 And he their FATHER, GOD, and KING  
 From ev'ry mortal evil free,  
 In what ecstatic lays they sing!

All fighting shall for ever cease,  
 And tears their eyes no more o'erflow;  
 The GOD of love, the GOD of peace  
 Shall happier scenes of wonder show.

Pain, sin, and death, shall be no more,  
 Sorrow and crying end at last;  
 The reign of misery is o'er,  
 And all the former things are past.

“Behold,

"Behold, I render all things new,"  
He cry'd, who sat upon the throne ;  
"For faithful are these words and true,"  
Then to his servant said : "'Tis done."

'Tis done already in his mind  
Whom nature owns her sov'reign King :  
And what his wisdom hath design'd,  
His pow'r shall to perfection bring.

## CCCXCIX. ANOTHER.

A WAY with our sorrow and fear,  
We soon shall recover our home !  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come.  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our native abode,  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and GOD.

Our mourning is all at an end,  
When rais'd by the life-giving word  
We see the new city descend,  
Adorn'd as a bride for her LORD.  
The city so holy and clean,  
No sorrow can breathe in the air,  
No gloom of affliction or sin,  
No shadow of evil is there.

By faith we already behold  
That lovely *Jerusalem* here ;  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear.

Immoveably founded in grace  
 She stands, as she ever hath stood,  
 And brightly her Builder displays,  
 And flames with the Glory of GOD,

No need of the sun in that day  
 Which never is follow'd by night,  
 Where JESUS's beauties display  
 A pure and a permanent light.  
 The Lamb is their light and their sun,  
 And lo ! by reflection they shine,  
 With JESUS ineffably one,  
 And bright in effulgence divine.

The saints in his presence receive  
 Their great and eternal reward ;  
 In JESUS, in heaven they live,  
 They reign in the smile of their LORD,  
 The flame of angelical love  
 Is kindled at JESUS's face,  
 And all the enjoyment above  
 Consists in the rapturous gaze.

CCCC. *The Water and Tree of Life.*

xxii. 1—6.

**B**EHOLD, midst other glorious things,  
 Which shine conspicuous to our sight,  
 Forth from the throne a river springs,  
 That fills the city with delight.

This river through the city flows,  
 And waters all the happy ground ;  
 On either side superbly grows  
 The tree of life, with plenty crown'd.



Its various monthly fruit it yields,  
And everlasting vigor gives ;  
It beautifies the heav'nly fields,  
And heals the nations with its leaves.

And now the curse is far remov'd,  
And never shall return again ;  
All people, by JEHOVAH lov'd,  
Rejoice for ever in his reign.

The throne of GOD and of the LAMB  
Within the holy city stands :  
His servants serve, who bear his Name,  
Obedient to his high commands.

In that blest seat is found no night,  
Darkness can never there have place ;  
They need no artificial light,  
While they behold JEHOVAH's face.

Come then, dear SAVIOUR, Friend of man,  
The Spirit and the Bride say, " Come ;"  
Accomplish soon thy perfect plan,  
And take thy ransom'd people home.



BOOK THE THIRD,

MATTHEW.

CCCCI. *The wise and foolish Builder.*

*The true and false Foundation of Religion.*

vii. 24—27.

WHO builds upon the sand,  
Deserves the loss he finds ;  
How should his baseless fabric stand  
The rage of storms and winds ?

So fares it with the man,  
Who hears the gospel word,  
But never executes the plan  
Of living to the LORD.

LORD, make me wise to found  
My house upon the Rock,  
That no loose earth, or yielding ground  
My hopes and cares may mock.

To build on thee by faith  
Wrought by thy mighty hand,  
And walk obedient in the path  
Of each divine command.

So shall not winds or waves  
To shake my house prevail,  
Secure, while thy own mercy saves,  
Beyond both earth and hell.

CCCCII. *The Sower.*

*The different Success of the Word preached according  
to the different Dispositions of the Hearers.*

xiii. 3—23.

**Y**E sons of earth, prepare the plough,  
Break up your fallow ground;  
The sower is gone forth to sow,  
And scatter blessings round.

The seed, that finds a stony soil,  
Shoots forth a hasty blade;  
But ill repays the sower's toil,  
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

The thorny ground is sure to baulk  
All hopes of harvest there;  
We see a tall and sickly stalk,  
But not the fruitful ear.

The beaten path and highway-side  
Receive the trust in vain;  
The watchful birds the spoil divide,  
And pick up all the grain.

But where the Lord of grace and pow'r  
Has bless'd the happy field,  
How plenteous is the golden store  
The deep-wrought furrows yield!

Father

Father of mercies, we have need  
 Of thy preparing grace;  
 Let the same hand, that gives the seed,  
 Provide a fruitful place.

## CCCCIII. ANOTHER.

**B**EHOLD, O LORD, how few are found  
 Whose fruit doth to thy praise abound  
 How many thousand souls receive  
 The gospel-seed, yet fruitless live!

As by the way-side, beaten track,  
 Some hear, but understanding lack;  
 The busy fiends, like birds of prey,  
 Attend and steal it all away.

Others, as on a rock untill'd,  
 Receive the seed with gladness fill'd;  
 Yet wanting root no fruit it bears,  
 But withers soon, and disappears.

In other hearts the seed is sown  
 As on a ground with thorns o'ergrown;  
 It shoots in vain, while carking cares  
 Mingle and choak their gracious fears.

But others, as a fruitful soil  
 Sweetly rewards the tiller's toil,  
 In good and honest hearts receive  
 The gospel-word; believe; and live.

Great Sower, Husbandman divine,  
 The tillage and the crop are thine;  
 Come, and our barren hearts prepare,  
 On ev'ry soul bestow thy care.

So shall not fowls thy labour spoil,  
Nor rocks or thorns infest the soil;  
While heedfully thy word we hear,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

CCCCIV. *The Wheat and the Tares.*

xiii. 24—43.

*The mixed State of the World, consisting of the  
righteous and the wicked, with the final Issue.*

PART I.

THE wheat and tares together grow,  
As both alike were heav'n's own care,  
One vast promiscuous crop they show,  
And in one common field appear.

The former, children of their GOD,  
Are planted by his bounteous hand  
On earth, his favorite abode,  
As a good seed in fertile land.

He too the owner of the soil,  
Doth well prepare it for his use,  
Fit to repay his gracious toil  
By rich and plentiful produce.

In short the only plants are these  
That should of right on earth be found;  
No other can the Master please,  
But rank as cumb'ers of the ground.

Whence then that plenteous crop of tares  
Which in this field so thick are grown?  
An enemy, alas! who shares  
The world by fraud, the deed hath done.

He

He, while the lab'ers idly slept,  
 By subtlety his seed has sown;  
 And ever since possession kept  
 As he were sov'reign LORD alone.

The wicked, as a bastard race,  
 On earth by usurpation dwell;  
 But having here no lawful place  
 Should still abide in their own hell.

While useless, noxious, and abhorr'd  
 They in the sight of GOD appear,  
 The saints to their first state restor'd,  
 Earth's hallow'd blessings duly share.

## PART II.

**T**HE servants free permission crave,  
 That they may root the tares away;  
 All creatures ask their Maker's leave  
 To seize the wicked as their prey.

T' exterminate the cursed brood  
 From off the earth they fain would rise,  
 T' avenge the quarrel of their GOD,  
 Who long has heard their mournful sighs.

"Not so," he says, and kind forbears,  
 "Let both unto the harvest grow,  
 "I left, while ye gather up the tares,  
 "Ye pluck the wheat together too."

'Tis thus our GOD for patience calls,  
 And waits till his appointed time;  
 Who then the Judge's work forestalls,  
 Does but expose his daring crime.

But the dread day will surely come,  
When to the reapers he will say,  
"The tares, in bundles to consume,  
"Gather, and burn without delay."

Then shall ungodly sinners bound  
In fiery chains of darkness lie,  
While GOD's own saints pure wheat are found,  
Meet for his garner in the sky.

CCCCV. *The Grain of Mustard Seed.*

*The small Beginning of the Kingdom of GOD in the  
World, and of Grace in the Heart, and their  
wonderful subsequent Increase.*

xiii. 31, 32.

A Grain of grace may we not see  
This moment, and the next a tree?  
Or must we patiently attend  
To find the precious seed ascend?

Our LORD declares it must be so;  
And striking deep our root we grow,  
And lower sink, and higher rise,  
Till CHRIST transplant us to the skies.

Mean time let faith her branches spread,  
And all around sweet odours shed,  
That wise by our example made  
Thousands may rest beneath our shade.



CCCCVI. *The Leaven.*

xiii. 33.

*The same as the former, or the diffusive Nature  
of Divine Grace.*

**T**HAT heav'nly principle within,  
Doth it at once its pow'r exert?  
At once root out the seed of sin,  
And plant perfection in the heart?

No, but a gradual life it sends,  
Diffusive through the faithful soul:  
To actions, words, and thoughts extends,  
And throughly sanctifies the whole.

Thus, blessed LORD, our souls to cure  
Infuse thy grace, that precious leav'n,  
Till pure, as thou, our GOD, art pure,  
We gain at last our native heav'n.

CCCCVII. *The Treasure hid in a Field.*

xiii. 44.

*The excellency of Religion, with the hidden Nature  
of it in the Heart, and the Way to find it.*

**G**RACE, 'tis a treasure rich indeed,  
Conceal'd from mortal eyes;  
But simple babes, 'tis well decreed,  
Shall find the glorious prize.

Hid in our human field it is,  
By heav'n's all-wise design,  
T' enrich with true substantial blifs,  
And honours most divine.

But by what art or labour'd means  
Shall man that mine possess?  
How find the way to those dear scenes  
Of lasting happiness?

Not by laborious search or skill  
Of his deep-reas'ning mind,  
Not by his works, or tutor'd will,  
However well-inclin'd:

"Sell all thou hast," the SAVIOUR cries,  
"Seek faith's interior road;  
Within the heav'nly treasure lies,  
The kingdom of our GOD.

"When found, there hide it safe from harms,  
"Tis wisdom's richest store;  
Thou need'st not fear hell's dread alarms,  
Nor ever lose it more."

CCCCVIII. *The Pearl of great Price.*

xiii. 45, 46.

*The same as the former, and the only sure Means  
of being possessed of it.*

**Y**E glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,  
A nobler choice be mine;  
A real prize attracts my view,  
A treasure all divine.

Be

Be gone, unworthy of my cares,  
 Ye specious baits of sense;  
 Inestimable worth appears,  
 The pearl of price immense.

JESUS to multitudes unknown,  
 O Name divinely sweet!  
 JESUS, in thee, in thee alone  
 Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.

Should both the *Indies* at my call  
 Their boasted stores resign,  
 With joy I would renounce them all,  
 To say, "that thou art mine."

Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
 Of this dear gift possést,  
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
 And be for ever blest.

Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,  
 Thy love is bliss supreme:  
 Accept the wish that love inspires;  
 Thy love my endless theme.

CCCCIX. *The Net cast into the Sea.*

*The State of the visible Church of CHRIST, at  
 the final Issue both of the righteous and wicked.*

xiii. 47—50.

**B**EHOLD! that net, by human strength  
 Cast in the mighty flood,  
 Pervades the deep, till fill'd at length  
 It close the finny brood.

The

They drag to shore the wat'ry spoil,  
All eager for the prey ;  
Gather the good with ardent toil,  
And cast the bad away.

Just so the Gospel Net let down  
In earth's frequented vale,  
To gather multitudes is known  
Within the church's pale.

There various names and various sects  
In crowds promiscuous move ;  
Those whom the righteous GOD rejects,  
And those his eyes approve.

But when the net drawn safe to land  
Shall its last capture take,  
Lo ! angels at divine command  
The dread distinction make,

The wicked from among the just  
They sever in that hour,  
Into the fiery furnace thrust  
Where quenchless flames devour.

Then shall the righteous nation shine  
Bright as the noon-day sun,  
Caught up to dwell with Hosts divine  
Before the Father's throne.

CCCCX. *A King reckoning with his Servant*  
xviii. 23—35.

*The freeness of Divine Mercy towards Sinners, and  
the Necessity of their forgiving their Fellow-Sinners,  
with the Danger of the Contrary.*

PART I.

A Certain King would take account  
Of all his servants ow'd,  
That each one's debt to full amount  
In order might be shew'd.

Among the rest ~~to~~ one was brought  
Deep, deep in his arrear,  
Ten thousand talents ow'd, yet nought  
In payment offer'd there.

Instant his Lord with menace bold  
Requires the total due;  
Nay more, commands him to be sold,  
And wife and children too.

The servant, drown'd in tears and sighs,  
Could only prostrate fall,  
“Have patience with me,” while he cries,  
“And I will pay thee all.”

With pity mov'd his gen'rous Lord  
Forgave him all the debt;  
To liberty again restor'd,  
Nor felt the least regret.

But the base churl too soon forget  
The mercy to him shown,  
His fellow-servant hasty caught,  
And cry'd with angry frown:

Pay me this moment what thou ow'st,  
"In full an hundred pence;  
Or take," he adds with haughty boast,  
"What justice shall dispense."

The poor Insolvent pardon sought  
With meek submissive mind;  
But he with cruel malice fraught,  
The wretch to gaol confin'd.

The tidings to his Sov'reign came  
Of all that he had done,  
Whom calling he address'd by name  
In stern resentful tone:

"Thou wicked servant, did not I  
"Remit thee what was due?  
Shouldst thou not equal clemency  
"Have been dispos'd to shew?"

He spake, and into justice hands  
He caus'd him to be cast,  
To suffer till its full demands  
He paid for errors past.

PART II.

MASTER, thou didst the same for me  
When at thy feet I lay,  
Thy Grace forgave and set me free,  
And left me nought to pay.

The

The full discharge of all my debt  
 I cheerfully receive,  
 And thus my fellow-servants treat,  
 And thus like thee forgive.

But never, never, let me prove  
 My cancell'd debt revok'd,  
 Nor lose again my SAVIOUR's love,  
 With terrors to be shock'd.

The speaking parable I hear,  
 Thy meaning, LORD, discern,  
 And the dread truth with holy fear  
 From this example learn.

A soul, whose sins were once forgiv'n  
 Grown proud, implacable,  
 May justly from thy face be driv'n  
 To pay his debt in hell.

CCCCXI. *An Houſholder hiring Labourers into  
 his Vineyard.*

*The various Calls of GOD to Men, and the dif-  
 ferent Operations of Divine Grace.*

xx. 1—16.

### PART I.

**A**N honest Houſholder went out  
 With morning's early ray,  
 And lab'ers for his vineyard ſought  
 To work the live-long day.

Again



Again at different hours he hir'd  
 Fresh lab'ers whom he met,  
 And promis'd these what right requir'd,  
 But those a price he set.

'Tis thus eternal Love proceeds  
 Towards the sons of men,  
 Consults for good their various needs,  
 And calls to bliss again.

Renews with most endearing strife  
 His calls through ev'ry stage,  
 From morning to the eve of life,  
 From youth to hoary age.

But ah! what idlers flock around,  
 The market-place of sin!  
 Indifference to their soul is found,  
 But tumult all within.

PART II.

**B**UT how doth GOD with sinners treat?  
 With some he mild agrees,  
 Shews them rewards immensely great  
 Prepar'd in his decrees.

What rich advantages shall crown  
 Their labours here below,  
 When spar'd, and honour'd as his own  
 His jewels he shall show.

With others he determines not  
 What he will please to give,  
 But says, "go, labour in your lot,  
 "What's right you shall receive.

Z

With

With others he remonstrates strong :

“ Why stand ye idle here ?

“ Why trifling loiter all day long,

“ Nor for your safety fear ?

“ Go, labour in my vineyard now

“ According to your pow'r,

“ And what is proper I'll bestow

“ At my appointed hour.”

In these examples we may see

GOD's various ways of grace ;

With what address divinely free

He saves a ruin'd race.

### PART III.

**N**OW make us, LORD, though no one ye  
Had hir'd us in thy name,  
The market-place of folly quit,  
Expos'd to sin and shame.

Thou call'st us not in sloth and ease  
To squander time away ;  
Thee, LORD, and not ourselves to please  
Through life's short working day.

To labour in thy might alone,  
Where duty is delight,  
And thus from strength to strength go on  
Till faith is chang'd to fight.

LORD, teach us this divinest art,  
Long as our work shall last,  
“ But the blest day,” deep sighs our heart,  
“ Of retribution haste.”

What

What each for hire we then shall have,  
 Resign'd we leave to thee;  
 Enough, dear LORD, no more we crave,  
 If thou our portion be.

CCCCXII. *The two Sons.*

xxi. 28—32.

*That open Sinners are more easily converted than  
 self-righteous Pharisees.*

**T**WO sons with care parental nurst  
 To seek their ease were both inclin'd,  
 When his strict orders to the first,  
 Th' assiduous father thus enjoin'd,

"My son, into my vineyard go,  
 "In needful work be this day spent."  
 But he reply'd with haste, "not so,"  
 Yet afterward retracting went.

Then to the second he address'd  
 His speech with like express command;  
 Who by his answer acquiesc'd,  
 But from the task withheld his hand.

Thus, blessed LORD, some promise fair  
 To execute thy righteous will;  
 But when the time to act draws near,  
 Indulge their own supineness still.

While others, that all hopes forbid,  
 (So desp'rate is their wretched case)  
 At length from ev'ry hindrance freed  
 Seek and obtain thy saving grace.

O might I too in dust repent  
 Of all my crimes and errors past,  
 My base ingratitude lament,  
 And yield to thee, my LORD, at last.

With publicans and harlots blest  
 Let me thy easy yoke receive,  
 From sin's tyrannic bondage rest,  
 And thine henceforth for ever live.

CCCCXIII. *The Vineyard let out to Husbandmen.*

xxi. 33—43.

*The Rejection of the MESSIAH by his own People the  
 Jews, their exemplary Punishment, and the Substitu-  
 tion of the Gentile Church in their Place.*

PART I.

A Vineyard in a fruitful place  
 Was planted by the LORD,  
 The Jews, his own peculiar race,  
 Though by the world abhor'd.

He hedg'd it with a proper fence,  
 And wall'd it well around,  
 His ever-wakeful providence,  
 And laws approv'd and sound.

A winepress too was dug with cost  
 T' extract the grape's rich juice ;  
 And an high tow'r, its gaudy boast,  
 Was built for greatest use.

[ 'Twas

[ 'Twas in that city fam'd of old  
Our LORD the winepress trod,  
And dy'd, as prophets had foretold,  
His garments red with blood.

There too the temple, wond'rous pile !  
Uprear'd its lofty dome,  
Favour'd with GOD's peculiar smile,  
And styl'd his earthly home.]

Soon as the time of fruit drew near,  
His servants forth he sent,  
To gather fruit from year to year,  
Who at his bidding went.

But the base husbandmen refus'd  
To render him his due ;  
His messengers unjustly us'd,  
And ston'd, and kill'd them too.

At length his only Son he sent,  
And said, " they now would \* blush ;"  
But they oppose his kind intent,  
And him in malice crush.

Their Lord, appriz'd of all their deeds,  
His vineyard takes away,  
And then in righteous wrath proceeds  
Those husbandmen to slay.

\* The word *εἰς ἑαυτοὺς* signifies to be flushed with shame  
well as to reverence.

## PART II.

**B**EHOLD, the Jewish church is gone,  
The christian takes its place;  
What, LORD, for her hast thou not done,  
The vineyard of thy grace?

Thy messengers to us are come  
With words of peace and love;  
To warn us of our future doom,  
If rebels still we prove.

What fruits of christian holiness  
Do we all-grateful bear?  
Thy Name with zeal do we confess?  
And on thy side appear?

Ah, LORD, though most unfaithful we  
Of all thy churches are,  
Yet our kind Patron deign to be,  
And make us still thy care.

Let not the kingdom of thy Son  
E'er from these lands be rent;  
But fix us on that *Corner-stone*,  
Our strength and ornament.

So when that stone in wrath shall fall  
To grind thy foes to dust,  
No gloomy terrors shall appal  
The faces of the just.

CCCCXIV. *The Marriage Feast.*

xxii. 2—14.

*The divine Invitations to partake of the rich Blessings  
of the Gospel, and Men's refusals thereof arising  
from different Causes.*

**H**ARK ! to the marriage-feast  
The King of heav'n invites,  
Furnish'd with dainties for each guest,  
And exquisite delights.  
He sends his servants forth  
His message to declare :  
"Come without money, price or worth,  
"For all things ready are."  
But how do men appear  
The message to obey ?  
The most alas ! indiff'rent hear,  
And careless go away.  
Some to their merchandize,  
Some to their farms repair ;  
Through ignorance the truth despise,  
And love of worldly fare.  
Others his servants take,  
And slay with horrid spite ;  
On ministers their malice wreak,  
And sin against the light.  
The last attend the call,  
And come among the rest,  
Rejoicing to be found with all  
Who share the happy feast.



But entring in secure,  
 Without a wedding-dress,  
 Although they seem of favour sure,  
 How great is their distress !

For when the chosen band  
 The King comes in to view,  
 Accosted lo ! they speechless stand,  
 And strange confusion shew.

“ Bind hands and feet, he cries,  
 “ And take them hence away ;  
 “ Where nought is heard but groans and sighs  
 “ Far from the realms of day.”

Thus numbers still are call'd  
 Who common gifts obtain ;  
 But few are chosen, and install'd  
 In heav'nly bliss to reign.

CCCCXV. *The faithful and the wicked Servant*  
 xxiv. 45, &c.

*The blessedness of being found Faithful, and the Curse  
 — Unfaithfulness, especially in Ministers of the Gospel.*

**W**HERE dwells he on earth's tainted ground  
 That wise and faithful servant found,  
 To whom his LORD hath giv'n command  
 To rule his house with skilful hand ?

To give, as it behoves to do,  
 To each their meat in season due :  
 Blest servant ! whom his LORD shall find  
 Bent on these deeds of noblest kind.

With

With pleas'd regard and gracious smile  
To recompense his faithful toil,  
"Of all my goods, he'll say, posselt,  
"Now rule in everlasting rest.

But see the wicked servant's doom,  
Who, while his LORD delays to come,  
Rashly his fellow-servants smites,  
And revels in impure delights!

Seiz'd in an unexpected hour  
What anguish will his soul devour,  
When his great LORD on earth appears,  
And he this cutting sentence hears!

"Far from my face shut up in hell  
"Go with vile hypocrites to dwell;  
"There gloomy sorrow, tort'ring pain  
"Gnash their dire teeth, and weep in vain."

CCCCXVI. *The wise and the foolish Virgins.*

XXV. 1—12.

*The State of the Christian Church, at the Time of  
CHRIST's Second coming; with the Folly and  
Danger of an external Profession unaccompanied  
with divine Grace.*

THE heav'nly kingdom soon brought near  
To bless the earth around,  
Like to ten virgins shall appear,  
Half wise, half foolish found.

All with their lamps went forth in hope  
To light the bridegroom home;  
But while he stay'd, the careless group  
By slumbers were o'ercome.

The wiser part, lest they should lack,  
Took oil their lamps to feed;  
The foolish ones refus'd to make  
Provision for their need.

A sudden cry at midnight shook  
The slumb'ers, "lo! he comes:"  
Then all those virgins quick awoke,  
And each her lamp resumes.

The wise with theirs new-trimm'd with oil  
The Bridegroom met in haste,  
And enter'd with a welcome smile  
Into the marriage feast.

The foolish ask'd for oil—too late,  
Their lamps were quite expir'd,  
And shut alas! the Bridegroom's gate,  
Where entrance they desir'd.

They knock'd, and, "open, LORD," they  
cry'd,

"With thee be fix'd our lot."

But he refusing stern reply'd:

"Depart, I know you not."

*These* are professors in their place  
Devoid of faith and love,  
Who lack the precious oil of grace,  
The unction from above.

But

But *those* the heav'nly blessing know,  
 Truth in the inward parts;  
 And if their love now dimly glow,  
 It soon relumes their hearts.

So may I, LORD, my heart prepare  
 With thy sufficient grace,  
 That, when the midnight cry I hear,  
 I may awake in peace.

When in the last tremendous night  
 Thou ev'ry work shalt prove,  
 O may my lamp burn clear and bright  
 With flames of endless love.

## CCCCXVII. ANOTHER.

**Y**E virgin souls, arise,  
 With all the dead, awake:  
 Unto salvation wise  
 Oil in your vessels take;  
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
 Behold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh!  
 He comes, he comes to call  
 The nations to his bar,  
 And raise to glory all  
 Who fit for glory are;  
 Made ready for your full reward,  
 Go forth with joy to meet your LORD.  
 Go meet him in the sky,  
 Your everlasting Friend,  
 Your Head to glorify  
 With all his saints ascend:

Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace  
To see without a veil his face.

Ye that have here receiv'd

The unction from above,

And in his Spirit liv'd

Obedient to his love ;

JESUS shall claim you for his bride,

Rejoice with all the sanctified.

The everlasting doors

Shall soon the saints receive,

Above yon angel Pow'rs

In glorious joy to live ;

Far from a world of grief and sin,

With GOD eternally shut in.

Then let us wait to hear

The trumpet's welcome sound ;

To see our LORD appear

Watching let us be found :

When JESUS doth the heavens bow,

Be found—as, LORD, thou find'st us now.

### CCCCXVIII. *The Talents.*

xxv. 14—30.

*That GOD bestows on Men various Gifts and Opportunities for Usefulness, and that they are accountable for, and will be rewarded according to the Improvement they have made of the Blessings receivea ; and also, the deplorable State of the unprofitable Servant.*

SAVIOUR, thou dost to men below

Dispense thy goods with various art ;

Five talents upon some bestow,

To others one or two impart.

But

But giv'st according to their pow'r  
To each, while all thy servants are,  
Charg'd to improve in life's short hour  
Thy bounty with the utmost care.

For soon thou wilt return from heav'n,  
That it may then be ascertain'd.  
What with the talents thou hadst giv'n  
By trading ev'ry soul hath gain'd.

Happy the servants who shall hear  
The LORD pronounce the blest award;  
Who humbly bold to CHRIST draw near,  
And enter on the joy prepar'd!

"Well done," to each the LORD shall say,  
"Thou good and faithful servant found:"  
But ah! to him what sore dismay  
Who hides his talent in the ground!

In vain he'll plead his LORD's command  
Too strict t' admit compliance due;  
Or seek on self-defence to stand,  
As his own cause were just and true.

Judg'd and condemn'd upon the spot,  
And now confronted to his face,  
He meets the slothful servant's lot  
In outer darkness, dismal place!

What numbers there alas! shall dwell  
Who keep their talent unemploy'd,  
Shut out from heav'n, shut up in hell,  
For doing neither harm nor good!

MARK.

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 MARK.

CCCCXIX. *A Man casting Seed into the Ground.*  
iv. 26—29.

*The mysterious Operations of divine Grace, with its  
gradual Growth towards Perfection.*

**Y**E bold t' explain, describe, define  
The progress of the life divine,  
Your learned ignorance allow,  
And own it grows ye know not how.

No mortal eye the manner sees  
The imperceptible degrees,  
By which our LORD conducts his plan,  
And brings us to a perfect man.

We dare not say, the seed springs up  
Into an instantaneous crop;  
But wishing long for its return,  
We view the blade, the ear, the corn.

The like economy we see  
In souls, O LORD, redeem'd by thee;  
The weak and then the stronger grace,  
And after that full holiness.

SAVIOUR, the fond delusion stop  
Of nature's unsupported hope,  
Which bids us snatch th' unlabor'd prize,  
And into sudden pillars rise.

Let



Let us with lawful violence strive,  
And toil to rest, and die to live;  
From faith by just gradation move  
Through patient hope to perfect love.

## LUKE.

CCCCXX. *The new Cloth and new Wine.*

v. 36—38.

*That religious Discipline should be suited to Men's  
different States.*

**W**HO a new piece of cloth applies  
To mend a tatter'd vest,  
His reason foolishly denies,  
Or loses time at best.

The piece apply'd, however good  
Agrees not with the old;  
Or we exclaim in piteous mood,  
"The rent made worse behold."

Or should we wine of latest growth  
Into old bottles pour,  
The bottles soon might burst, and both  
Might perish in an hour.

From these instructive facts we learn  
Men's various states to suit,  
And tender plants from those discern  
Which cultur'd yield their fruit.

No

No rig'rous harsh restraints to lay  
 On minds yet unprepar'd ;  
 But gently bear, and wait the day  
 Of labour and reward.

Our hearts, O LORD, grown old in sin  
 As vessels new prepare ;  
 Then the new wine of grace pour in,  
 And keep for ever there.

CCCCXXI. *Children sitting in the Market-Place.*  
 vii. 32—34.

*Severe and gentle Methods both ineffectual to reform  
 the obstinately Wicked.*

**C**HILDREN in the market sitting,  
 Loudly to their fellows call,  
 Say, " ye have not, as was fitting,  
 " Hearken'd to our cries at all.  
 " While we pip'd, ye have not danced,  
 " While we mourn'd, ye have not wept :  
 " Not one step to us advanced,  
 " But at farthest distance kept."

'Thus the Jews of old neglected  
 John the Baptist and his LORD :  
 Him for his strict life rejected,  
 CHRIST for his free-grace abhor'd.  
 Still pursuing their example  
 Numbers in the present day  
 On his faithful servants trample,  
 Who direct the heav'nly way.

Call we them to true repentance  
 In the Baptist's mournful strain;  
 Yet the summons finds not entrance,  
 Nor can their consent obtain.  
 Or invite we them to JESUS,  
 Who receiveth sinners still;  
 "Do not thus, they answer, teaze us,"  
 Fearless of impending ill.  
 Undeceive them, GOD of mercy,  
 Ere thou shalt to judgment come,  
 Ent'ring into controversy,  
 And pronounce their awful doom.  
 Shew them, LORD, thy great salvation  
 After all thy slighted love;  
 Let thine infinite compassion  
 Stronger than their malice prove.

CCCCXXII. *The good SAMARITAN.*

x. 30—37.

*The Necessity of universal Charity, literally; and  
 spiritually, the fall and recovery of Man.*

**F**ATHER of mercies, send thy Grace  
 All pow'rful from above,  
 To form in our obedient souls  
 The image of thy Love.

O may our sympathizing breasts  
 That gen'rous pleasure know,  
 Kindly to share in others joy,  
 And weep for others woe.

When

When the most helpless sons of grief  
 In low distress are laid,  
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
 And swift our hands to aid.

So JESUS look'd on dying men,  
 When thron'd above the skies,  
 And midst th' embraces of his GOD  
 He felt compassion rise.

On wings of love the SAVIOUR flew  
 To raise us from the ground,  
 And made the richest of his blood  
 A balm for ev'ry wound.

### CCCCXXIII. ANOTHER.

#### SPIRITUALLY APPLIED.

**H**OW kind the good *Samaritan*  
 To him who fell among the thieves!  
 Thus JESUS pities fallen man,  
 And heals the wounds the soul receives.

Oh! I remember well the day,  
 When sorely wounded, nearly slain,  
 Like that poor man I bleeding lay,  
 And groan'd for help, but groan'd in vain.

Men saw me in this helpless case,  
 And pass'd without compassion by;  
 Each neighbour turn'd away his face,  
 Unmoved by my mournful cry.

But he, whose Name had been my scorn,  
 (As *Jews Samaritans* despise)  
 Came, when he saw me thus forlorn,  
 With love and pity in his eyes.

Gently he rais'd me from the ground,  
 Preis'd me to lean upon his arm;  
 And into ev'ry gaping wound  
 He pour'd his own all-healing balm.

Unto his church my steps he led,  
 The house prepar'd for sinners lost;  
 Gave charge I should be cloth'd and fed,  
 And took upon him all the cost.

Thus sav'd from death, of help assur'd,  
 I wait till he again shall come;  
 When I shall be completely cur'd,  
 And fitted for my heav'nly home.

There through eternal golden days,  
 When nature's wheel no longer rolls,  
 How shall I love, adore and praise  
 This good *Samaritan* to souls!

## CCCCXXIV. ANOTHER.

**W**OE is me! what tongue can tell  
 My sad afflicted state?  
 Who my anguish can reveal,  
 Or all my woes relate?  
 Fallen among thieves I am,  
 And they have robb'd me of my GOD;  
 Turn'd my glory into shame,  
 And left me in my blood.

*Adam,*

*Adam*, once a glorious beam  
From Godhead's source, did shine;  
Satan, by despoiling him,  
Hath spoil'd this soul of mine:  
By the fatal wound of sin  
'Twixt GOD and me the parting made;  
Hence this dying frame within  
My wretched soul is dead.

Priest and Levite me espy  
And come to view my grief;  
Yet pass on with tearless eye,  
And offer no relief.  
Thus the law, devoid of grace,  
Its rites and precepts shows in vain;  
Points me out my desp'rate case,  
But leaves me in my pain.

O thou good *Samaritan*,  
In thee is all my hope:  
Only thou canst succour man,  
And raise the fallen up.  
Hearken to my dying cry,  
My wounds compassionately see;  
Me a sinner pass not by,  
Who gasp for help to thee.

Still, thou journey'st where I am,  
And still thy bowels move;  
With thee pity is the same,  
And all thy heart is love.  
Stoop to a poor sinner, stoop,  
And let thy healing grace abound,  
Heal my bruises, and bind up  
My spirit's ev'ry wound.

SAVIOUR

SAVIOUR of my soul, draw nigh,  
In mercy haste to me ;  
At the point of death I lie,  
And cannot come to thee :  
Now thy kind relief be show'd,  
The mingled oil and wine pour in ;  
Shed thy grace, apply thy blood,  
And heal my soul of sin.

Pity to my dying cries  
Hath drawn thee from above,  
Hov'ring over me with eyes  
Of tenderness and love :  
Now e'en now I see thy face,  
The balm of *Gilead* I receive ;  
Thou hast sav'd me by thy grace,  
And bade the sinner live.

Surely now the bitterness  
Of second death is past ;  
O my Life, my Righteousness,  
On thee my soul I cast :  
Thou hast brought me to thine inn,  
And I am of thy promise sure ;  
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,  
And all my sickness cure.

Perfect then the work begun,  
And make the sinner whole ;  
All thy will on me be done,  
My body, spirit, soul :  
Still preserve me safe from harms,  
And kindly for thy patient care ;  
Take me, JESUS, to thine arms,  
And keep me ever there :



CCCCXXV. *The Friend importuning his Neighbour*  
xi. 5—9.

*Importunity in Prayer is prevalent with GOD.*

WHAT neighbour to his friend  
At midnight shall repair,  
And say, "Three loaves, I pray thee, lend  
"Of such as thou canst spare :  
"A friend upon his road  
"Beneath my roof is come ;  
"But poor myself, I have no food  
"To treat him with at home."

The person thus besought  
Will from within reply ;  
"The door is shut, disturb me not,  
"My children with me lie.  
"I cannot rise thy want  
"To succour or relieve ;"  
Yet will he rise at last, and grant  
Of all he hath to give.

Not will he thus comply  
Because he is his friend ;  
But for his importunity  
He'll fully condescend.  
So should we strongly plead  
Though painful be the task,  
With heav'n at length we must succeed,  
And have whate'er we ask.

Great

Great Source of truth and grace,  
 We take thee at thy word ;  
 And now thy promises embrace,  
 And call thee now our LORD.  
 But oh ! thine *Israel's* Rock,  
 Recruit our fainting pow'rs,  
 That we may ask, and seek, and knock,  
 Till all thou hast is ours.

CCCCXXVI. *The strong Man armed, dispossessed.*  
 xi. 21—22.

*The State of fallen Man under the Power of Satan,  
 and how the Almighty SAVIOUR effects his  
 Deliverance.*

THE castle of the human heart,  
 Strong in its native sin,  
 Is guarded well in ev'ry part  
 By him who dwells within.

For satan there in arms resides,  
 And calls the place his own ;  
 With care against assaults provides,  
 And rules as on a throne.

Each traitor thought on him, as chief,  
 In blind obedience waits,  
 And pride, self-will, and unbelief  
 Are posted at the gates.

Thus satan for a season reigns,  
 And keeps his goods in peace ;  
 The soul is pleas'd to wear his chains,  
 Nor wishes a release.

But

But JESUS, stronger far than he,  
 In his appointed hour  
 Appears to set the pris'ner free  
 From the usurper's pow'r.

"This heart I bought with blood," he says,  
 "And now it shall be mine."  
 His voice the strong man arm'd dismays,  
 Hekno ws he must resign.

In spite of unbelief and pride,  
 And self and satan's art,  
 The gates of brass fly open wide,  
 And JESUS wins the heart.

The rebel soul, that once withstood  
 The SAVIOUR's kindest call,  
 Rejoices now, by grace subdu'd,  
 To serve him with her all:

CCCCXXVII. *The unclean Spirit departing and returning.*

xi. 24—26.

*The wretched State and miserable End of a Backslider from Grace.*

WHEN Satan quits the human heart;  
 As he had lost the field,  
 He does but for a time depart,  
 And fraudulently yield.

He seems from his pursuits to cease,  
 To leave the soul at rest;  
 Yet 'tis but a pretended peace  
 To serve his purpose best.

He

He visits souls, whose only care  
Is still to please their GOD ;  
Their hearts as barren places are,  
Unfit for his abode.

He seeks to make himself amends  
By troubling their repose ;  
But failing of his purpos'd ends,  
To his first seat he goes.

And now alas ! return'd again  
He finds an empty place ;  
Garnish'd indeed with folly's train,  
But swept of ev'ry grace.

With rage and malice sevenfold  
He then resumes his sway,  
No more by checks to be control'd,  
No more to go away.

The wretch's former state was bad,  
But worse the latter far,  
He lives possess'd, forlorn, and mad,  
And dies in dark despair.

LORD, save me from this dreadful end,  
And from this heart of mine  
O drive, and keep away the fiend,  
Who fears no voice but thine.

CCCCXXVIII. *The rich Fool.*

xii. 16—21.

*The Danger of carnal Security arising from worldly Prosperity.*

“ **M**Y barns are full, my stores increase  
 “ For a long list of years;  
 “ Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,  
 “ Secure from wants and fears.”

Thus while a worldling boasted once,  
 As numbers now presume,  
 He heard the LORD himself pronounce  
 His sudden awful doom.

“ This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass  
 “ Into a world unknown,  
 “ And who shall then the stores amass  
 “ Which thou hast call'd thine own ? ”

Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme  
 For happiness below,  
 Till death disturbs the pleasing dream,  
 Then wake to real woe.

Ah ! who can speak the vast dismay  
 That fills the sinner's mind,  
 When torn by death's strong hand away  
 He leaves his all behind ?

Wretches, who cleave to earthly things,  
 But are not rich to GOD,  
 Their dying hour is full of stings,  
 And hell their dark abode.

Dear

Dear SAVIOUR, make us wise betimes  
 Thy gospel to obey,  
 That we may mount to happier climes,  
 When earth is fled away.

## CCCCXXIX. ANOTHER.

**D**ELUDED souls, who think to grasp  
 A solid bliss below !

Bliss, the fair flow'r of paradise,  
 On earth can never grow.

See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd

T' increase his worldly store !

Too narrow now his barns he finds,  
 And covets room for more.

"What shall I do?" distressed he cries,

"This scheme will I pursue ;

"Demolishing my scanty barns,

"I'll build them large and new.

"Here will I lay my fruits, and bid

"My soul enjoy her ease ;

"Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store

"Shall yield what joys I please."

Scarce had he spoke, when lo ! from heav'n

Th' Almighty made reply :

"Thou fool, for whom dost thou provide,

"Since thou this night shalt die ?

Teach me, my GOD, that earthly joys

Are but an empty dream ;

And let me find my all of bliss

In thee, the good supreme.

CCCCXXX. *The barren Fig-tree.*

xiii. 6—9.

*The State of the Jewish Church during our LORD's personal Ministry among them ;—and also of the Christian Church, with respect to unfruitful Professors.*

NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

**T**HE LORD of earth and sky,  
 The GOD of ages praise,  
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
 Ancient of endless days ;  
 Who lengthens out our trial here,  
 And spares us yet another year.  
 When justice bar'd the sword  
 To cut the fig-tree down,  
 The pity of our LORD  
 Cry'd, " Let it still alone : "  
 The Father mild inclines his ear,  
 And spares us yet another year.  
 JESUS, thy speaking blood  
 From GOD obtain'd the grace ;  
 Who therefore hath bestow'd  
 On us a longer space :  
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
 And lo ! we see another year.  
 Then dig about our root,  
 And meliorate the ground,  
 So shall our gracious fruit  
 To thy great praise abound ;  
 So shall we all thy grace declare,  
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

CCCCXXXI.



CCCCXXXI. *On Behaviour at a Feast.*

xiv. 7—11.

*Recommending Humility.*

**W**HEN thou art bidden to a feast,  
Take not the highest room,  
Lest haply a more worthy guest  
Invited thither come :

Or were the master of the house  
To say, “ give this man place : ”  
How wouldst thou disapprove thy choice,  
And blush at thy disgrace !

But bid to join the social band,  
Go, take the lowest seat,  
So shalt thou due respect command  
From all that sit at meat.

The master too with joy elate  
Will say : “ Friend go up higher ; ”  
Pledge of thy future glorious state  
Midst heav’n’s applauding choir.

For ’tis the mandate of the skies ;  
Who lifts himself shall fall,  
Who self-abased sinks shall rise,  
And find in GOD his all.

ECCCCXXII. *The great Supper.*

xiv. 17, &amp;c.

*The Preparations GOD makes for the Salvation of  
Men, and the Invitations he sends Them.*

COME FOR ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY.

**S**INNERS, obey the gospel-word;  
Haste to the supper of my LORD.  
Be wise to know your gracious day,  
All things are ready, come away.

Ready the Father is to own  
And kifs his late-returning son:  
Ready the loving SAVIOUR stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of his love  
Just now the stony heart to move:  
T' apply and witness with the blood,  
And wash and seal the sons of GOD.

Ready for you the angels wait  
To triumph in your blest estate:  
Tuning their harps they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

Come then, ye sinners, to your LORD;  
In CHRIST to Paradise restor'd:  
His proffer'd benefits embrace,  
The plenitude of gospel-grace.

A pardon written with his blood,  
The favour and the peace of GOD;

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E A

The

The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
The mystic joys of penitence.

The godly fear, the pleasing smart,  
The meltings of a broken heart ;  
The tears that tell your sins forgiv'n,  
The sighs that waft your souls to heav'n.

The guiltless frame, the sweet distress,  
Th' unutterable tendernefs ;  
The genuine meek humility,  
The wonder, why such love to me !

Th' o'erwhelming pow'r of saving grace,  
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;  
The speechless awe, that dares not move,  
And all the silent heav'n of love.

CCCCXXXIII. *The Gentiles embracing the gospel  
Invitations, refused by the Jews.*

xiv. 21—23.

**H**OW rich are thy provisions, LORD !  
Thy table furnish'd from above ;  
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,  
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

Thine ancient family, the Jews,  
Were first invited to the feast ;  
We humbly take what they refuse,  
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

We are the poor, the blind, the lame ;  
And help was far, and death was nigh ;  
But at the gospel-call we came,  
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

From the highway that leads to hell,  
 From paths of sin and slavish fear,  
 LORD, we are come with thee to dwell,  
 Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

What shall we pay th' eternal Son,  
 That left the heav'n of his abode,  
 And to this wretched earth came down,  
 To bring us wand'ers back to GOD?

He suffer'd death to save our lives,  
 To buy our souls he gave his own :  
 And all the unknown joys he gives,  
 Were bought with agonies unknown.

Our everlasting love is due  
 To him that ransom'd sinners lost ;  
 And pity'd rebels, when he knew  
 The vast expence his love would cost.

CCCCXXXIV. *And yet there is Room.*  
 verse 22.

**Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
 Behold a royal feast,  
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store  
 For ev'ry humble guest !

See JESUS stand with open arms !  
 He calls, he bids you come ;  
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;  
 But see, *there yet is room.*

Room

Room in the SAVIOUR's bleeding heart,  
 There love and pity meet;  
 Nor will he bid the soul depart  
 That trembles at his feet.

In him the Father reconcil'd  
 Invites your souls to come;  
 The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
 And kindly welcom'd home:

O come, and with his children taste  
 The blessings of his love;  
 While hope attends the sweet repast  
 Of nobler joys above.

There with united heart and voice  
 Before th' eternal throne,  
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice  
 In extasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more  
 Are welcome still to come;  
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore;  
 Approach, *there yet is room.*

## CCCCXXXV. ANOTHER.

*Compel Them to come in.*  
 verse 23.

**L**ORD, how large thy bounties are,  
 Tender, gracious, sinner's Friend!  
 What a feast dost thou prepare,  
 And what invitations send!

Now fulfil thy great design,  
Which unfolding long has been;  
Ev'ry soul to thee incline,  
Now compel them to come in.

Rushing on the downward road,  
Sinners no compulsion need  
Glory to forsake and GOD;  
See they run with rapid speed!  
Draw them back by love divine,  
With thy grace their spirits win;  
Ev'ry soul to thee incline,  
Now compel them to come in.

Thus their rebel hearts compel,  
Thus their stubborn minds constrain  
From the ways of death and hell  
Home to GOD and heav'n again:  
Stretch that conqu'ring arm of thine,  
Once outstretch'd to bleed for sin;  
Ev'ry soul to thee incline,  
Now compel them to come in.

CCCCXXXVI. *The lost Sheep Found.*

xv. 4—7.

*Man lost through Ignorance, sought and found again.*

**W**HEN some kind shepherd from his fold  
Has lost a straying sheep,  
Through vales o'er hills he anxious roves,  
And climbs the mountain's steep.

But

But oh the joy ! the transport sweet,  
When he the wand'rer finds !  
Up in his arms he takes his charge,  
And to his shoulder binds.

Homeward he hastes to tell his joy,  
And make his bliss complete ;  
The neighbours hear the news, and all  
The happy shepherd greet.

Yet how much greater the delight  
When but one sinner turns !  
When the poor wretch with broken heart  
His sins and errors mourns !

Pleas'd with the news the saints below  
In songs their tongues employ ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

Well pleas'd the Father hears and sees  
The conscious sinner weep ;  
JESUS receives him in his arms,  
And owns him for his sheep.

Nor angels can their bliss contain,  
But kindle with new fire :  
" A wand'ring sheep return'd," they sing,  
And strike the sounding lyre.



CCCCXXXVII. *The lost Piece of Money.*

xv. 8—10.

*Man lost through Carelessness, and the different Means  
divine Wisdom employs for his Recovery.*

**W**HAT woman would not seek  
One piece of silver lost,  
Who friendless, indigent and weak  
Possess'd but ten at most?

She lights the candle first,  
Then sweeps the house with care;  
Nor doth she feel the least mistrust  
Her pittance to repair.

Soon as the piece is found  
Which made her whole employ,  
She calls her friends and neighbours round  
To share her pleasing joy.

LORD, in this emblem I  
Myself can justly trace;  
My soul did in the rubbish lie  
Of all unrighteousness.

Thine Image thence effac'd  
By rust of sin and time,  
And all divine impressions raz'd  
By adding crime to crime.

Eternal Wisdom, mov'd  
With pity for my case,  
Would show, how much my soul she lov'd,  
However vile and base.

Her candle first she brought  
To light my heart's dark cell,  
By counsels mild indulgent sought  
To save me from that hell :

But when at her kind look  
I did not yet relent,  
The besom in her hand she took  
For needful chastisement.

My love of self and sin  
By painful trials crost,  
And swept away the filth within,  
In which my soul was lost.

Now happily restor'd  
To my first state in part,  
I wait thy gracious pow'r, O LORD,  
To sanctify my heart.

The saints and angel-choirs  
In joy shall then abound,  
And sing with their melodious lyres  
The long-lost sinner found.

CCCCXXXVIII. *The prodigal Son.*

xv. 11—32.

*Man lost through Wilfulness, and the Way of his  
Restoration.*

**A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,  
In mercy oft are sent ;  
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,  
And forc'd him to repent.

Through

Though no ingenuous grief he felt,  
Till he had spent his store,  
His stubborn heart began to melt,  
When famine press'd him fore.

"What have I gain'd by sin," he said,  
"But sorrow, shame, and fear?"  
"My father's house abounds with bread,  
"While I am starving here."

"I'll go, and tell him all I've done,  
"And fall before his face,"  
"Unworthy to be call'd a son,  
"I'll seek a servant's place."

His father saw him coming back,  
He saw, and run, and smil'd:  
And threw his arms around the neck  
Of his rebellious child.

"Father, I've sinned—but O forgive;"  
"I've heard enough," he said;  
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,  
"For whom I mourn'd as dead."

"Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
"And spread the news around;"  
"My son was dead, but lives again,  
"Was lost, but now is found."

'Tis thus the LORD his will reveals  
To call poor sinners home;  
More than a father's love he feels,  
And welcomes all that come.

## CCCCXXXIX. ANOTHER.

**B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine  
 Had wasted his estate ;  
 He begs a share amongst the swine,  
 To taste the husks they eat.

"I die with hunger here," he cries,  
 "I starve in foreign lands,  
 "My Father's house has large supplies,  
 "And bounteous are his hands.

"I'll go, and with a mournful tongue  
 "Fall down before his face,  
 "Father, I've done thy justice wrong,  
 "Nor can deserve thy grace."

He said, and hasten'd to his home,  
 To seek his father's love ;  
 The father sees the rebel come,  
 And all his bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,  
 Embrac'd, and kiss'd his son ;  
 The rebel's heart with sorrow brake  
 For follies he had done.

"Take off his cloathes of shame and sin,"  
 The father gives command,  
 "Dress him in garments white and clean,  
 "With rings adorn his hand.

"A day of feasting I ordain,  
 "Let mirth with joy abound ;  
 "My son was dead, and lives again,  
 "Was lost, and now is found."

CCCCXL

## CCCCXL. ANOTHER.

WHO can describe the joys that rise  
Through all the courts of Paradise  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of Glory born?

With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love;  
The Son with joy looks down, and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he form'd anew;  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King.

CCCCXLI. *The unjust Steward.*

xvi. 1—9.

*The Nature of false and true Prudence.*

## PART I.

SEE worldly wisdom, piteous grace!  
Portray'd in one of rising pow'r;  
Whom a rich man of noble race  
Had steward made of all his store;  
At length for his high trust abus'd  
And grievous waste of goods accus'd!

Summon'd before his Lord t' appear,  
The base delinquent he address'd:

“ Say, what report is this I hear;

“ No longer from my hand possess'd

“ Of

"Of ought thou didst in charge receive,  
 "A strict account before me give."

Perplex'd at this unwelcome news

The steward thought within his breast :

"What shall I do my Lord t' amuse ?

"Or what device will suit me best ?

"To dig alas ! I have no skill,

"To beg would be more shameful still."

A lucky scheme at length occurs

To save himself at all events ;

Resolv'd, no longer he demurs

T' accommodate his master's rents ;

That when his stewardship should fail,

This last expedient might avail.

The debtors of his Lord he calls,

And quits to each a third, or more ;

Intending, when his office falls,

To gain admittance at their door :

His Lord his policy commends

Well taught to serve his own base ends.

## PART II.

'TIS thus the children of this age  
 Are wiser than the sons of light,  
 While time and talents they engage,  
 And labour with their utmost might  
 The present ills of life t' escape,  
 Or some poor earthly gain to reap.

Another

Another trait in this man's case  
 Of falsely prudent mortals see ;  
 Who right or wrong all means embrace  
 Themselves from deep distress to free,  
 To break those fatal snares of sin,  
 Their lusts involve the miscreants in.

Again however well disguis'd  
 He could not his own treach'ry hide;  
 Not all his prudence once devis'd  
 How his Lord's wrath he might abide :  
 So worldlings cheat themselves at last,  
 And mourn too late their follies past.

O may I make the poor my friends  
 By that, which others leads to hell ;  
 That when my loving labour ends,  
 And dying from this earth I fall,  
 My friends may greet me in the skies,  
 Born to a life that never dies.

CCCCXLII. *The rich Man, and LAZARUS.*

xvi. 19—25.

*The dangerous Tendency of Riches, and the Blessing  
 of sanctified Poverty.*

**A** Worldling spent each day  
 In luxury and state,  
 While a Believer lay

A beggar at his gate :  
 Think not the LORD's appointment strange ;  
 Death made a great and lasting change.

Death



Death brought the faint release  
From want, disease, and scorn ;  
And to the land of peace

His soul, by angels borne,  
In *Abr'ham's* bosom safely plac'd,  
Enjoys an everlasting feast.

The rich man also died,  
And in a moment fell  
From all his pomp and pride  
Into the flames of hell :

The beggar's bliss from far beheld  
His soul with double anguish fill'd.

" O *Abr'ham*, send," he cries,  
(But his request was vain)

" The beggar from the skies

" To mitigate my pain :

" One drop of water, I entreat,

" To cool my tongue's tormenting heat."

Let all, who worldly wealth

And worldly spirits have,

Observe while yet in health,

The answer *Abr'ham* gave :

" Remember thou wast fill'd with good,

" While the poor beggar pin'd for food.

" Neglected at thy door

" With tears he begg'd his bread ;

" But now he weeps no more,

" His griefs and pains are fled :

" His joys eternally will flow,

" While things expire in deepest woe."

LORD,

LORD, make us truly wise  
 To chuse thy people's lot,  
 And earthly joys despise,  
 Which soon will be forgot ;  
 The greatest evil we can fear,  
 Is to possess our portion here.

## CCCCXLIII. ANOTHER.

**I**N what confusion earth appears !  
 GOD's dearest children bath'd in tears,  
 While they, who heav'n itself deride,  
 Riot in luxury and pride !

But patient let my soul attend,  
 And ere I censure, view the end ;  
 That end how diff'rent who can tell ?  
 The wide extremes of heav'n and hell :

See the red flames around him twine  
 Who did in gold and purple shine ;  
 Nor can his tongue one drop obtain  
 T' allay the scorching of his pain.

While round the faints so poor below  
 Full rivers of salvation flow ;  
 On *Abr'ham's* breast he leans his head,  
 And banquets on celestial bread.

JESUS, my SAVIOUR, let me share  
 The meanest of thy servants fare,  
 If but at last allow'd to taste  
 The blessings of thy marriage feast.

CCCCXLIV. *The Servant serving his Master.*

xvii. 7, 8.

*That we must serve CHRIST here, in order to  
reign with Him hereafter.*

**W**HETHER thy little flock we feed,  
Or follow, LORD, the gospel plough,  
Patience as well as faith we need,  
And must not ask our wages now;  
Howe'er impatient nature say;  
"Go triumph first, and then obey."  
Weary with thirst, and hunger faint,  
From lab'ring in the field I come;  
Thy sweet refreshing grace I want,  
Unready for my heav'nly home,  
I long thy promises to prove,  
And banquet on thy perfect love.  
Yet oh! a time I dare not set,  
Or now demand to sup with thee;  
Still on my LORD I humbly wait,  
If still thou use my ministry;  
In hunger, weariness, and thirst,  
'Tis fit I serve my Master first.  
Then let me patiently attend  
The leisure of my heav'nly LORD,  
Till thou in mercy condescend  
To comfort by thy hallowing word,  
And raise me weeping at thy feet  
At table with the King to sit.  
After I have endur'd awhile,  
After I have thy pleasure done,  
Thy love shall recompense my toil,  
Thy love my patient faith shall crown:  
And

And then I enter into rest,  
And then on thy perfections feast.

CCCCXLV. *The importunate Widow.*

xviii. 1—7.

*The Necessity of importunity in Prayer, and the certainty of Success in it.*

OUR LORD, who knows full well  
The heart of ev'ry saint;  
Invites us by a parable  
To pray, and never faint.  
He bows his gracious ear,  
We never plead in vain;  
Yet we must wait, till he appear,  
And pray—and pray again.  
Though unbelief suggest,  
“Why should we longer wait?”  
He bids us never give him rest  
With cries importunate.  
’Twas thus a widow poor,  
With her sad plaint of woe  
Beset the unjust judge’s door,  
“Avenge me of my foe.”  
But as he little car’d,  
For justice or the laws;  
To GOD and man paid no regard,  
He therefore spurn’d her cause.  
She urg’d him day and night,  
Would no denial take;  
At length he said, “I’ll do her right,  
“For my own quiet sake.”

And

And

And shall not JESUS hear  
His chosen, when they cry?  
Shall he not, though he long forbear,  
Avenge them from on high?

His nature, truth, and love  
Engage him on their side;  
Griev'd with their griefs, his bowels move,  
And can they be deny'd?

Then let us urge our suit,  
In never-ceasing pray'r;  
Who of the lips creates the fruit,  
Still makes our souls his care.

CCCCXLVI. *The Pharisee and Publican.*

xviii. 10—14.

*The false and the true Righteousness.*

**B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,  
The Publican and Pharisee!  
One doth his righteousness proclaim,  
The other owns his guilt and shame.  
This man at humble distance stands,  
And cries for grace with lifted hands:  
That bold advances near the throne,  
And talks of duties he has done.  
The LORD their different language knows,  
And different answers he bestows:  
The humble soul with grace he crowns,  
While on the proud his anger frowns.

Dear Father, let me never be  
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee:  
I have no merits of my own,  
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

CCCCXLVII.

CCCCXLVII. *The Pounds.*

xix. 12—27.

*That our LORD JESUS variously dispenses his  
Gifts to Men, in order to their Improvement of  
them, and will deal with them accordingly.*

**O**UR noble LORD is gone away  
To a far country in the skies;  
His glorious kingdom to display  
Before his saints in Paradise;  
Where hosts celestial humbly fall,  
And worship him the LORD of all.

But he will soon return again  
From his imperial court above,  
Impartially to ascertain

Our different states, and fully prove  
What our entrusted pounds have gain'd,  
When all before him stand arraign'd.

We LORD, those citizens have been,  
Who would not bear thy righteous sway:  
“We will not have this man to reign,”

In heart at least presum'd to say;  
Our messengers to thee have sent  
With many a vile unjust complaint.

But if by thy all conqu'ring grace  
Our souls at length begin to bow;  
If now to duty we give place,

Intent our pious zeal to show,  
We own with ever grateful songs,  
The praise to thy great Name belongs.

Thy

"Thy pound hath gain'd," says ev'ry heart,  
 Not I, who all but sin disclaim;  
 My SAVIOUR did the help impart;  
 I nothing can, I nothing am:  
 Thou wrought'st in me to will and do,  
 Thou shalt have all the glory too.

Oh, never let thy servant, LORD,  
 His money in a napkin hide;  
 Nor e'er on thee retort the word,  
 As meant thy goodness to deride;  
 Thy yoke with cruelty to brand,  
 Or stigmatize thy mild command.

Left when to judgment thou shalt come  
 To render unto each his due,  
 Th' unprofitable servant's doom  
 'T hapless meet, and hopeless rue;  
 Sentenc'd my punishment to bear  
 In the sad realms of dark despair.

CCCCXLVIII. *Types expressive of the Day of Vengeance and of Grace.*

xxi. 29—35. compar'd with 1 Thes. v. 2, 3,  
 and Rev. xvi. 15.

THREE noted types in nature show  
 The awful day of GOD,  
 To teach the rebel race to know,  
 And dread his vengeful rod.  
 A woman's trav'ling pangs severe  
 Which suddenly surprize  
 With fears of dissolution near,  
 And force distressing cries.

B b

A thief,



A thief, who comes in midnight shade  
To steal and to destroy;  
A snare by men in secret laid  
To catch and to annoy.

But the approaching reign of love  
The wise shall understand;  
Like as the figtree's buddings prove  
The summer \* nigh at hand.

LORD, teach us by these speaking signs  
Thy dreadful wrath to shun;  
To thee, while heav'n propitious shines,  
For refuge may we run.

Then, when wide ruin unforeseen  
O'ertakes the thoughtless crew,  
Thy sheltering wing our souls shall screen  
With thy dear chosen few.

## JOHN.

CCCCXLIX. *The Shepherd and the Sheep.*

X. I.

*The State and Character of true Believers.*

**W**HO enter not the fold,  
(Hear CHRIST in truth declare,)  
By the right door, but climb by stealth,  
They thieves and robbers are.

\* See p. 228.

But

But if before the door  
The Shepherd once is seen,  
The porter opes with cheerful haste,  
And gladly welcomes in.

The sheep his voice attend,  
He calls them by their names,  
As his own dear peculiar choice,  
And for his flock he claims.

He leads and puts them forth,  
Precedes them in the way;  
From ev'ry side together call'd  
They follow and obey.

They know their Shepherd's voice;  
A stranger they will shun,  
Nor once the voice of strangers hear,  
Because to them unknown.

JESUS, the Shepherd is,  
And ever-open door;  
Within are pastures fresh and green  
To feed the humble poor.

Enter, my soul, with speed,  
Go in and out secure;  
Nor fear the roaring lion's rage,  
Nor serpent's artful lure.

The hireling quits his charge,  
And flees in danger's hour,  
While the infernal wolf invades  
To scatter and devour:

But the good Shepherd gives  
His life to save the sheep;  
Himself to pain and death devotes  
That they true joys may reap.

CCCCCL. *The Vine and the Branches.*

*The Necessity of a vital Union of Believers with*  
**CHRIST, in order to their fruitfulness.**

**FATHER, Husbandman divine**

Of the blessed living Vine,

If indeed a branch I am

In that plant of heavenly Name,

Use thy sin-retrenching power,

Let my fruit be more and more.

Tree of life, thine influence shed,

With thy sap my spirit feed :

Tend'rest branch alas! I am I,

Wither without thee and die :

Weak as helpless infancy,

O confirm my soul in thee.

Unsustain'd by thee I fall,

Send the help for which I call :

All my hopes on thee depend,

Love me, save me to the end :

Give me the continuing grace,

Take the everlasting praise.



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FINIS.

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# *Errata in the Old Testament.*

|      |          |               |       |   |       |      |           |
|------|----------|---------------|-------|---|-------|------|-----------|
| Hymn | XXVI.    | 1             | verse | 1 | line, | read | too,      |
|      | XLI.     | 9             | ----  | 4 | ----  | ---- | unveiled. |
|      | L.       | 1             | ----  | 4 | ----  | ---- | boast.    |
|      | L.       | 8             | ----  | 4 | ----  | ---- | extort    |
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|      | LXXXV.   | 1             | ----  | 1 | ----  | ---- | THUS.     |
|      | XCII.    | 7             | ----  | 3 | ----  | ---- | hour.     |
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|      | CLXXX.   | The Argument, |       |   |       | ---- | PATHRO    |
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|  |             |   |      |   |      |       |                |
|--|-------------|---|------|---|------|-------|----------------|
|  | CCXIV.      | 8 | ---- | 3 | ---- | ----  | mildly.        |
|  | CCXX.       | 7 | ---- | 1 | ---- | ----  | hastes.        |
|  | CCLXXXVIII. | 3 | ---- | 1 | ---- | ----  | off.           |
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|  | CCCXLV.     | 2 | ---- | 4 | ---- | ----  | pardons:       |
|  | CCCLXV.     | 4 | ---- | 3 | ---- | erase | on.            |
|  | CCCLXXIII.  | 7 | ---- | 6 | ---- | read  | amidst the ble |
|  | CCCLXXXV.   | 4 | ---- | 3 | ---- | ----  | new songs.     |

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|  |            |   |      |   |      |      |            |
|--|------------|---|------|---|------|------|------------|
|  | CCCCX.     | 8 | ---- | 4 | ---- | ---- | consign'd. |
|  | CCCCXI.    | 5 | ---- | 3 | ---- | ---- | souls.     |
|  | CCCCXXIII. | 6 | ---- | 3 | ---- | ---- | fed.       |
|  | CCCCXLVII. | 3 | ---- | 4 | ---- | ---- | least.     |

Page 166 instead of CXXXIII. read CXXXVIII.

— 168 ---- CXXXXL. ---- CXL.

— 278 at the bottom instead of 307 read 354.

— 375 instead of CCVII. read CCCVII.

There are several Errors likewise in the Punctuation which were owing to the Editor's unavoidable absence from the Press.





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